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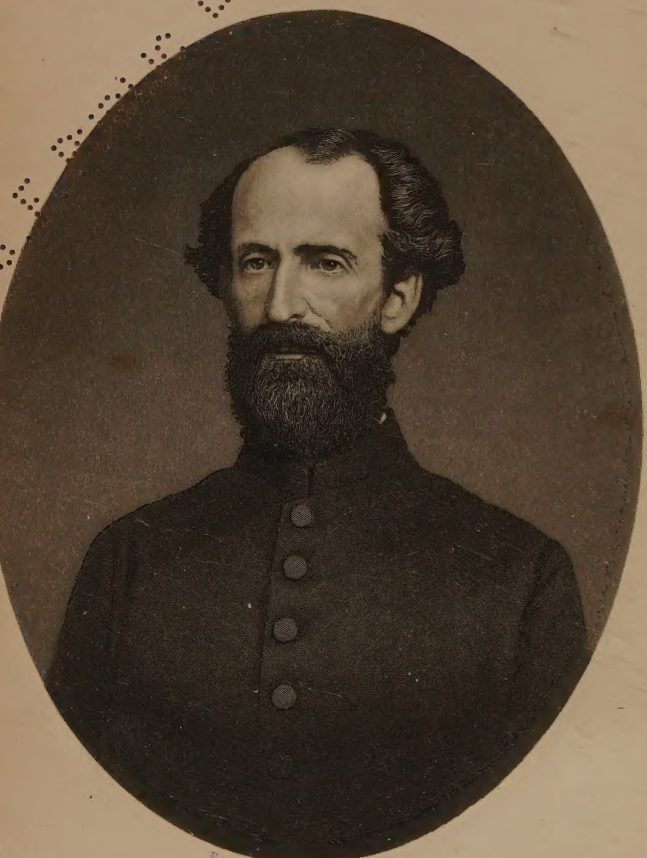

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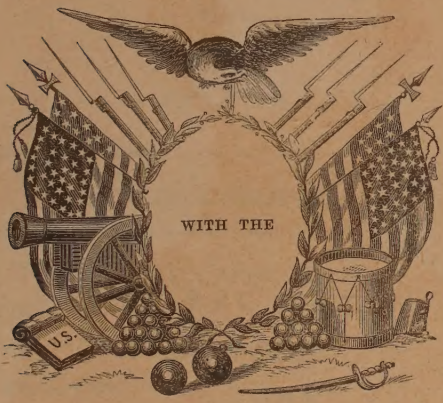
CAMP, MARCH AND BATTLE-FIELD;

OR,

Three Years and a Half



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

BY

Rev. A. M. STEWART,

Chaplain of 102d Regiment, P. V.

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PREFACE.

WHEN a too confiding and money-making North was startled into unwonted activity by the cannon-thunders in Charleston harbor, the author of the following pages was quietly performing the duties of a city pastor. The shells, hurled against Sumter, had scarcely done bursting ere volunteers sufficient for several regiments were ready to leave the city of his residence, many of whom were from his own congregation.

At this period, the Government had no definite provision for a Chaplain service to its volunteer troops. Persuaded, however, that the ministers of Christ had of right much to do in the inevitable and impending struggle, must needs have much to do, if ever properly accomplished, in re-adjusting the disjointed elements; as the shakings of the present convulsion would tear up and throw loose the vainly bolstered fixtures of wily, wicked, politicians and statesmen;—unwilling, also, that so many young men, fresh from the quiet pursuits of home, should so suddenly become exposed to all the destructive ten-

dencies of camp life without some effort and sacrifice to have gospel influences accompany them, the following communication was sent to Brig. Gen. J. S. Negley, then organizing the volunteers from the city and vicinity:

PITTSBURG, PA., April 19th, 1861.

DEAR SIR:—As it is the praise-worthy custom of Christian countries to afford their soldiers during military service the means and consolations of religion, I therefore offer myself as a volunteer to the service of my country and my God, in the capacity of Chaplain to the troops under your command. Should the tender be accepted, I am ready.

The present war is, in many of its aspects, a religious one. It is a battle for truth and righteousness—for liberty against despotism. Of these things our soldiers should be constantly reminded. Ministers of the gospel are the fittest persons for this service. Those who fight for a religious principle are mighty in the day of battle. The Roundheads of Cromwell prayed and sang psalms, and were invincible. Before engaging in the battle of Balaklava the Chaplain of each British regiment stood in front of the seried ranks and lifted up their hands in prayer to the God of battles; each soldier, at the same time, reverently uncovering his head. They conquered.

My proposed service is, by the grace of God, to make of those under your command better men, and, hence, better soldiers; to comfort the sick and wounded, and to console the dying; yet, if a strait comes, and you should require me to wield the sword or handle the rifle, I would have no hesitancy, having been early trained in their use by a brave old father, who commanded a volunteer company in the late war with Great Britain.

A. M. STEWART,
Pastor Second Reformed Pres. Church, Pittsburg.

A week had scarcely elapsed before the writer was with the Thirteenth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers,

in York, Pa., engaged for a three months' campaign. This term completed, the Regiment was re-organized, on the same day it was disbanded, for a service of three years. In re-organizing the Pennsylvania troops, it was numbered the One hundred and second Regiment, though still fondly designated, by many of its members, as the "Old Thirteenth." In the month of March, 1864, it became a veteran regiment, thus entering for an additional three years.

In all the campings, marchings and battles, of the Potomac army, the "Old Thirteenth" has borne a full and honorable part, and, in all of these, it has been accompanied by the author. Lengthened and thorough have been his opportunities for accomplishing the purposes of this volume, giving to others some just conception of *Camp Life*, of a great army in motion, and of two mighty hosts in the shock of battle. To write a history of the Potomac Army, during the past three years and a half, has not been, a definite object in the writer's mind; yet the reader may be able, in the following pages, to trace its general movements, trials, defeats and triumphs. The future historian may here have afforded him partial material for a more lengthened and satisfactory narrative. A leading design has been, to exhibit what the religion of Christ may, and ought to become, in camp.

Three years and a half of careful study, with almost weekly sketches for the press, have proved too short a period fully to understand and develope the strange

phases, the ever-varying aspects, the too often grotesque exhibitions of human character, as exhibited in camp.

Various considerations induce the presentation of these sketches in their original form, Letters to the Press, with merely explanatory and connecting additions. Successively written while the incidents and impressions were fresh and vivid, they will thus afford more interest than if penned and remodelled never so much.

CAMP LIFE.

Unnatural, savage, debasing condition! A multitude of people, yet not a city! Numerous inhabitants, yet no family! Human affections, sympathies, passions, in vigorous and prolonged exercise, yet all in the wrong direction! Rivalry, jealousy, ambition, quarrels, bickerings, fightings, drinking, swearing, gambling, all sweltering, festering, bubbling, surging together, and no oil for the troubled elements! Each rough, rugged, wayward, heathenizing tendency of crooked human nature in active operation, with no gentle, no soothing, no softening influences to modify, to mollify or to change! No home, no mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, sweethearts; no Sabbath, no church there: all rugged, wayward men! Men huddled together to learn expertness in killing their fellows, drilled to become individual machines, and altogether to be moulded and trained into one grand locomotive, called an army, to come and go, to stop and start, to move and act at the beck and bidding of a single mind!

During these years, search has diligently been made for a single element of camp life, which might justly be considered favorable to sound morals and true religion, yet has the search, so far, been in vain. All the varied atrocities of this strange mode of existence seem ever tending towards evil. Whatever good has been accom-

plished by personal effort and benevolent enterprise, has been and must continue to be effected in the face of constantly active and opposing influences.

At least three-fourths of a soldier's time of enlistment is spent in camp. To him, a battle is only an incident, a march but an episode. Six months or a year are often spent in camp while preparations are in progress for a single battle of a few hours' duration. A camp of one or two hundred thousand immortal beings, thus, becomes a matter of absorbing interest, not only to the soldier and his friends, but also to the political economist, the statesman, the philanthropist and the Christian.

CAMP, MARCH AND BATTLE-FIELD.

CHAPTER I.

Three Months Campaign,

APRIL TO AUGUST, 1861.

CAMP SCOTT, YORK, PA., May 18, 1861.

AN AGE IN A FEW DAYS.—The work of an age has passed within the last two weeks. The greatest revolution of time has transpired within a month. The crushing out of this Southern rebellion is but a work of time, and, when done, will only constitute a small incident in the importance of this great drama. Two weeks ago various political creeds and factions divided the twenty millions in the Northern States. These have disappeared as by magic.

Various shades of opinion respecting the moral and political bearings of slavery, divided the people. All gone. Slavery is now looked upon by all as a deadly bane of the body politic—a thing hated of God, accursed of men, and to be speedily and forever abolished. A month since, the various evangelical denominations of the North seemed separated by conflicting interests, and to be looking in different directions. All are

now occupying a higher platform, and cordially co-operating. What hath the Lord wrought! His kingdom moves faster than in times of peace. No unusual thing for the walls of Zion to be built in troublous times. But my present purpose in writing was not to moralize.

York is a clean, quiet-looking place, containing about ten thousand people. A beautiful, highly cultivated and fertile country surrounds it. The location is on the railroad leading from Harrisburg to Baltimore, about twenty-five miles south of our State capital, and fifteen miles from the Maryland line.

About six thousand troops are now encamped here, including the Twelfth and Thirteenth Regiments from Pittsburgh.

On Sabbath last, May the 5th, public worship was inaugurated in Camp Scott. The officers gave every encouragement and assistance. The Companies of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Seventeenth Regiments came in order around a stand in the middle of the camp. Connected with these was a large number of volunteer hearers. Young's brass band played while the companies were coming together. To myself the position was new and strange in the extreme. Abraham's motto came to mind, "*Jehovah Jireh*," and it was verified.

The services were introduced by a brief address to the regiments, with respect to the remarkable providences which had so suddenly brought us thus far away from our usual quiet homes and places of worship on the Sabbath.

Col. J. A. Ekin, Quartermaster of the Twelfth Regiment, led in singing; while hundreds of soldiers united in swelling up to heaven that grand old Psalm of Luther's,—

> "God is our refuge and our strength,
> In straits a present aid."

The text chosen was Paul's advice to Timothy: "War a

good warfare," (1 Tim. i. 18.) As a number of the officers were interested enough to ask a copy of the sermon for publication, not having it in manuscript, and no time to write at length in the bustle of camp, I give a very brief synopsis:—

Warring a good warfare implies:

1. A volunteer service. All whom I addressed were ready, cheerful volunteers. None other would God receive into His service. "A willing people in the day of his power should come unto Him."

2. For a good warfare the soldier should assume proper *weapons*. Each company was now anxious to be supplied with the most approved and deadly weapons. The armory of the Christian was described in Eph. vi. 13—19, and all were exhorted to put it on.

3. For a good warfare the soldier is to give implicit obedience to orders, endure fatigue, and manifest bravery. So of the Christian. "Endure hardness as a good soldier."

4. For a good warfare the cause must be *just*. Ours was eminently so. Traitors and rebels had conspired to destroy the best government on earth, and deprive us of all we held dear. God's cause was just. To put down the more unnatural rebellion of sin, and bring back this revolted province of earth into obedience to God.

5. For a good warfare a good *Commander* is necessary. The eye of every soldier in camp was turned with the fullest confidence to General Scott, as one altogether competent to guide our armies to victory. Those enlisting in God's service have got a more skillful and powerful Commander. *Jesus* is the *Leader and Commander of his people.*

6. A good warfare needs good resources. These our government possesses in men, money, and implements of war. Christ's

soldiers have better still. The resources of the universe are under the control of their Commander.

7. A good warfare insures ultimate victory. So will it be with our armies. So eminently and surely will ultimate victory crown every true soldier of Jesus Christ.

Camp Scott, York, Pa., May 18th, 1861.

A Real Devil.—There is certainly a devil—a real, living, active, intelligent, wicked devil. As there is and can be but one omnipotent, omniscient Being, this old devil being a creature, and consequently in but one place at a time, must needs have a large number of helps in carrying into accomplishment his various schemes of evil. His is no doubt a superior kind of military establishment—a standing army, always ready. Principalities and powers are under him; generals, aids, colonels, captains, lieutenants, and corporals, with armies of rank and file. He seems equally prepared to assail by stratagem, or conquer by open hostilities. His efforts against our race are the more dangerous, and too frequently successful, seeing he has so many of Adam's own children as ready helps in his evil doings. If unblushing wickedness had not done away with all modesty, both men and women would surely be ashamed of their associates in arms—*devils*. President Lincoln and his cabinet could not be so much demeaned by joining themselves at this juncture with Jeff. Davis and his spurious rebel cabinet, as should the very meanest of men feel themselves when joining in alliance with the old serpent. The new and peculiar phases of camp life develop such varied

evils as induce me to hold in higher consideration than heretofore this old enemy's cunning. Hence, too, the necessity for peculiar wisdom, energy, and perseverance to meet, and successfully counteract his wiles.

All the appliances which it is possible for Christians to combine and use—all the home influences which they may be able to send after our troops, should be used with prayerful earnestness. During the opening excitements of camp-life, with its almost bewildering influences on the thoughtful mind, an almost certain consequence is, to give a prominent and leading influence to all manner of wickedness. By the same influences those who profess, and may really love God, are, for the time being, kept in the background. Those in the camp, who may have professed Christ at home, were not, while there, generally, those who took a leading and prominent part in religious matters. Timid, shrinking Christians, who, if they did any thing in Christ's service, seemed ever to stand in need of some one to lead. They have not trained themselves to stand up, and, if need be, alone, for Jesus any where. No marvel if they are not heard of here as on God's side, unless they receive distinct encouragement. So easy is it to be ashamed of Jesus. Such, moreover, are generally unacquainted with each other, and know not as yet their real strength in camp. Our effort is, and will be, to combine and strengthen the Lord's host, as well as to add to it.

It would be but a sorry triumph for our Constitution, our Liberty, and our Laws, were the hundred thousand young men now in the Union armies, to go from victory demoralized, and totally unfit for the ordinary duties of good citizens. Such a victory would, in the end, prove a defeat. Such a consequence we have much reason to fear, unless the most active, judicious,

and persevering efforts be made to have sound religious influences in every camp, regiment, company—in every mess.

Let no one, however, draw the inference that I imagine Camp Scott to be the worst of all localities in our land, where military operations are being carried on. Far otherwise. Perhaps no regiments now in the service have in them a greater proportion of professors, or more young men who have enjoyed a moral and religious training, than the troops with which it is my happiness to be connected. This circumstance has given me at once a wide and pleasant field for usefulness. Yet eminently true is it here, as every where, "That one sinner destroyeth much good." A bold, swaggering, profane, licentious young man, like a rotten sheep in a flock, may speedily contaminate a whole company. It is, however, matter of great encouragement to know that the prayers of so many fathers, mothers, and sisters, are ascending to heaven, morning, noon, and night, for blessings upon our labors in camp. A prayer-hearing God will receive and answer these requests.

We are still comfortably quartered at Camp Scott, in the Fair Grounds at York. How long or short the stay may be, I hardly trouble myself to inquire. Perhaps the officers themselves do not yet know. I learn the regiments are not fully equipped The general health of the men continues remarkably good. Not more than eight or ten in the hospital, and nearly every one of these, on an emergency, could perform duty. The weather is now dry, cool, and pleasant. The men are now comfortably quartered, have plenty of good, wholesome food, are very cheerful, and actively drilling every day.

Chaplains.—As neither State nor National Government has made provision for religious service, in order to benefit our

Three Months' Volunteers, and every available shed and shelter in Camp Scott, was crowded with troops or used for hospital purposes, a running visit was made to Philadelphia, in order to procure a tent in which to hold social worship. By the advice and liberality of friends in Pittsburg, a wall-tent eighteen by twenty and thirteen feet high was purchased, and soon in camp. By the assignment of the commanding officer, it has been duly pitched in a suitable location.

First Prayer-Meeting in Camp.—At the close of public worship on Sabbath last, intimation was given, that a prayer-meeting would be held in the tent at eight o'clock the same evening. It rained at eventide, and some apprehension was felt lest the announcement might be overlooked or the rain prevent a meeting. Most gratifying, however, was it, at the appointed hour, to find the tent compactly jammed; the soldiers standing as close together as they could press. All stood for more than an hour without any apparent weariness. Some of the officers readily took part in the exercises. It was a most refreshing as well as encouraging meeting; an indication that much is to be hoped for in future from this our Bethel in Camp.

Chambersburg, Pa., June 8th, 1861.

Effects of Excitement.—The intense excitement which has for many weeks agitated the hearts of all, may be distinctly marked, even in the ailments of the soldiers. But few deaths have occurred among the troops during the six weeks of my connexion with them. Nearly every one of these seemed to

have occurred from diseases of the brain—brain fever. This type of disease is, no doubt, largely aided by over and long-continued excitement. Our regiment, in Camp Scott, at York, was as comfortably quartered as it well could be, having comfortable shelter, good water, pure air, and plenty of wholesome food. Yet, after a stay of nearly six weeks, drilling, and waiting on the tardy movements of State authorities for equipments, a settled uneasiness began to manifest itself on almost every face. New excitements were demanded. All became eager to be away, they knew not where, nor seemed to care for what. A longing anxiety was expressed to be at the fighting, if any of it is to be done.

Though absent—on a hasty visit to Pittsburgh with the remains of a young soldier who had died—when the order came for the 13th Regiment to move to this place, yet I am informed by an officer that it created a scene of wild excitement. The soldiers shouted and yelled, and clapped their hands, threw up their caps, and brandished their weapons, as though a great victory were gained in leaving quiet Camp Scott, and the hospitable people of York.

It would be well, if possible, in some measure to arrest these excitements and their tendency. They have run far and high enough. Two months ago there seemed a place for them. Then, the whole North required to be thoroughly aroused and alarmed, in order to become properly united, determined and active. All this has been fully accomplished. A half million of men beyond what the government requires could be had for the asking to fight her battles. All who can exercise an influence in directing and controlling public sympathy and sentiment, should now exert them to allay excitement. Oil may well be thrown upon the troubled waters. A shower-bath

should be given to the editors of the New York *Tribune*, *Herald* and *Times*, *et id omne genus*. Lying sensation reporters should be handcuffed, telegraph lines muzzled, and operators put in the guard-house. A wet bandage for the *pulpit* might not, perhaps, be out of place. Having earnestly prayed for success to our arms, let both ministers and laymen unceasingly beseech God to convert our ungodly soldiers.

CHAPLAINS.—I grieve to find that hardly half a dozen regiments now in the vicinity of Chambersburg have Chaplains, or any effort at regular religious instruction. To all the regiments, applications have been made for Chaplainships; but when informed that the Government has made no provision for this service to her three months' volunteers, these applications are generally dropped. This going a warfaring at one's own charges is neither very agreeable nor quite scriptural. Yet I would that more of the Lord's servants were here. A great work is open to be done: yet, should any brother who would give himself to this service of the Lord, first count all the cost. Not only does the Government provide no pay or rations for a Chaplain; she makes no provision for transporting either him or his baggage.

Railroad transportation for the troops stops here. Four regiments left this morning on foot for Greencastle. Ours, the 13th, Colonel Rowley's, hourly expects orders to follow. The pleasing prospect is thus before me of a jaunt on foot. My propensity for collecting flowers and insects may be thus in a measure gratified while travelling through this beautiful Cumberland valley.

Should God soon lead us into new scenes and strange events, if possible, I will continue to give a few weekly items.

CAMP BRADY, THREE MILES SOUTH OF CHAMBERSBURG,
June 12th, 1861.

MAGIC CITY.—Yesterday I saw a city improvised in an hour. Rows of houses half a mile long, streets and alleys well defined and filled with the busy hum of living men. A hundred kitchen fires began to blaze, over which hung kettles and pans, full of pickled beef and salted pork, with great coffee kettles of two or three gallons each. Two hours previously to all this home life, there stood here this beautiful oak grove, with grassy sward beneath and no living tenant near save the bird and the grasshopper. The 13th Regiment was quartered in cattle sheds in York, and in the same shelter for the past week at Chambersburg. Yesterday a full supply of new government tents, for the whole regiment, arrived by car, and were transferred to baggage wagons. At 1 P. M., yesterday, orders were received to break up Camp Rowley in the Fair Grounds and take up the line of march towards Harper's Ferry. It was the first effort for the boys on foot beyond the boundaries of the camp. The day was intensely hot, the sun beat down fiercely, the road was dusty, the men, though leaving many a seeming necessary article behind, had too much to carry—great knapsack, overcoat, haversack, canteen, gun, and accoutrements. As a place of honor and safety I joined myself to the rear-guard, and had thus an opportunity of witnessing the effects of the march. The sun did more than the secessionists are likely to do, *overcame* a large number of the soldiers. Yet none that I can learn of were seriously injured.

About three miles on, a camp was ordered in this lovely spot, and a city with the new tents speedily built. The boys are delighted. Last night many a tent was vocal accord-

ing to the taste of the singers. From one welled up, "Hail, Columbia!" another, "Dixie's Land," while from a third, "The Girl I left behind me." In one a Methodist hymn was sung in full chorus, and in a neighboring one the more staid Psalms of David arose in song to heaven.

The encampment should have been called *Pittsburgh*, as all the avenues are placarded according to the streets of our smoky city. On boards broken from empty boxes, and nailed on trees which came in range, are written Penn, Liberty, Wood, Smithfield, Washington Street, &c. Our city is to be almost as brief in duration as erection. Orders are given to have it all taken down and in marching order by daylight to-morrow morning. The lodge of a wayfaring man. Such is human life. Such its uncertainties; such its passing pleasures.

So far as my observation enables me to judge, the condition of the 13th Regiment has every way improved within the last week or two. This gives me much encouragement to continue still more earnestly my labors, as a wider door is evidently opening. As apparent active hostilities are near at hand, the soldiers wear a graver, though not less determined aspect. The longer I am in this service the more my feelings lead me to look upon these eight hundred men as my congregation. Some of them seem rather incorrigible members, and I would be loath to invite or see them at the Lord's table;—yet my prayer is, that they may all be saved. And this feeling increases with the thought that many of them may soon be called to meet God in judgment.

Camp Hitchcock, Berkeley Co., Va.,
June 16th, 1861.

Strange Sabbath-keeping.—No Lord's day in times of war. The need for all this common use of holy time may seem in place to military men; yet have I not been able to discern why it could not be in general avoided. Last night we encamped in Maryland, two miles from Williamsport, on the Potomac. The spot was one of unusual beauty and fitness for such a service. The light broke on us with unwonted quietness, and our expectation was to spend the day in rest and religious exercise. Some morning exercises were held, and preparations for public worship made. At ten o'clock, however, the bugle suddenly sounded to strike tents and be ready to march.

An Army is Truly a Great Machine.—A locomotive, all its varying parts, living, intelligent, and working in harmony with one another. When the trumpet sounded to prepare for march, a beautiful, well-ordered, wide-extended city of ten thousand inhabitants stretched through all the neighborhood—over field and meadow, wood and valley. The inhabitants were engaged in a thousand varied employments. Eating, sleeping, talking, laughing, reading, singing, praying. In half an hour the city had disappeared. The houses were all in wagons and on the road; the ten thousand inhabitants were all in military order and with bristling bayonets ready for battle.

Grand Military Display.—Never has it been my lot to witness so general a display of order and strength, beauty and romance, as to-day. Without any of the soldiers knowing the destination, the immense columns commenced filing into the

road leading down to Williamsport near by. Cavalry and infantry, artillery and baggage wagons, followed each other. Down through the town, over the long sloping banks of the beautiful river, and to the water's edge of the Potomac, which divides Virginia from Maryland. No halt was ordered, but on went the grand cavalcade, straight into the river. Skiffs, boats and bridges had all been destroyed by the enemy. With tremendous shouts and cheering the soldiers waded into the river—to the ankle, to the knees, to the loins, and to the waist,—on they waded, and shouted through the clear-flowing stream. On it went in a seemingly endless stream of four men deep. Our 13th Regiment had the honor of being near the front of the column. Walking in its front rank, I stepped into the famous old river with boots and clothes on, and hugely enjoyed a splashing and dabbling, waist deep, to the opposite shore, and invaded old Virginia. On and up the steep bank and away over the rising, swelling ground, advance the invading army. Not a secessionist appeared to stop its progress, not a dog moved his tongue.

When nearly a mile up the rising ground, I stopped to rest under the shade of a tree, and look on the panorama behind. What a vision! For three miles, down to the river, across, up the opposite bluffs, and away over into Maryland, could be distinctly seen that moving mass of men four deep. As it faded away in the distance, the column seemed like an enormous serpent, twisting round the bends of the road across the river, up and down the various ridges of hills, as they sank and swelled away into the distance. More than a dozen large bands rolled up inspiring music at the head of each regiment. Had the eye of Jeff. Davis, or any other intelligent secessionist rested on this vision, the idea of physical resistance against it must have at once died within him.

About two o'clock the head of the column, in which our regiment is, halted and pitched tents on rising ground some two miles west of the river. For four hours the column has been coming on, and encamping, and still as I write it comes. Never before were these quiet old fields and woods of Virginia waked up with such a living excitement. Whither we are to move on to-morrow, I have neither asked nor have any information. The news in camp is that Harper's Ferry has been burnt and abandoned. If so, we may have in our advance an opportunity of surveying these beautiful mountains and valleys of the Old Dominion. Poor old Virginia! I feel truly sad for her present deplorable condition.

Monday Morning, June 17th.—Notwithstanding the great excitements of yesterday, thus banishing all seeming thought of its being Sabbath, we got sufficiently quieted in camp to have interesting evening religious exercises. Elisha's request of Elijah must be granted to any heart which does not grieve away the Holy Spirit in scenes like these. All is life and bustle, and preparation for another march.

MARTINSBURG, VA., July 5th, 1861.

ADVANCE TO MARTINSBURG.—In my last, complaint was made about the growing monotony of camp life, and the consequent lack of any item of interest. The waters which appeared for a week or two to become stagnant, have suddenly been put in motion. Orders were issued on Monday to break the encampment and prepare to march. The hurry and bustle with which the waiting invalids were hurried into the turbid waters

at Bethesda, at the angel's visit, could hardly form a comparison with the activity of the soldiers, on the reception of this order. On Tuesday morning, the 2d inst., at three o'clock, the advance column commenced fording the Potomac, opposite Williamsport. Twenty thousand men—cavalry, infantry, and artillery, with five hundred large baggage-wagons, were ready to invade the Old Dominion. For six long hours the magnificent parade moved down to the river, across the ford, up the opposite banks, and hid itself away among the woods and valleys of Virginia. Our regiment was detailed to protect a battery on the Maryland side, and guard Williamsport, and did not cross until the morning of the FOURTH. An opportunity was thus afforded me, while seated on a high bluff, for witnessing the entire length of the line. Regiments from Wisconsin and Maine, Michigan and Rhode Island, Pennsylvania and Connecticut, all blended together in one grand and seemingly invincible mass of physical strength. The regiments which had crossed to Virginia twenty days since, and returned, went back with their bands playing, "O carry me back to Old Virginny." The others marched to the sound of "Dixie's Land."

BATTLE OF FALLING WATER.—About six miles over, the rebels were posted in considerable strength, and opened a brisk fire of cannon and musketry on the advance regiments. After a brief encounter, they retreated behind Martinsburg. One young man, from Milwaukie, Wis., was instantly killed by a Minnie ball through the heart. About a dozen were wounded. How many were lost by the rebels, has not been ascertained. It seems marvellous, where thousands of shots were exchanged in sight of each other and within musket range, that so few were injured. The body of the young man who fell was sent

back to Williamsport. Our regiment, with its brass band, turned out and buried him with martial honors. Nearly all the people of Williamsport, also, assembled at the place of interment. Ere the body was lowered into the grave, and while I was addressing the soldiers and citizens, a little girl approached, bearing a large and beautiful bouquet of flowers, and laid it upon the breast of the dead soldier. The act was simple, yet so touching, it seemed to strike a cord of tenderness in the hearts of all present. Many a soldier who appeared reluctant that his companions should see him weep, hung his head, while the tear stole down his cheek. Though neither former friend nor relative was present to mourn, strangers sorrowed over the burial of the brave young stranger, who had come twelve hundred miles from home to fight the battles of his country, and die among strangers. His blood, which watered the soil of Virginia, was the first fruits for Union from the noble young State of Wisconsin. It has not been poured out in vain.

Celebration of the Fourth.—Yesterday morning our regiment was ordered forward. *Quite a patriotic celebration of the glorious Fourth was it*, to march thirteen miles through sun and dust, from Williamsport to Martinsburg. Quite extensive preparations had been made for celebration on the Maryland side of the Potomac. Your correspondent was honored by a selection as orator of the day.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft agley."

All was cut short by an order to cross the Potomac at sunrise. The literary world has no doubt suffered loss at the non-delivery of the oration. Though full of matter in the morning, a long, fatiguing march has evidently so compressed the mate-

rial as to be retained, without inconvenience, until another Fourth of July.

On our march, we passed over the battle-ground of the 2d. Brief and limited as was the strife, yet were sad and too evident traces left of war's desolating scourge. A fine farm was left a ruin. Barns, sheds, fences all burned. House riddled with cannon-balls. Wheat fields, ripe for the sickle, level as a floor, from the passage of regiments of horse, foot and artillery. Articles of clothing, knapsacks, canteens, all manner of camp articles lay scattered over the ground, and no one caring to pick them up. Such is war.

Our regiment is now at the front of this grand division. The enemy are said to be strongly posted, a few miles in advance. If so, and they wait to fight, there will no doubt be a bloody field to commemorate the meeting. Our soldiers are hourly expecting the bugle-call to advance, and are eager for the fray. When I look upon these multitudes of brave, but, alas! too many of them, wicked men, all eager for battle, and reflect that I may be shortly called upon to bury many of their mangled bodies, the thought comes full of sadness. The poet's requiem is suggested:—

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Vandalism of Rebels.—One qualification these secessionists evidently possess in no ordinary perfection, is—they are great at *destruction:* admirable at pulling down. Those old Goths and Vandals are likely to lose their long-boasted pre-eminence as destroyers and defacers. Coming ages will no doubt use "secessionist" as a synonym with Vandal and Hun. I have to-day walked through the saddest scene of deliberate

ruin ever before witnessed. The Baltimore and Ohio railroad, which passes through Martinsburg, has here a machine-shop, depots, etc. When travel on the road was broken up, there were collected in this no less than forty-eight locomotives, with a number of passenger, freight, and coal cars. The rebel troops, quartered in the town, having evidently the impression that it would soon be in the possession of the Union army, determined to leave a *memorial* behind them. About two weeks ago, the lazy rascals, with considerable labor, carried large piles of wood, accumulated for the use of the railroad, and piled it round, under and over each one of the forty-eight engines, and set them on fire. The ruin is complete. As I walked beside the long rows of charred, bent, rusty locomotives, they reminded me of some vast museum of huge mammoth skeletons. A machinist, from our regiment, who was in company, gave it as his opinion that they were wholly useless—that it would cost about as much to repair one of them, as to make a new one. A curious pile of iron springs, straps, screws and ashes, marked the place where each passenger car had been burned. Piles of coal were still burning. If there be still a secessionist living in Martinsburg, there are greater fools in the world than I had supposed.

MARTINSBURG, VA., July 13, 1861.

FOGYISM IN CAMP.—Men may change their State boundaries, their climate, and their occupations, but not their nature. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Old Fogyism will be old Fogyism any where. Bending the knee to the proud behests of slavery has become such a habit

with northern men occupying high places, and that for many years, that the present wonderful revolution seems hardly competent to shake them loose from their degradation, and jostle them into freedom of action. Dreamy boasters over our armies marshalling for Union and Liberty, may imagine that all these filthy bandages have been broken. Had all such dreamers, however, been here, yesterday, their inflations might have been punctured by a trifling, somewhat ludicrous, yet significant incident.

SKINNER.—Employed at head-quarters of the Thirteenth Regiment—is a genial sort of a being, master of all business; waiter, cook, hostler, and errand boy. We call him "Skinner." The hot sun of Virginia has no power to darken the complexion of said Skinner; only causing it to glow with a deeper ebony. Skinner is a general favorite. By various honest means said master of ceremonies has come into possession of several, rather damaged articles of soldier's wear, in the shape of an old uniform, pants, with military cap, of the Pennsylvania order. A trusty old sword is also his by donation. In addition to home duties, Skinner occasionally rides the Colonel's horse to water, and on errands into the town. On such occasions the military dress is donned, and the rusty old sword not unfrequently dangles at his side. Skinner, thus attired, rode said charger, yesterday afternoon, with more than ordinary parade into town. Time passed, and Skinner returned not. What could have happened to Skinner? Could he have seceded with the Colonel's horse? or be dallying with ebony dulcinea in the famous old town? Word at length came that Skinner was in limbo. Actually seized and placed in the Guard-house (army jail) by order of the Provost Marshal of Martinsburg, under direction

of our military commanders. What can Skinner have done? was eagerly asked by all. Has he killed a secessionist, insulted some pompous military official; or acted up some other miscellaneous wickedness? Skinner's previous good behaviour precluded such suspicions. The matter must be looked into. Alas, the truth! That unfortunate old military cap, that dilapidated uniform, that rusty sword! They occasioned all the disaster.

An unfortunate order had been issued from head-quarters, of which poor Skinner, until the moment of his arrest, unhorsing while parading through the town, was wholly ignorant. The sublime military mandate was of this import: "That no ebony biped, no frizzle head, no darkie, being an *attaché* of the army, should wear any article of military dress, or carry any kind of weapon offensive or defensive." Does the reader inquire for the great occasion of State policy, the important military consideration prompting such grave legislation? No other reason can suggest itself, than as a pander to this inexorable spirit of Slavery—in order to sooth these F. F. V.'s, these traitor slaveholding secessionists among whom we now are. It might be a manifold misfortune, were the two-legged chattels to see one of their own color strut in an old uniform, or dangle at his side an old rusty sword.

In all seriousness, this is contemptible. Twenty-five thousand armed men kept tended for ten days in the burning sun, and in sight of the enemy, with every soldier panting to advance, and the powers that be engaged in legislating about so grave a matter as to what kind of clothes negro-servants shall wear.

Not only were ludicrous scenes, as in the case of Skinner, enacted by our officers at Slavery's behest, while at Martinsburg, but things far more degrading and heart-sickening.

Slaves, in their ignorance, occasionally endeavored to find shelter from oppression within our camp. It was not unfrequent to see a Union officer with a posse of soldiers carefully searching through the tents of the soldiers where the trembling bondman had vainly endeavored to hide himself, dragging him out and conveying him to Martinsburg jail, there to be claimed at leisure by his master.

Granny Patterson, as the soldiers facetiously called our General, was in command; and Fitz. John Porter, one of his chief military counsellors. No marvel, with such heroic and onerous camp duties that General Johnston was allowed to slip away unmolested from Winchester, in order to decide the fortunes of battle at Bull Run.

MARTINSBURG.—Martinsburg is a sedate, irregularly built old Virginia town, containing from appearance about five thousand inhabitants. Some notables are among its people. Ambassador Faulkner, who has *misrepresented* this country for the past four years at the court of France, resides here, or did till compelled to fly for fear of his neck at the approach of the Union army. He has a fine mansion, and large landed possessions. Sentinels from our army now protect his property from present injury. Congress can settle whether the possessions of these traitors are to be confiscated or not. *Porte Crayon* (Col. Strothers,) famous as a lively sketch writer for Harper's Weekly, has also his residence here, a quaint, old, roomy mansion. He is reported a Union man. The Secessionist troops, before our coming, took possession of his house, removed his furniture to the upper rooms, and made a hospital of his parlors. We have now several of our sick in the same spacious and comfortable apartments. A sentinel carefully prevents any access to the upper rooms.

PICKET ALARMS.—A town has no very enviable situation when lying between two hostile armies, ready to open fire on each

other at any hour of the day or night. Such is Martinsburg at present. Our encampment is on the Potomac side, and that of the enemy some miles on the other. Twenty-five hundred pickets and sentinels each night watch our encampment for miles around. The soldiers are watchful, excitable, and inexperienced. At night, the horse, cow, dog, or even shaking bush, that will not respond to the challenge of the sentinel, is sure to get a Minnie bullet whizzed at it. One gun discharged, causes the neighboring sentry to fire—then bang, bang, crash, crash go the sentinels and squads of pickets for a circuit of long miles through woods and fields. Up bounds the whole army, from thousands of tents and bivouacs, and, in less time than it takes to write of it, all are arrayed in order of battle. Such an alarm in the darkness is truly grand, yet happening rather too frequently. I have a renewed enjoyment at each recurrence. Not so, however, the poor townsfolk. Women and children spring from their beds, or are startled from uneasy slumbers, rush into cellars and other hiding-places, or run into the streets with frantic cries, vainly looking for some place of supposed safety. The reader may, perhaps, ask, Why have not all the inhabitants long since fled away? How, and where could they? Ere our coming, the rebels effectually destroyed their only railroad. For long miles every other way is effectually blocked or guarded, thus hindering ingress or egress. With all their dangers, the people are about as safe at home as though they made an effort to run away.

Granny, and Little Ones.—After such a night's alarm, I lately called on a family in the suburb, with whom an acquaintance had been formed. A mother, with a large squad of little hopefuls, and a grandmother graced the household.

During the past night's alarm, Granny had seized a little youngster under each arm, ran out into a little quiet cranny, and staid all night. At my coming, the old Methodist grand-dame had but lately come in with her hopefuls. "Ah, Brother Stewart," said the old lady, with a lugubrious but to me rather comic air, "laws me, I wish I was in heaven." Looking at her, with all the gravity which could be summoned, my response was, "Dear old mother, I do wish you were." With a sudden start, her answer hardly seemed to appreciate my pious wish. "But, laws me, what then would become of these poor grand-children?" This was simple nature. The old man with his bundle of sticks and death over again. We parted, with mutual wishes for a return of peace to our beloved but distracted country.

Such scenes would reconcile to the most tender and benevolent of hearts, a desire to see Henry A. Wise, with a hundred other such arch-traitors, hung. Thousands of such lives could not atone for the numberless calamities they have needlessly brought upon poor old Virginia.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., VA., July 17th, 1861.

JOHN BROWN.—Shades of old John Brown! Here sits your correspondent, on the identical spot, where less than two years since, the Chivalry of Virginia, with Henry A. Wise, as its head and Governor, aided by a large military force, hung a strange, enigmatical, unyielding old fanatic. Wise, and Virginia, understood, at the time, John Brown's raid, better far than did we of the North. Their terror, at which we laughed, was not so much

misplaced. In that insignificant fray, they beheld visions of armed men, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, crowding down from the North, and filling every mountain-pass into the Old Dominion. All this, in order to overturn her debasing and growingly effete institution. Over the matter, Wise dreamed dreams, and saw visions, became excited, raved, swaggered, and threatened. He shook Old Virginia to its centre, and evoked a boastful display of military strength, merely because an old man, with less than twenty, apparently crazed followers, had invaded her sacred soil. Wise, however, was the true Seer, and we, the ignorant, and unobservant. Had all the Prophets, from Enoch down to John and Jude, arisen from the dead, and prophesied, on the day that Brown was hung, that, within two years, the realities on which my eyes now look, would take place, I with all others, would have looked upon them, as messengers sent *from the pit* to deceive. In the beautiful, undulating fields, and woodlands, around the spot where Brown and his confederates were hung, is now encamping a Northern army of thirty thousand strong. Regiments from Wisconsin and Maine; Indiana and New Hampshire; Ohio and Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New York, are now quietly pitching their tents around this poor, guilty secession town, and not a dog daring to wag his tongue. And for what has this Northern array of battle come?

Beyond peradventure, in order substantially to carry out the great design of John Brown's insignificant raid. True, it may be, that multitudes of soldiers, in this Northern army, may now little understand, or even believe this. But when the true history of the present great Revolution shall be correctly written, some future Macaulay will chronicle that Old John Brown threw the first bomb, discharged the first cannon, and thrust

the first bayonet. Till then, rest in peace, brave spirit, and trust to posterity for a vindication of your deed. The reproach of a culprit's fate, and death by the hangman's rope, will not disturb thy repose.

Our troops had orders last night to be ready for marching by day-break this morning. In the eager expectation of meeting the enemy at Winchester, early in the day, little sleeping was done through very eagerness for a fight. However, through some military ruse or blunder, early in the morning, the head of the column instead of marching direct to Winchester, took the road leading to this place, (Charlestown, county seat of Jefferson County, Va.) From Bunker Hill, where we tented last night, to this place, is thirteen miles. From here to Winchester, is twenty miles; while in the morning we were only twelve miles distant from it. Whatever may be the intent or result of this movement, the Lord has evidently designed that this great Northern army should encamp around this spot. A place, which will remain famed in annals, and sacred in the memory of millions of hearts; and this, notwithstanding the sneers of Northern doughfaces, or the reproaches of Southern slaveholders. I marched with our Regiment during the morning, and for about half the journey. When a brief halt was ordered for rest, I walked on through heat and dust, arriving here about 1 P. M. The people are rabid secessionists.

Men and women looked savagely at me, as I walked through the streets. As several of our regiments were already encamping within sight, any terror of them was not much before my eyes; otherwise, from their appearance, this Abolition Chaplain would have certainly been devoured in a trice. Approaching a group of gentlemen and ladies, who occupied a piazza of the best-looking house on main street, I introduced myself with the

inquiry, "Can you point out to me the precise spot where Old John Brown was hung?" Blood and daggers, revenge and hatred, scorn and *fear*, were all concentrated in the look which was centred on me. What their tongues might have uttered, deponent saith not, as at this moment a company of Uncle Sam's Dragoons galloped along the street. Having a seeming prudential conception, as to how matters were now conditioned, an elderly gentleman, pointing with his finger, in a certain direction, said: "It was out there!" Not content, however, with vagaries, the question was pressed, until a guide was furnished, and the identical spot pointed out. A fine growth of corn now covers the place of execution. Returning to the town, I made inquiry for the jailer, and asked permission to take a look in the old prison. No prisoner at present occupies the dingy cell where Old John was confined. A broken stool, a rickety table, an old bed-quilt with plenty of dust, are the only furniture. Traces of the old man's pencil, together with that of his companion Stephens', are yet traceable on the walls, in the texts of scripture and quaint sentences. Within this long, narrow, dirty cell, with its double row of grated windows, was confined for weeks, a spirit, as true to its convictions of right, as the world has ever witnessed. He never bragged, never boasted, never reproached, never retorted, never yielded a hair's breadth, nor made a request of his captors. His Bible was his only counsellor. When visited by the Clergy of Charlestown; when under sentence, and asked if he desired spiritual counsel: "None from any ministers who do not pray against slavery." The same query was repeated, when starting for the place of execution. "No prayers for me, by any friends of slavery!" When on the scaffold! Have you any thing to say? was inquired of him: "No! you are going to hang me, and do it!"

And, so saying, he bent that gray head into the noose, which had never before been bent to any creature, save his God! In spite of itself, Virginia felt that in dying, Old John conquered. Ever since, the impression has been deepening, and deepens still, that, in the strange interlude of his life, at Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, the stern Old Puritan conquered! I also visited the cell of Coppie and young Cook; saw where they dug out under the old grated window, got out on the old rickety wall, and were driven back by the balls and bayonets of the sentinels.

Charlestown, has, from appearance, about fifteen hundred inhabitants; and is a type of most Virginia towns, having been finished for at least a quarter of a century. It is located in the midst of a fair agricultural, and most picturesque country, eight miles west of Harper's Ferry.

At Home.—On the 22d of July, the day following the battle of Bull Run, our three months' term expired. The regiment being then at Harper's Ferry, was ordered home to Pittsburg, Pa., and there mustered out of service.

A new regiment was at once organized, embracing many of the former officers and privates, and was designated by its members "the Old Thirteenth." So soon as organized, and, before entirely filled, it was hurried on to Washington; as the jubilant rebels, since their success at Bull Run, were supposed to be threatening our capital.

In the enjoyment of home, friends, and congregation, after the three months' absence, it became a subject of deep interest and anxious thought, whether to resume the quiet duties of pastor, or renew, for a much longer period, the chaplain service. Numerous considerations urged to the former more tranquil and

easy course; yet had the three months' service afforded much insight with respect both to the importance and difficulties of introducing and maintaining, as well as extending, the religion of Jesus in camp. These balancings continued until, without any solicitation or even asking on my own part, an election and cordial invitation was tendered to go as chaplain with the new regiment in the three years' service. This seemed as God's indication to duty. Household effects were disposed of at auction, my two children committed to the care of relatives, my congregation resigned to the oversight of Presbytery, and myself again in camp early in September.

Several applications at this time were made by publishers of religious journals for regular contributions to the press. In yielding to these requests, no thought was entertained that ere the war ended material would thus be accumulated sufficient for a volume. Yet, in the intervening years no attempt has been made to sketch for the press even the half of what has presented itself as strange and new, interesting and instructive. The ever-varying conditions of military life are constantly bringing before the observant eye things that are hopeful and depressing, joyous and sorrowful; things full of health and abounding in sickness; things full of life, with overwhelming death; changes sudden and startling, yet with a sameness amounting often to monotony. With truthfulness, it can be affirmed that nearly four years' intimate commingling with every variety of camp and army life and influence, has neither clogged nor exhausted a constantly varying fund of material for interesting and instructing others.

CHAPTER II.

Washington and Vicinity.

SEPTEMBER, 1861, TO JANUARY, 1862.

MERIDIAN HILL, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Sep. 20, 1861.

IMAGINATION is a blessed gift of God. How we live in it, revel in it, delight ourselves in it! Through it the soul is regaled with flowers of every hue, and scented with odors of every fragrance. By it the heart is often refreshed with things more real than reality itself. Happy compensation this, to those who are compelled to stay at home. They have, most frequently, the larger share of enjoyment. Their imaginings of distant persons, places and things, are ever much above the reality. Thus more to them than to those who see. It has never been my happiness to see, for the first time, a famed person, a noted object, or historic place, without feelings of disappointment, and these often sore ones—so much did the ideal excel the original. Hardly a sarcasm was it, uttered by that sarcastic old curmudgeon, that "no man was great in the eyes of his own valet." The child's disappointment was natural, carried on its father's shoulder, in the midst of a crowd, to see General Washington pass. The multitude clapped and shouted, yet did the child look in vain for the wonderful personage. In the midst of the tumult, it shouted out: "Where's Washington, pa?" "There, child. That's he." "No, pa, no. That's not Washington. Why that man is just like any body else!"

Our Capital.—Well, I have seen Washington, and been disappointed. Have seen, for the first time, this noted centre of wealth and wisdom, of power and influence, belonging to that famous old gentleman, called "Uncle Sam." John Randolph designated this same place, "the city of magnificent distances." Since then it has no doubt partially filled up. Yet still it may fairly be defined by the young lady's comparison of her admirer's beard. Dandy must have whiskers. That he would. The entire surface where the bristling material ought to shoot out was left untouched by a razor with a Nazarite's fidelity. Softly, slowly, and thinly grew out the coveted adornment. After months of coaxing and brushing, he ventured to ask his adored her opinion of the manly excrescence. "Grand," was her reply; "it reminds me of the western country." "Superb comparison, miss; but the application?" "Why, extensively laid out, but thinly settled."

In the erection of public buildings, this same old gentleman's purse has been depleted by so many millions, that it seems a marvel there is any thing left wherewith to carry on the present war. Yet, certainly, the show is very meager for the cash.

The Capitol,—Centre of the nation's attractions and glory, even at pictures of which millions of our children daily gaze in happy, credulous ignorance, as geography lessons are recited to miss or pedagogue—this great capital building, in which such countless millions have already been sunk! Since coming, I have gazed at it miles off, in order to get admiration excited; gazed at it near at hand; gazed at it from front, and rear, and angles; gazed upon it from the dome,—and still the impression made upon my mind is that of a great swelled *toad*, with the dome as the *hunch* on its back.

The capitol has, however, been at length turned to good account—the best service it has perhaps ever rendered. The basement, with all the entrances to it, has been converted into an immense *bakery*,—whence now, on the top of the building, instead of, as when Congress sits, the mingled stench of tobacco smoke and spittle, with the effluvia of rotten politicians, there comes steaming up each flue and chimney the refreshing odors of baking or nearly baked bread. By special inquiry, I learned that no less than seventy thousand loaves were each day baked in these ovens. An estimate may, perhaps, thus be formed as to how many troops are at present in and about Washington. The Government furnishes each soldier two loaves per week, each loaf weighing twenty-two ounces, making for each man two days' bread-rations. The other five days of the week, the soldiers get hard bread crackers. These ovens, during six days of the week, turn out seventy thousand loaves per day. How many soldiers are here?

As a mere military position, Washington is certainly of no importance whatever,—and, beyond doubt, one of the most difficult to be successfully defended. It is in a poor, starved section of country—an out-of-the-way place, an altogether one-sided position for the capital of the United States;—this, too, even though the integrity of the Union be preserved. Ere long the capital must be removed far to the North-west. Had it not been for the *name of the thing*, the secession rebels could, perhaps, have done the country no greater service than to have taken the city, and blown up the whole concern,—high as a kite. Had they got possession, this would undoubtedly have been done. For them to have held it, would have been impossible. Like Harper's Ferry, as an untenable point, it would soon have been burned and abandoned. It is only the over-

whelming Union force which now holds, and will, of course, continue to keep possession of our National Capital.

There is an additional reason why it would seem to be a work both of justice and mercy to have the place purified by fire, or some such effective process. It has of late years become so enormously full of venality, rascality, and all manner of corrupting influences, that the very walls have become spotted as with leprosy of old, so that nothing but fire may have power to purify. Great as that father of his country was, it has become manifest that he did not know every thing. One special reason urged by him for having the capital located in such an out-of-the-way place as this, was to have our legislators removed from the overshadowing influences, as well as the vices, of large cities. What would be his conclusions, did he live in his own city now? The drunkenness and debaucheries of the British Parliament pass in a great measure for *London sins.* Were the sessions of our Congress held in Philadelphia or New York, much of its pollution would be absorbed, almost unnoticed, by these great sinks, as a sponge drinks up water. Now, however, they stand out in all their native ugliness, known and read of all men, and poor little Washington not large enough either to hide or absorb.

Military Life Lawful.—If this warfaring business be, under any conditions, lawful—and of this we are at present troubled with no misgivings,—it must needs be possible to have the religion of Christ also in the camp. Wherever it is lawful for his children to be, there has God promised, if duly invoked, to send his sanctifying, as well as converting Spirit. More grace is no doubt required to live a Christian in camp, than at home in the city or the country.

Yet will those who have the grace granted be better Christians? God never wastes his means. By better, is meant *more good done.* This is God's approved way of comparison: "By their works ye shall know them." The worst specimens of humanity may, no doubt, be found in our armies. May God, in mercy, send the best. In ordinary life, the very worst characters are found in cities. The best, too, are there found. The Christian professor, doing business in a city with a capital of ten thousand dollars, will give one hundred dollars annually to benevolent objects; while one of equal wealth, in the country, will esteem himself quite liberal, while giving fifteen or twenty. Each acts according to the pressure upon him. All the Christian graces have to be *pressed* out, as the scented oil from the bruised kernel.

The Religious Aspects of our regiment appear encouraging. Two companies, of a hundred men each, have regular family worship both morning and evening. What a rebuke to many a professed Christian family at home! The captains of these companies worshipped God in their households Here, as *Centurions*, they have not abandoned the morning and evening sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving. God bless them for moral courage; for their true, manly, soldierly Christianity. This is "standing up for Jesus." At the roll-call, the company is arranged on three sides of a square. The captain, or some one deputed to conduct the service, stands on the remaining side. A chapter is read, a few verses sung, and prayer offered. Orders have been issued by the regimental commander, that when these exercises are going on, no unnecessary noise shall be made in camp. How abundantly blessed of the Lord would our

regiment be, were each of the other eight captains provoked to a like love, zeal and good works.

On Sabbath I preached in camp for the first time, under the new organization. The entire regiment was out, in full dress, equipments, and in military order. It was a beautiful sight. The utmost order and decorum were manifested. The text was—"Godliness is profitable unto all things, *having promise of the life that now is*, and of that which is to come." The object of the sermon was to persuade every soldier that the most profitable thing for him, in camp-life, was the religion of Jesus.

Our regiment is at present encamped on Meridian Hill, in the northern suburbs of the city,—a beautiful location, truly. On every side, scenes which might be called enchanting, meet the vision. The tent and the soldier seem almost omnipresent, if not omnipotent. The old wizard-prophet who stood on the top of Peor, overlooking the plains of Jordan, where lay encamped the whole nation of Israel, had a taste for the beautiful, when he exclaimed: "How goodly are thy tents, Oh! Jacob, and thy tabernacles, Oh! Israel. As valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river-side, as trees of lign aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters."

CAMP HOLT, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 30, 1861.

THE PATENT OFFICE.—The tenor of my last letter may have inclined your readers to class me with the grumblers, the fault-finders, or, even worse, with those who have no taste for the beautiful, and unable to distinguish between a well-

proportioned building and a mere pile of stones. To avert such a calamity, permit an endeavor to redeem my own good name, and that of Washington together. Two visits of much interest have lately been made to the Patent Office.

THE PATENT OFFICE—AND WHAT ABOUT IT?—One of our good old Uncle Samuel's fine marble buildings, which, may be, cost the old gentleman four million of dollars. Rather goodly is it to look upon, being both long and wide; yet, like the Capitol, *squat* for the space occupied. "But what's inside?"

The generous design of the immense establishment is, that, when a person has concocted, within his curious cranium, the plan of some new machine, working out a model with his hands,—which, after due trial, proves a labor-saver,—a thing calculated to increase knowledge and promote human comfort,—that same person has a right to a fair amount of the profits to be derived from the construction and sale of the new machine. If, however, every one have an equal right to manufacture and sell, the plodding, next-door neighbor to the inventor, may be the better carpenter or machinist, who, so soon as the model be seen, may construct and undersell; thus, perchance, leaving the world's benefactor to die in poverty. To this the Government says, "No." "The inventor shall have, for a specified time, the exclusive right to make and sell his new discovery." To insure this, the matter is put in writing, the seal of State affixed thereto, and the document called a *Patent Right*. One condition of this arrangement is, that the inventor shall deposit, in this marble building, a perfect model of his machine. And what a collection has already been made! A grand museum has it grown to be, compared with which, Barnum's is but a minor edition. The amount of *mind*

here deposited is enormous. What plans, what schemes, what racking of intellect, what combinations of thought, what scratching of the head, what gnawing of the nails, what hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, triumphs—all stowed away in one building!

No place more full of absorbing interest, both to the philanthropist and the Christian. *The signs of the times* are here. Every new model entered is a harbinger of the Millennium. Physical improvements always precede the moral and the religious. Each labor-saving machine becomes a precursor of the good time coming—a sure presage that God is lifting off the curse pronounced upon our race at its expulsion from Eden. The son, who, at present, performs with ease, in a single day, the hard months' toil of his father, has no need to drudge on so constantly with his face to the earth. In granting him more leisure, God is saying, "Use it; by improving your intellectual, your moral and your spiritual being." An ordinary life is now longer than that of Methuselah. Whole centuries of past experience and knowledge, can, by the men of this generation, be compressed into half a score of years. Our school children glibly repeat truths, and sum up knowledge which would have startled and confounded Sir Isaac Newton.

Bronzed, gray-haired, stiff-jointed farmer, look here! You, who, for so many long years fairly pulled the arms from your shoulders, as your one acre a day of grass or grain was cut down with sickle, scythe, or cradle. See that curious-looking thing! It is the model of that on which your son leisurely sits, driving before him a span of horses, and cuts down ten or fifteen acres of wheat in a day, and does it, too, more neatly and smoothly than you were ever able.

Grandpa, alight, hitch your horse, and let him rest. You

have made quite a successful journey across the Alleghenies, with saddle-bags and Johnny-cake, at thirty miles a day. Examine this complication of iron fixings. United, it is an engine, car, and rail track. By their use whole regiments of men are now carried as far and as safely in an hour as you have been able to make in a day. Take the saddle and bridle from your horse, and turn him into quiet pasture for the rest of his life. When ready to go home, take the "Express Train." Don't hesitate, Grandpa, but admit frankly that the world has moved somewhat since you were a boy.

Widow—and you, too, wan, sickly-looking widow's daughter! Often have you sadly hummed together the song of the shirt; as *stitch*, *stitch*, *stitch*, passed away the weary hours, and yet but a scanty pittance eked out, barely sufficient to keep soul and body together. Look at this curious little fancy piece of furniture! Sing over this a song different from the dismal one of the shirt. This is a sewing-machine. Only first invented in 1842; yet since then no less than two hundred and eighty-five patents have been granted for improvements. By its use, the daughter can perform with but slight fatigue, and in the same time, the labor of twenty-five mothers.

But what will now become of the poor sewing girls and women? Their occupation gone, they must all needs starve.

Don't be uneasy. God will provide. The world never goes backward. Something better in store for you than this everlasting stitching. Be comforted, and die in peace, mother. The daughters will be farther up the scale of human ascent than you have been able to tread.

There seems danger, however, of our getting bewildered. We must stay our imagination. Though accompanied by an intelligent guide, a whole year would be insufficient to pass

through all these corrodors, with their numerous cases, and learn the names and uses of those curious, almost countless, and marvellously diversified models of machinery. In a single year, no less than 3,710 new patents have been granted, and the models added to the growing collection. Ere long, Uncle Samuel must add an additional wing to the Patent Office. What new inventions are in store and hereafter to be conjured from the ingenious brains of our children, no thoughtful person will dare to predict. Gazing at what has already been accomplished, all things seem possible for the future. But before much additional progress can be made in patent models, this terrible secession war must be terminated. Yankee ingenuity has, at present, found something else to do than plan, in its inventive brain, new combinations of motive power for advancing the blessings of peace. Officials in the Patent Office announce, that at present they have but little business. Many of the clerks are being dismissed. If not too lazy, worthless, and cowardly, they can shoulder arms for a livelihood, till peace come back, and, with it, new inventions bless the land.

With respect to war news, I have none to write. You can obtain much more at your distance, than we are able to collect here. This physical machine, called an army, still wonderfully increases in power. The cry is—"Still they come." Regiments from the East, the Middle, and the West are daily arriving and marshalling themselves, with the already accumulating host, for battle. Oh, for a Homer here to sing, as once he sang of gathering Greeks to besiege devoted Troy!

A few days since, our regiment was again moved. Our encampment is now about eight miles north-west from the Capitol, on the Maryland side of the Potomac. This change is, to me, cause for thankfulness. The change puts us almost beyond the

reach of city temptations. The days are warm, the nights chilly—excellent weather, the season, too, and the place, also, for producing chills and fever; yet have we but one man in hospital. The Lord's work in camp is not without its evidences of promise.

CAMP HOLT, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.
October 8th, 1861.

DRAGONS' TEETH.—Moral seed germinates slowly. Spiritual harvests are reaped, not in May, but in autumn. The lessons of childhood develop themselves when gray hairs are here and there upon the head. The grand-children reap the whirlwind, because their grandsires sowed the wind. God wisely gave an unchanging law to the vegetable kingdom, when starting its growth in Eden. "The fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind." The farmer who ignorantly believes that his wheat sometimes turns to chess, must study botany in his Bible better. If he occasionally reaps chess instead of wheat, his ground, his seed, or his farming was at fault. "Can a fig-tree, my brethren, bear olive berries?" "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" So surely, and unalterably also, do the seeds of evil, in due time, bring forth their appropriate fruit. "Sin, when it is finished, brings forth death." Should an error in political economy, or a moral wrong, either through ignorance or intention, be embodied into the constitution and the organic laws of a nation, it will surely, in the end, prove its ruin, unless, by due process, it be purged out.

What seed, therefore, planted by our fathers, has produced the present harvest of wide-spread commotion and alarm? What wind, sown by that boasted band of revolutionary sires, that we, their unfortunate offspring, should now be reaping so

plentifully the whirlwind? Did those gray-haired statesmen and boasted constitution-makers, plant any dragon's teeth, from which have sprung, in seventy-five years, more than half a million of armed warriors? Such queries are of deep significance to the Christian patriot. By a review of the past, errors, with their evil consequences, may be avoided, like calamities in the future. Our lot is now cast in revolutionary times. Happy will we be, as a nation, if wisdom be granted to winnow out the chaff, and preserve only the wheat. It may not prove uninteresting or unprofitable, should a part of this, or succeeding letters, be occupied with attention to these themes, which have at present so much significance. Viewed from the stand-point of camp life, they may prove no barrier to a distinct vision.

Government Consolidating.—But a more palpable consolidation at Washington, was presented by the late action of the old conservative United States Senate. By a single resolution, that highest representative of national opinion and law, bounded over a whole quarter century of political platforms—of grave and lengthened resolutions, from delegated conventions, composed of all shades and sects of parties. All this, too, without leave-asking or ceremony. Trampled, also, by the same action, under its feet, a dozen Presidential inaugurals—Lincoln's included; buried, out of sight, volumes of congressional enactments; ignored its own grave and solemn enactments; annulled the Nebraska Bill before Douglass was cold in his grave; broke the right arm of the Fugitive Slave Law; cut the gordian knot, and tore up things in general. And how?

On the 22d of July, 1861, by a vote of thirty-two to six, and with the concurrence of the House, it was resolved—That slaves employed, in any way, in aiding the present rebellion, shall be

forfeited by their masters—set free. Here, then, is a principle gravely settled, against decisions of Supreme Courts, the declared opinion of all political creeds, platforms and inaugurals. Each and all, every where and in all places, have been earnest and emphatic in the assertion, that the General Government has nothing to do with slavery—no power to touch the delicate thing—none whatever to manumit a single slave; for if Congress could set one free, under any possible contingency, it could, under conditions which might arise, set all free. The thing is exclusively a State concern. Here, however, is the fatal resolve, now the law of the land. "If so and so, the slave *shall be forfeited by his master.*" The enactment, though perhaps intentionally indefinite, yet, to-day, virtually frees half the slaves in Virginia. Congress, then, has the right, declares so by solemn enactment, under certain conditions, to set a slave, in any given State, free. If one, therefore, all. For the bare assertion of this principle, as late as 1842, John Quincy Adams had well-nigh been hung, both politically and physically; and this, too, by political friends, as well as opponents. Now it is the law of the land. Brave, learned, far-seeing, *old man eloquent*, you are vindicated.

It is doubtful whether the Senate waited, at the time, to look at all the grand consequences of this act. No marvel that the President, in apparent alarm at the rapidity with which matters are moving, has checked the legitimate workings of this enactment in Fremont's proclamation. The Executive seems desirous, first, to see whether the nation be prepared for such rapid advances. Enough, however, is accomplishing to satisfy all that matters are fast tending in the direction indicated.

Startling Revolution in Congress.—After the most careful scrutiny, the unbiased mind will be forced to admit, that grounds do exist for diversity of judgment with respect to the real nature of our Confederate Government. The Constitution of the United States—what is it?—a mere compact between the States; or a document constituting us a combined whole—a consolidated government. This important matter was left, perhaps intentionally, an unsettled one by our professedly wise constitution mongers. So arranged, because the delegates themselves differed in sentiment, and each could thus interpret the document to suit his latitude and condition. All this, too, under the vain expectation that the Constitution, once adopted, all diversities would soon disappear. Great differences were, however, to be expected. The States-right men, now secessionists, from this point of vision, offer plausible arguments for their theory. Those who believe in our Government being a consolidation, offered still more and plausible reasons for their conclusions. Many circumstances have combined to widen these divergencies. The present war is altogether a natural result. Discussions have been laid aside. The sword is now the arbiter, and must decide the character of our government—or rather, perhaps, whether we have a government. To settle this question thoroughly, will be worth all the present enormous expenditure of treasure and of blood.

A casual observer may readily discover, in many of the late and present executive acts, evidences of increasing consolidation. When this war is ended, the rebellion crushed out, and the nation's power vindicated, the government for the whole American people will rest upon a basis more solid and compact than heretofore. This plea for the present secession, which now shakes to its centre our nation, is not likely much longer to exist. Ropes

of sand will be replaced by wire cables, strong enough to sustain the whole Union arch. Whether such a result will be altogether desirable, each one may determine, according to judgment or choice. The result, however, seems a foregone conclusion.

A year since, many of the late executive and governmental acts would have been pronounced, by a vast majority of our people, dangerous encroachments—unconstitutional measures. Now, however, each true patriot looks upon those seeming assumptions of power with approbation, and considers them as necessary to our national existence. As an instance of what we mean—our Thirteenth regiment, from Pittsburg, was raised by authority from the Secretary of War, and moved directly to Washington, without ever stopping to ask or obtain any direction or authority from the powers that be at Harrisburg—State-rights and Pennsylvania Reserve Corps wholly ignored. Nor would it be of the least consequence, or at all change this interesting sign of the times, should the State Executive bluster about this new movement—this short-cut to Washington—and even refuse to commission the regimental officers. The thing has been done, and is not about to be undone. The General Government will commission, should the State refuse. A single example of this kind speaks volumes with respect to the direction matters are tending. A year since, such a course would neither have been thought of nor attempted. Such precedents will stand as directories for future Executives, while carrying out the laws of this great and truly *United States*.

CAMP TENNELLY, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
October 12th, 1861.

"Great streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

A LITTLE LEAVEN LEAVENETH THE WHOLE LUMP.—A single soldier, by merely smelling a patient with a small-pox, may thereby innoculate a whole encampment. Should the anatomist, who dissects a gangrened body, but puncture the skin of his finger with the scalpel, he surely pays his own life as the forfeit. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

From the small license granted by our forefathers to slavery, has it been fostered and grown into such a monster, that were they to arise from the dead and meet it,—in ignorance of the fact that they begot the unsightly thing,—even in utter amazement and disgust, they would exclaim, as did Satan when meeting his own daughter, *Sin*:—

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way?
What thing art thou, thus double-formed, and why
Call'st thou me Father?"

Yet, notwithstanding its hideous aspect, familiarity has seemingly banished from the Northern mind all fear, and even reconciled the masses of the people to the iron rules of the despot. Slavery, as was natural when let alone, grew apace, until it became the one great image before which the land must bow. All the abettors of the system ever asked of us,—not admiring its contorted shape,—was to let it and them alone. All that any devil would ask. "Let us alone!" asked a legion of them, who

had entered into one poor mortal, and drove him, naked and phrensied, to dwell among the tombs. "Let us alone!" Cool impudence! Happily, however, Christ did not let them alone. We, on the contrary, have let slavery alone, and now our own progeny torments and would eat out our bowels.

And now, when the friends of the Union, by an instinct of self-preservation, and the maintenance of manhood, have flown to arms, in order to arrest and break this arrogant power,—why do those, whose business it is to lead in crushing this secession heresy, manifest an evident reluctance, a seeming dread, to strike at the vitals of our assailant?

Touch Her Asy, Pat.—For fear of offending the treacherous Border States, to keep in a good humor weak-kneed politicians and Christians of little faith at the North, we must, forsooth, deal gently with the murderers of our peace. Like David, in behalf of the rebel traitor, Absalom: "Deal gently, Joab, for my sake, with the young man, even with Absalom." Joab, whilst disobeying his sovereign, consulted, nevertheless, the true interests of the throne. Deal gently with slavery now? It won't let us. As reasonable was the advice given by one of our Milesian gunners to his messmate. A big gun had been mounted on one of the newly-erected forts, and was about to be proved. Many of our new artillery men have but little experience in the science of cannonading. The true son of Erin looked with some suspicion on the great black log of a gun,—a little uneasy as to his own proximity to it, and manifesting a wholesome suspicion about the effects of the noise or the scattered fragments, should the ugly thing explode. So, when his companion, as ordered, drew near to apply the match: "See, now, Pat," shouted the cautious friend, "that you *touch her asy!*"

With all due deference to the powers that be, there does seem to be too much of Pat's policy with this big gun, Slavery. "*Touch her asy!*" lest, perchance, she explode, and blow us all into undistinguishable fragments. The President's late unfortunate interference—unfortunate for himself when his history shall be written—with Fremont's proclamation, was a sad instance of the "touch-her-asy" policy.

Our Good President.—Give the President all honor for being an honest man and *good* President, but a *great* one he is not, nor does it seem likely that he will prove himself such. He has proved himself merely capable of honestly following the beatings of the great Northern heart, as they become manifest. Never has he said or done aught betokening the great leader—nothing to show himself capable either of originating a grand, new thought, or scheme, and boldly carrying it out. Beyond all question or cavil, the President, with his generals, has the constitutional power, as a military necessity, to proclaim liberty to all the inhabitants of the land at once! And this not only to cripple, in a vital point, the power of the enemy, but to speedily put an end to the war. Such a result would, no doubt, soon follow so bold and earnest a course; and by such a proceeding only is the present war about to be successfully ended, with the hope, at the same time, of a permanent peace. Every stage of this contest has tended to render this more and more manifest. Still the nation hesitates to give the decisive word, or strike the fatal blow.

Let us not, however, be over-anxious. It may be that, notwithstanding our uneasiness, things are moving in the right direction and at the right pace. It is not usual that the sentiments of a great nation, on any moral question, are changed in a day. A

deep-seated opposition to the emancipation of the slave, has, no doubt, long pervaded the masses of our Northern people. The President and our generals may be right in thus moving with hesitation. The time may not yet have come for decisive action. The masses of our people—the great army now marshalled for battle—may not be sufficiently educated or prepared joyfully to receive a proclamation for universal emancipation. Such a course now might, perhaps, create an opposition among ourselves. Let us wait. A few more Bull Runs, Springfield defeats, and Mulligan surrenders, will fully pave the way and open the eyes of all the people.

CAMP TENNELLY,
October 22d, 1861.

OUR SABBATH IN CAMP.—Were a person accustomed to the soberness of a country village, or that of the still more undisturbed rest of a quiet country district, suddenly transported into camp, and that early on a Sabbath morning, or did he arrive late Saturday evening, and sleep in tent, in all probability he and devotion would be strangers, at least for one Sabbath day. Such a strange commixture—noise and quiet, military and religious, devotion and worldliness. Shortly after daylight, you are suddenly wakened by the rattle of five or six drums, joined by a big bass one, and all enlivened by two or three shrill fifes. This is called the "reveille," or alarm, to waken the soldiers. Presently all is bustle and confusion; five or six soldiers scrambling out of each little tent, and shaking themselves, as few put off any of their clothes at night. So soon as the men are all out, each company assembles, in its own little street, for roll-call. Each one is to answer to his name, when called on, or to ascer-

tain whether any are sick or missing. A promiscuous clearing up then commences—sweeping out tents and spaces between, brushing clothes, shoes, blankets, knapsacks, and brightening guns. The Government will strangely persist in ordering a general inspection of every thing in camp each Sabbath morning. Early, also, the cooks commence chopping and splitting wood, with fire-kindling, preparatory to breakfast. About ten o'clock the drums beat for a *dress parade*. That means the whole regiment shall come on the parade-ground, in full military dress, with arms all burnished and ready for use. After a brief review and inspection, the commanding officer marches the entire regiment, and forms it in solid mass on the ground most convenient for public worship. "Halt! Order arms, redress," *i. e.*, stand at ease, is successively ordered by the officer in command. An empty goods box, on which I stand in front, is the usual pulpit. The sight, when ready for worship, is exceedingly interesting and beautiful. A thousand men, in regular and close military order, in full uniform and burnished arms,—congregation large enough for any minister to address. The services are conducted in the usual manner of our churches: prayer, singing, reading, and preaching,—the whole not usually exceeding half an hour; longer would weary, the men standing all the while. The utmost attention is invariably manifested by all.

From about 10 A. M. to 5 P. M., each one is at liberty to follow pretty much his own inclination, provided no unnecessary noise be made. Some read their Bibles, or a religious book or paper, provided I have any of these to furnish them. Some sing Psalms and hymns; some saunter about camp; some talk together of home, of army matters, of religion or politics; some sleep, while others hide away in the little tents, to play cards or exercise themselves in some other miscellaneous wickedness. About 5

P. M., another dress parade is held, and, at its close, another public service, similar to that of the morning. Much of the long interval between the hours of preaching, is spent in the different companies and tents, distributing whatever of religious reading matter can be obtained, with such other exercises as circumstances seem to suggest or warrant. From six to nine, P. M., Sabbath evening, general quietness prevails. In very many tents, or in the open spaces in front, singing Psalms or hymns, as the singers were wont to use at home, gives our place the appearance of a large camp-meeting. At nine o'clock, the drums beat the *tattoo*, warning all to prepare for rest. In half an hour after, an officer passes through camp, ordering all lights to be put out, and noise to cease. Such is one of our ordinary Sabbaths in camp-life with the 13th regiment.

During the week, my usual habit is to deliver a brief sermon, lecture or talk each evening, accompanied with such other exercises as seem befitting. We have twelve companies in our regiment, and now considerably over a thousand men. My manner is to spend an evening alternately with each company. At evening roll-call, when all are out, I address them on some suitable theme, read, sing and pray. This course is chosen in preference to having a general prayer-meeting, once or twice a week; for the reason that, at the general meeting, some would always attend, yet many never; while, by the mode adopted, all are in turn reached.

Besides these exercises, *four* companies have now their own regular evening worship, at roll-call. *Family* worship, I term it. One company has also *morning* worship. So regular are those companies in these exercises, that on dark, rainy, windy nights, when no candle could be kept burning so as to read, I have heard singing and prayer ascend to heaven—the men all

standing out in the rain, and no fire to dry them, when entering their little tents to sleep. You, head of a family, yet in whose household no altar to God may have been erected, come at once into this dreaded pollution of camp-life, and learn, by example, your duty to yourself, your family, and to God

All these things are sources of encouragement. But, dear, gentle reader, do not hence imagine that our regiment has become sainted, and that the Lord could walk through the encampment without seeing defilement. A fearful amount of wickedness centres here. Every camp is a place where Satan's seat is. Drunkenness, profanity, gambling, all the devices of the evil one. Many, very many of the poor soldiers were, in a seemingly hopeless manner, addicted to various vices at home; so that, as a very relief, friends were glad to have them enlist and away. What, therefore, could be the natural result, when many such are brought close together? Change of place has but little influence to change a man's inclination or habits, save for the worse. The whole tendencies of the camp, be it remembered, are to demoralize. The condition is unnatural. God placeth the solitary in families. No mothers, sisters, wives, daughters, sweethearts here, by their presence and influence, to soothe, to comfort, to restrain, and to elevate. I would that Government made comfortable provision for a score of females, possessing character, standing and influence, to accompany each regiment. The happy moral results would be at once seen. The tawdry specimens not unfrequently found connected with the camp, in various capacities, are not usually what the case requires. For the arrangement suggested, I confess a strong personal interest —call it selfishness. Loving and realizing the elevating influences of female society, its loss must needs be felt here.

CAMP TENNELLY, D. C., November 8th, 1861.

VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.—When enlisting in this service, your correspondent's special business was to counteract the wiles of the devil among the soldiers. All who assay such a work, in the common walks of life, soon discover it to be no ordinary undertaking. Much more difficult, however, does it become in camp. The weapons first brought along for this contest, became, in various skirmishes during the past two months, either expended or worn out. The friends of this spiritual warfare in Pittsburg, who promised a continuous supply of implements and missives, failed altogether to forward, or Adams' Express neglected to deliver. Not being ignorant concerning the military powers and masked batteries of that old chieftain—the archangel fallen, of whom Milton sings such wonders—a Bull Run panic came upon your writer of letters. A sudden retreat was ordered, and a speedy run made clear to Philadelphia. There aided, encouraged, reasoned, and re-armed by dear, good friends, an advance was again ordered, after a few days' rest. And this, too, not without the most encouraging hopes of ultimate victory. All manner of warlike implements were freely furnished and sent along—cannon, Minnies, swords, bayonets, pistols, bullets, bombs, with artillery, cavalry, and infantry. All these in the shape of trunks and boxes, full of Bibles and Psalm Books—boxes of all shapes and sizes, bound and unbound, in four different languages—English, Welsh, German, and French, with magazines, pamphlets, tracts and papers. Not only this, but a living embassy accompanied the return,—Rev. Alfred Nevin, D. D., and George H. Stuart, with his two daughters and little son—came along, and visited our Thirteenth regiment. By their presence, their words of cheer, encouragement and advice,

these dear friends much interested the soldiers, and advanced the Lord's work in camp. Did every layman, who possesses the means and professes to love his country and his God, do as our brother Stuart has done the past week, untold good would be accomplished. No more Bull Run panics, or Ball's Bluff disasters, would likely thereafter happen.

Pleasant Days in Camp.—Never before has it been allowed me to pass a number of consecutive days more full of deep and absorbing interest, than those of the past week. In company with G. H. Stuart, his two daughters and son, between twenty and thirty different regiments, in their various encampments, on both sides of the Potomac, have been visited. For this purpose, a free pass, to visit all the forts and camps, was obtained from General McClellan. Whatever regiment, camp, or fort, we visited, both officers and privates gathered in crowds around the carriage, eager to receive such books as Cromwell's Army Bible, a good supply of which was still taken along. A brief address was usually delivered, at each stopping-place, on the importance of having the religion of Christ occupy the heart of each soldier, and thus abound in camp. So cordial was our reception every where, that, when taking leave, the crowd occasionally could not, at least did not, refrain from taking off their caps, and giving three hearty cheers for the strangers.

A somewhat ludicrous incident in this connection, afforded a fund of amusement to us all. Near sun-down, a brief address was made to a portion of the 8th Illinois cavalry. A young soldier was, at the time, busily engaged in frying, over a camp-fire, some compound, in a long-handled pan; yet, at the same time, giving heed to the speaker. When through, and a number commenced cheering, so cordially did the young cook enter into

the applause, as to wave vigorously his frying-pan round and round over his head, thus scattering its greasy contents upon quite a number of his messmates.

Religion in Camp.—Sorry were we that time and other engagements precluded a visit to each of the two or three hundred regiments, now constituting the great Army of the Potomac. Never before was such a mission-field opened, with promise of so large and speedy a harvest. Luke-warm Christians, up and act speedily. Ere you find time to offer an earnest prayer on their behalf, thousands of these brave, yet ungodly, men may be in eternity. Not a tithe of the moral and spiritual wants of the army has yet been supplied. Every visit made, deepened the impression, that our volunteer soldiers, now confined to camp life, are thirsting for the sympathies of home, for an adequate supply of good reading matter, and many, also, for the earnest and faithful preaching of the gospel. Some regiments visited, have no chaplains: their own fault, unquestionably. Ungodly men bear command in such regiments, and do not choose to elect one to preach them the gospel. Too many, also, who have chaplains, seem to be but little benefited from their services. A hasty visit did not allow sufficient opportunity to learn all the causes of such failures. Evidently, however, no direct bond of union exists between many chaplains and the soldiers—no real sympathy, no cordial intercourse—hence so little profit. A minister of Christ may be an earnest, godly, laborious man; but, perhaps, wholly unsuited by habit, temperament, or mode of address for preaching the gospel amid the bustle and excitements of camp, and had, therefore, much better be at home-work. To a thoughtful mind, visiting so many encampments, and seeing such seeming countless thou-

sands, the work of preaching to all of them the gospel, and supplying them with adequate means of grace, seems utterly overwhelming. Feelings arise similar to those in the breast of a lone missionary in India, surrounded by vast multitudes of heathen, assembled at some great fair for idol worship. "What can one do among so many?" The expression I lately heard uttered by an ignorant old colored woman, who lives in a little cabin, near to our camp, was altogether natural. She had never travelled nor received education sufficient to get any just conception of the world she lives in. Witnessing, day after day, the marching to and fro of troops, the coming and going of regiments, without any seeming end, in utter bewilderment, she at last ejaculated to me, when passing: "Laws a'me, where did all these men come from? I never s'posed afore dat so many people were in de world."

Parting of Generals Scott and McClellan.—When arriving at the hotel, in Washington, with the friends already mentioned, late on Friday evening, November the 1st, we heard it vaguely reported among the guests that General Scott was to leave next morning, at five o'clock, on a special train, for New York. Also, that at the depot, General McClellan, with his staff, were to take, perhaps, a final leave of the scarred, careworn, feeble and retiring old veteran. "We must witness that," said our friend, G. H. Stuart, who is not likely to miss a thing so interesting, when at all within his reach. A carriage was ordered to be in waiting at four o'clock. All our little party were ready at the hour; and, though pitch-dark, combined with a terrible rain-storm, were soon at the depot. On entering, we learned that the old hero had already arrived, and was seated, in a little side-room, almost alone. Having no mu-

tual acquaintance, we used the American privilege, presenting our own compliments, myself introducing the two ladies, with the remark, "That having just come to Washington, they could not think of allowing General Scott to take, perhaps, a final leave of the place and his Generals, without being present to see him off."

"The young ladies have done me great honor, in coming out such a morning," was the courteous response, as he took each one cordially by the hand.

We wished him God's blessing on his present journey, as well as the remainder of his pilgrimage.

"I need it much," was his unaffected reply, "for I am a great sinner, and have been one all my life."

The manner in which these words were uttered, so affected each one present, that no response was attempted—all were silent. Yet but for a moment. A bustle was heard at the door. The entrance of General McClellan and his staff, with all the Generals of the army conveniently in reach, together with several members of the cabinet. With heads uncovered and reverent bearing, each one approached and successively greeted the worn-out giant, who, mean time, remained seated, being unable to rise without assistance. When all had paid their respects, General McClellan again drew near, as though to receive the falling mantle from the retiring commander. The old General took his hand, and uttered, in the kindest and most affectionate manner, language to this effect:—

"General, allow not yourself to be embarrassed by ignorant men. Follow your own judgment. Carry out your own ideas, and you will conquer. God bless you."

Equally brief and touching was the response of the young

chieftain, on whom the mantle of the great old man was now falling.

"Thank you, General. I will remember your counsel. May your health improve, and you live to see your country again united and prosperous. God's blessing accompany you. Farewell!"

The train was ready. Two assistants aided the old man to rise. As he and the young general walked side by side, and in silence, out to the cars, the contrast was most striking. The one appeared as a giant, the other as a little boy.

After the train had left, we had a brief interview with the boyish general, now commander-in-chief of our vast armies. Playfully remarking to him the object of our late visit to Philadelphia, how well armed we had returned, with the hope of driving Satan out of camp—"All success to your enterprise," was the ready response; "but remember, the undertaking is by no means an easy one, for that old serpent is not so readily cornered."

Camp Tennelly, D. C., Nov. 15th, 1861.

A Great Practical Fact.—I once heard a good old professor, in an effort to divert the attention of his pupils from an exciting subject. After exhausting the stock of reasons on hand, he closed with this sage admonition: "Young gentlemen, you will recollect that *slavery* is a great *practical fact.*" The precise import of the cautious old professor's warning, I never fully comprehended, nor, perhaps, did one of his class. Yet certain is it this thing of slavery has proved itself to be, indeed, a great *practical fact.* Another thing has also shown

itself to be a *great practical fact*—FIGHTING on a large scale. A down-right, serious business is it; and this the Generals, on both sides of this great contest, seem distinctly to realize, and hence are so slow to inaugurate the game. Beauregard has a large, well-equipped and thoroughly drilled army. Gen. McClellan has a large, pretty well-equipped and fairly drilled army. They have now been long within cannon-shot, and continue eagerly looking at each other. Yet no decisive blow is struck. Like two game cocks, with feathers all on end, and large threatening motions and fierce looks, yet each waiting for the other to make the pounce. Or, as a pair of bullying boys, loudly vociferating their eagerness to fight, and full determination, as well as ability, to pound each other lustily, and yet they don't strike. In our school-boy slang, we used to say of such: "One's afraid, and the other daren't."

Your readers may feel occasional impatience that they are not weekly treated by your correspondent to thrilling accounts of marches, advances, retreats, cannonadings, battles, slaughter, victories, defeats, rejoicings, with all manner of such commodities, which so much interest excitable dwellers at home. They must pardon the neglect, and have patience. Such details are, no doubt, quite engaging, and would certainly be written, were they on hand. Such amusements, however, are not at present attainable, from the occurrences of a miserable little town, called Tennelly, on the line between the District of Columbia and Maryland, with the daily routine of camp-life in our Thirteenth regiment. Here, be it remembered, we know no army orders or movements outside of our camp, until a considerable time after they have transpired. And if we did know them, a positive army order declares they must not be written of nor published. And as your correspondent always puts his

own name to the ramblings of his pen, so that he alone may be held responsible for all aberrations. he might chance to find himself presently in limbo, did he blab out, by letter, important army matters, did these ever happen to be intrusted with him. We are, in fact, shut out from the world, or shut in from it, here, and our friends at a distance should, in compassion, write us something to talk about. All the war news we get concerning the Grand Army of the Potomac, a part of which we are, comes to us through the New York and Philadelphia papers, and this generally lies—news manufactured for the occasion. Paid reporters are sent on here and elsewhere by these papers. Something they must send back, or soon lose their vocation. Lacking realities, they send fiction. This is published as sensation items, eagerly read and believed to-day—to-morrow found to be falsehood. Truly, we are a wonderful people. So excitable, we had rather have falsehoods than nothing.

Book Distribution.—In my last, you were informed that a generous supply of spiritual armory, in the shape of books, tracts, papers, etc., had been furnished and forwarded by brethren in Philadelphia for the special use of our regiment. Did the men accept, and use in a soldier-like manner, these furnished weapons? Or, like David, after trying on Saul's armour, declare, "We cannot go with these?" Had each donor of a book been in camp on last Sabbath, a strong stimulant would have been given not to be weary in well-doing.

After preaching in the morning to our regiment, from the words: "Put on, therefore, the whole armor of God," the soldiers were informed that, in my next tent, had just been opened a large box and trunk, filled with a variety of spiritual weapons, from a Bible down to a simple card, having printed on it, "Thou

shalt not steal," and that whosoever desired, might come and be furnished, according to choice. Presently the tent was not only filled, but surrounded, with eager applicants for all manner of missiles. Among other books, over three hundred of "Cromwell's Soldier's Bible" had been obtained. This, as the reader may already know, consists of a judicious selection of Scripture, first printed more than two hundred years ago, and a copy given to each of his soldiers by Oliver Cromwell, the most sagacious of all generals. Two copies are known to have escaped the ravages of that old destroyer, Time. The little book has lately been reprinted, in a neat and beautiful form, and sold at five cents a single copy.

Taking one of these little swords in my hand, its history, contents, and value were briefly stated; then, addressing a young soldier who stood near me, said to him, "I wish to present you with this little Bible—after writing your name in it, together with mine, as the giver—provided a promise be given that you will carry it as a constant companion; and should you fall in battle, and my lot be there to help bury you, I promise to send the little keepsake home to your mother, as a memento of her son." A chord was touched in the sympathies of the brave little fellow. With choking emotion, he readily promised.

The idea seemed a pleasing one to others who were present. The name of the next must also be written in *his* little book, together with my own—and the next—and the next. And thus we went on. Each new name mentioned afforded me an opportunity to ask of the receiver a few brief questions, and thus to tender some advice, warning or encouragement. Thus we proceeded, writing and talking, giving and taking, until all the three hundred little Bibles were distributed. I was loath even then to stop, but earnestly wished that eight hundred

more were on hand—we have now eleven hundred men in our regiment—so that we might go on till every soldier had one of these little swords. My hope is that some channel will be opened whereby the eight hundred additional will be furnished.

In the mean time, some friends assisted in the distribution of other books and matter, so that by evening each one desiring had something profitable to read. How much good has been accomplished by this Sabbath's exercise, will be added up at the judgment. Already, however, some good fruits have been produced, as a single incident will attest. Among the little books distributed, was one called, "The Gambler's Balance Sheet." The ruinous vice of gambling, is sadly common in almost every camp. A pack of cards had been kept quite busy in one of our tents. One of the squad, who afterwards related to me the circumstance, obtained one of the "Balance Sheets," and by permission of his messmates, read it aloud on Sabbath evening. When finished, the oldest member, as also the one most prominent in card-playing, remarked, "That every word of that little book is true," and then inquired for the pack of cards. When produced, he took them in his hand, and, without speaking, walked out to the fire, threw them all in, and quietly watched them until entirely consumed.

Soldier's Burial.—On Tuesday, the 12th, as the sun was setting, we buried one of our dear, young soldiers. We laid him in a lonely grave, within a desolate old church-yard, where already lie, side by side, eighteen of our volunteer soldiers, out of the various regiments which, for the past months, have camped in this vicinity. Not half the graves have even a board at the head, with the name of the dead written thereon, so that, even for a few months, the eye of affection or curiosity

might learn who sleeps beneath. Forgotten already! Such is the glory of war. Buried far from home and friends, with no tears to moisten the grave. No tears are shed at a soldier's funeral; pomp and noise assume the prerogative of grief and tears. Our young soldier died of camp-fever, which fell destroyer takes away more from our army, than the violence of the battle-field. Already, perhaps, have more of our volunteers died from camp fevers, on the line of the Potomac, than fell at Bull's Run and Ball's Bluff together. Our camp, for weeks past, was in a stench-pool of miasma. Enough of our men are sick: the marvel is that there are not more. A change of location, lately effected, into an open field and higher ground, gives promise of purer air and greater freedom from malaria. This is well, seeing a prospect of remaining here all winter in cloth houses and without fire.

TENNELLY, November 22d, 1861.

PAY DAY IN CAMP.—This period of curious interest and varied excitement, has just transpired. Strange as it may seem, the soldier looks forward to pay-day with an absorbing interest, and appears to value his wages beyond that of ordinary laborers. If delayed beyond the expected time, varied and oft-repeated expressions of regret are heard.

Uncle Sam, in addition to feeding and clothing his volunteer soldiers, agrees to pay them thirteen dollars for each month's service. Payments are promised at the end of each successive two months. Previously to the time of payment, the commanding officers are to have made out a full and complete duplicate

list of each member and his standing in his regiment. All these things were in readiness by our officers on the last of October; but not till the 18th of November did the important official of our Uncle Samuel, called Paymaster, make his appearance. Great grumbling, in its various phases, was one result of the delay. This, however, all vanished on the day named, by the appearance of a spring-wagon, containing a complacent-looking major, sundry subordinates, together with a number of comfortable-looking, strong boxes. As the cortege drove to the colonel's tent, it was welcomed through camp by a great variety of joyous yells, shrieks and cheers.

All things were speedily in readiness for disbursing the cash. A table was set at the door of the tent, behind which sat Uncle Sam's banker, with his clerk. The duplicate rolls were in hand. On the table were spread out, in tempting abundance, piles of gold, silver, coppers, and treasury notes. Company A was ordered to parade in front of the burdened table, and not a member failed in prompt obedience to the call. Paymaster then calls the name of the first man on the roll, which has been given him.

"Here!" answers soldier.

"Come forward," says paymaster, and forward comes soldier, on quick time.

"Is this the man whose name is here upon the roll?" asks paymaster of officers.

"Yes."

"Take your money," says paymaster, as the clerk quickly counts the amount, pushes it to him across the table, and checks his name on the roll. Soldier grabs up his money, makes a hasty bow, and passes quickly back to his place. The next name is called, and the same routine gone through. So prompt,

orderly and rapid is the business despatched, that in an afternoon the whole regiment, of eleven hundred men, is paid off, and that without the mistake of a cent.

Pay-time is one of apprehension to the chaplain. As with the sop into Judas, so is the devil likely to get into camp with the cash. Money is a strange machine, and drives humanity into many a curious freak. Long time ago, Solomon affirmed that "Money answereth all things." Without claiming the wisdom of that sage possessor of wives, his version of money is cordially responded to. In the first boyish effort at copy-writing, my dear old pedagogue wrote, for imitation, at the head of the whole page—

"Money makes the mare go."

The sage copy was read and re-read, and our young brain became much puzzled thereat.

"Money makes the mare go."

What could it mean? We had an old gray mare at home, astride of which, and switch in hand, it was occasionally my rather happy business to make go, and that smartly. But how money could make her go, was wholly beyond my comprehension. The problem has, however, been solved. Mingling with the affairs of men has, long since, settled to my satisfaction, that money not only makes the mare go, but it also makes all other earthly things go.

Curious was it, and interesting to witness, the change of countenance, the varied exhibitions of thought and feeling manifested by each soldier, as he walked away, carefully examining, counting, and pocketing his twenty-six dollars. Remembering his present warm and comfortable clothing, his abundance of healthy grub, and now the cash in the pocket, each one, by a

significant wag of the head, was understood to say. "Uncle Sam, you are a pretty clever old fellow; nor shall all the sesesh in Christendom be allowed permanently to disturb your peace, or break up your goodly inheritance!"

This important matter settled to satisfaction over the newly-acquired cash, the countenance betokened new queries rising within.

"What shall I do with the cash?"

In a moment a needy wife and children are present, and pleading with this one for a large share. With that one, the vision of a widowed mother pleads for relief. A sister, ekeing out a scanty subsistence with her needle, silently pleads with this young soldier-brother for help. An old, relentless creditor stalks along and demands his share of yon debtor. Various depraved appetites well up in another, and demand speedy gratification, the means being now at hand. Others still, having no immediate friends in need to relieve, no craving appetites within to gratify, and possessing a prudent forethought, with a wink of the eye, a nod of the head, and a knowing slap of the hand on the pocket, intimating, by said demonstrations, a settled purpose to keep the cash, and with it commence business when the war is over.

Such, perhaps, is a fair indication of the modes in which the thirty-five thousand dollars, paid our regiment, for two months' service, were soon to be appropriated. Various cases of noble self-denial have come to my knowledge of soldiers who sent home to their families the entire twenty-six dollars, reserving not a cent for self-gratification, or even comforts. I was the gratified agent in sending to Pittsburg eighteen hundred and fifty dollars, from one company. As the packages of treasury notes were deposited in charge of Adams' Express, how

pleasingly my thoughts accompanied them to their various destinations. Almost could I hear and see the joyous, tearful delight, in many a needy home, on their reception. A friend, from Pittsburg, who was in camp at the time, took home with him three thousand dollars. Perhaps twenty thousand in all were sent home.

And what of the remainder—the other fifteen thousand—in what directions went they? A full account would be very varied, perhaps amusing, but certainly neither edifying nor consoling.

The sutler gets a large pile. "And what of him? Who is he? and how comes he to get the largest share? The sutler? He is a personage attached, by authority of Government, to each regiment, whose business, in plain English, is to keep a grocery store in camp. He is furnished by Government with neither means nor pay, yet is his business considered the most money-making of any in the army. Possessing a monopoly of his trade in camp, he sells at his own price the various little nic-nacs and luxuries the soldier may desire beyond his rations. Whatever the soldiers may wish before pay-day, the sutler freely lets them have, and on this wise: he sells the buyer a dollar's worth, or any desired amount of little orders on himself, and, in exchange for these, barters the soldier his commodities. When pay-day comes, the sutler presents himself at the paymaster's table, with his accounts, and, as each one is paid off, demands and receives his bill. Various young men did I see pay the sutler eight dollars out of his twenty-six, and this for trifles which had much better been done without. It would surely be an improvement in the service, were the sutler institution entirely abolished.

It is also well known to every observant person that too many

persons are found in every community, and more especially in cities, who are never content when in possession of money, until they have gone on a spree and spent it. Many of these have entered the army. Men wholly run down at home, past shame, nuisances, to whose friends it was a great relief when they enlisted. What is to be expected of such men here? Will a few weeks' soldiering, with the brief labors of a chaplain, divided among eleven hundred men, be likely to convert and elevate those whom all the pastors in Pittsburg have so long wholly failed to influence? All the sentinels and terrors of penal military codes fail to keep a number of this ilk in camp, when in possession of their money. Out they must go and have a spree, and out they got and had it. Others got the devil into camp in the shape of bad whisky, and thus had their jollification at home. Next day our guard-house had to be re-inaugurated, for which of late there had been so little necessity.

"But," says the reader, "have I not read in print that it is against the law, and a penalty rests upon those who bring whisky in the camp?"

"Certainly, dear reader, certainly."

"Then, how does it get it in?"

I pressed this same query on a half-drunk soldier. Chancing to meet him, in a ramble through camp, he appeared desirous of entering into a confidential chat. His proposed colloquy was cut short by my remarking:

"Dear friend, you are drunk!"

"No, chaplain, not drunk, but have been drinking a little."

"Well, well, let us discuss that matter another time; but come, now, tell me how you contrived to get the creature."

"Oh, chaplain, I couldn't do that; but we do get it in such curious ways, you would never dream of."

"No doubt of that; but come, now, be a good fellow, and just tell me one of them."

"Well now, to oblige you, I will: we smuggle it into camp *in our guns.*"

"In your guns! No, you don't; they wouldn't hold enough to make you drunk."

"Yes, but they will; each gun holds nearly a pint."

And on examination, I learned the fellow was actually telling the truth.

Other modes of introducing, in a stealthy manner, the fiery contraband, which have come to my knowledge, had as well not be written. "Evil communications do and may corrupt good manners." A father confessor once demanded of his penitent, a burly hostler: "Did you ever grease the horses' teeth, to prevent them eating their oats?" "Niver a time, your riverence." At the return of the season, the same penitent was again making a clean breast before the holy father, and confessed to having greased the horses' teeth quite a number of times. "Did you not tell me, when here before, you had never done the like?" "True, holy father, for I niver knew it would stop their ating, till you tould me."

TENNELLY, November 29th, 1861.

DIOCESAN BISHOP.—Your correspondent has lately been elevated, in an unexpected manner, to the position of Diocesan Bishop. This, however, unhappily, without any curate or inferior clergy. On this wise the change and elevation came to pass. Our Thirteenth regiment has overgrown itself. Instead

of ten companies, of a hundred men each, which constitute a full regiment, we have twelve companies, and nearly all full—with more coming or wishing to come. Popularity has, however, its evils, and overgrowth its disadvantages. Ours being so much the largest regiment in the brigade, and, perhaps, considered the most fitted for service, on it, in consequence, has fallen all the demands for special service and outside duties. A huge earthen structure, called *Fort Pennsylvania*, large and strong as the celebrated Malakoff, near to our encampment—or we near to it—said national defence required to be properly defended, having the big guns ready for the match, the moment a ragged secessionist may show himself in the distance. Captain Fulwood, with his Pittsburg boys, has been detached for said service, and shut up in the earthen enclosure.

About fourteen miles above us, on the river, is a place, called "Great Falls," where it was apprehended the rebels might jump across, some dark night, and thus make an unwary march on Washington. In order to prevent such a calamity, Captains Foster and Enwright have been detached, with their two hundred men, for the past month. Some days since, three hundred wild Irishmen, who have been building an additional fort, in our neighborhood, for good Uncle Samuel, actually got it into their heads to quarrel with the old gentleman—all this, too, about the amount of wages and kind of food he furnished them. Said difference of opinion presently took the shape of a row, and, as a result, a cessation from all work,—by which minor rebellion, serious apprehension was created in the minds of quiet dwellers near by, and his aid was called for. Captain Duff, with his hundred Birmingham lads, was at once detached to the locality. The sight of their bayonets acted as a charm, in favor of peace and order. The company has, nevertheless,

been ordered to quarter itself in said locality for a time, lest, when the pressure be removed, the steam might again chance to rise.

Thus has a bishopric unexpectedly, and without the asking, or even desiring, been thrust upon me. An undivided parish would be much preferable, without the present honor. Various and irregular itinerancies are now made. Armed with a suitable number of books, tracts, and papers, and with a few delicacies for the sick, one of these was lately undertaken to Great Falls. the locomotion being made in the sutler's wagon. From both officers and privates, a cordial greeting and hearty welcome were tendered me. One of the services, while there, was preaching a sermon to the companies, assembled around a lonely grave in the woods, where they had carried a dead companion, and laid him down to take his long, long sleep. O, that the living would lay it to heart. Of all men, the soldier should be the most religious; yet, of all others, he is prone to be the most careless.

Great Falls—*Potomac River.*—Few American rivers seem, in reality, less known than the Potomac. Its tide-water portion, from Washington, by Mount Vernon to the Chesapeake, has some classic fame; but of the upper portion, the real river, little or nothing is said or written by geographers or tourists. Like most other of our rivers, it flows down from a high mountain region, and hence, in its course, is rugged, rapid, and picturesque. As it breaks through a mountain gorge at Harper's Ferry, all who pass that way, unite in calling it sublime. When approaching within twenty miles of tide-water, at Georgetown, the river has nearly two hundred feet to descend. This is made not by a perpendicular plunge, like Niagara, but

by rapids and broken cascades. These form a succession of scenes, at once wild and picturesque, yet verging on the desolate in appearance. Three miles above Georgetown, are "Little Falls,"—the river being, at this place, very compressed, turbulent, and rapid. Here it is crossed by the now so famous *chain bridge*. Why the name *chain*, deponent saith not, it being quite an ordinary *wooden* structure. Across it there goes a constant stream of wagons, horses, soldiers, and civilians, it being the only communication between Washington and an encampment of fifty thousand men.

Great Falls are fourteen miles above. At these the river, within the distance of half a mile, descends, perhaps, a hundred feet. Nature, in a holiday age gone by, has torn up from their deep foundations, nearly all the primitive rocks known to geologists—quartz, gneiss, red sandstone, granite—and piled them together, in huge, promiscuous and unsightly heaps. Over, down, and between these great, upheaved, broken rocks, the waters of the Potomac have, for many centuries, been cutting themselves various crooked and broken channels. At low water, a man, without much inconvenience, might contrive to cross from Virginia to Maryland, by jumping from rock to rock. Hence our two companies are here to watch the secessionists. But, at the time of our visit, the river, greatly swollen by recent rains, was foaming and dashing and roaring over and among the rocks, in a manner truly grand and eloquent, proudly forbidding all passage.

During my stay, an afternoon was devoted to a visit and examination of all that was to be seen of these great cascades, rocks, woods, and water-courses. Lieutenants Day and Foster, who have now been here for more than a month, and learned, by frequent personal explorations, all the passes and accessible

points, kindly proffered their guidance. Would that all my readers had accompanied me in that rugged, delightful, yet occasionally venturesome ramble. Glorious are all thy works, O Lord! How insignificant in comparison with Thee and Thy works, is man, with all his puny efforts and structures! The whole army of the Potomac, rebels and all, would be swept away at a dash, were it to encounter the rage of these foaming waters.

At one point the river becomes so compressed, that were it not for the roaring, rushing waters, friends might readily converse with each other across the main channel. While gazing here at the heaving tide of waters, three secessionists—at least, Virginia ladies—made their appearance on the opposite rocks, and without any apparent fear of deadly missiles, waved their handkerchiefs at us. Our gallantry not being at fault, we, too, in like manner, saluted in turn. Not satisfied with this, my young companions resolved on an effort at a more satisfactory mode of communicating, than waving of handkerchiefs. Hasty billetdoux were written, with pencil, the paper missiles tied, with cord, around small stones, and then thrown with vigorous arms for the opposite shore. But, alas for human effort and Cupid's skill! they both have their limits. The precious messengers of thought, ere reaching the shores of Dixie's land, sunk, with their more weighty companions, into the boiling flood. The young lieutenants looked disappointed; and so, also, I thought, did the ladies.

Washington Water-Works.—From the head of these rapids, is the place from whence Washington is to be permanently supplied and bountifully, also, with pure, cold water.

Water-works, of gigantic magnitude, have accordingly been planned, and already in part executed. The undertaking proposes to draw a large portion of water from the river here, convey it down to Washington, a distance of about twenty miles, in a suitable conductor, and, when there, the fall will be so great, that a fountain can be thrown entirely over the Capitol. Some dozen years since, a celebrated engineer made an estimate of the cost, laying it at a little over two millions. Congress at once voted the amount. The enterprise was soon commenced, the money all presently expended, yet the work is hardly begun. Year after year, Congress has been voting large additional sums, till perhaps six or eight million dollars have been expended, and as much more may yet be required fully to complete the undertaking.

So far as completed, the work is truly a grand one. From the head of Great Falls, a six-foot man, with his hat on, can now walk twelve miles in an arched waterduct, leading along the rocky bluffs of the Potomac, occasionally passing under the projecting spurs of the hills, and over a number of deep gulches. When the present war imbroglio sprang upon the nation, this pet enterprise came to a sudden stand-still, our relative *Sam*, having other use for his cash. Our familiar old companies at *Great* Falls, now occupy as barracks, the houses lately used by the workmen connected with the water-works.

Our Capitol Needs Cleansing.—Congress has frequently threatened to shut the treasury gate on the whole concern. This, however, would be a very foolish policy. Many much more foolish schemes get big nibbles at the public crib. If ever a city needed much water, in order to keep it clean and pure, that city is Washington, during the sittings of Congress

That weighty body transports hither much filth. Were all the waters of the Potomac to prove sufficient for washing away congressional filth, lobby pollutions, with other miscellaneous nastiness which annually accumulates in our national capital, let us, by all means, hasten these great water-works to completion. For the nation's sake, lavish the money, until the clear flowing streams of the noble old river run down into the city. Classic scholars will remember that one of the twelve world-wide labors of that old hero, possessing fabulous strength, was to cleanse certain places, abounding with long-accumulating filth. Hercules being a philpsopher—a man of gumption, as well as strength,—succeeded in turning the streams of a classic river from their course into the polluted locality, and had, in consequence, the great satisfaction of soon looking upon a thoroughly purified place.

TENNELLY, December 6th, 1861.

SICK IN CAMP.—Not sick myself—your correspondent was never in better health. By personal experience, he has no acquaintance with sickness in camp. On the contrary, the ruggedness of the past three months' exercise, has added ten pounds of good, hardy flesh, together with an appetite for any kind of soldier's fare. Whether he shall get sick, is a question that gives no trouble: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." There are, however, sick in every camp, and not unfrequently a great many. These are affected with all the ordinary, and even extraordinary diseases which are wont to afflict fallen humanity. To these, their condition, wants, comforts, attendance, etc., the present communication is devoted.

A serious business, usually, is it to be sick at home, where all its unnumbered sympathies unite to comfort, to soothe, and to relieve that member, who may be confined by severe illness. True is it there, that when one member suffers, all suffer. A very different matter, however, is it to become sick in camp, and forced to enter some form of a thing, called "hospital."

Against entering an hospital, there usually exists in the mind of the soldier a strong repugnance, even a manifest horror. Nor is this, by any means, an unnatural feeling. Too often they are cold, heartless places, to which, even when sick, the soldier is carried with great reluctance. As a consequence, the good soldier is wont to resist and stave off approaching disease as long as possible, by a performance of ordinary duties. When forced finally to yield, the bravest and strongest usually give up altogether,—lie down in the cheerless, homeless tent, draw their blanket over their head, and almost refuse to move, until forced away by command of an officer. Trying to cheer up one such lately, though neither home nor friends had been mentioned, I said abruptly: "My dear young friend, *you are home-sick.*" "O," he exclaimed, as the big tears filled his eyes, "home is every thought."

The inexperienced may be ready to suppose that, from their mutually exposed condition, soldiers would be very sympathetic, and disposed readily to assist and comfort each other. To the very opposite of this, there seems, however, a strong tendency. The soldier seldom acts towards the sick, the dying and the dead, as he was wont to do at home.

Surgeons.—It must not be forgotten, that whatever is done for the sick in camp, is regulated by law, and performed for pay. The invalid soldier has not the privilege of choosing his

own physician, or of employing his own attendant. However much those to whose care he is committed, and in whose keeping is his life, may be disliked, there is for him no remedy. The surgeon being appointed and paid by Government, feels no necessity either to please or accommodate the patient. And, without intending any injustice to both a useful and honorable profession, it is to be feared that too many adventurers have succeeded in securing to themselves the position of surgeon in the army—men of doubtful character, who perhaps failed to secure a practice at home. Sad is it to reflect, that to the killing coldness, the indifference, or even worse, of such professed physicians, are the lives of many brave men subjected, while on campaigns and in hospital treatment.

Hospital Stewards.—Hospital stewards, with their assistants, are also appointed and paid by the powers that be; and may, perchance, be such as to eat the delicacies and drink the stimulants provided for those under their nursing, and thus placed within their power to wrong. These remarks are more especially applicable to the more temporary regimental hospitals, scattered throughout the various encampments. In large central hospitals, by reason of various beneficent influences, by better care and watching, the sick soldier is wont to find himself more at home and better attended.

Camp Hospitals.—Our hospital department, in connection with this immense army, seems yet but partly organized—floundering, trying experiments, and this, too, at the expense of our sick soldiers,—of wounded, we have, as yet, but few. Thus far the sick of our regiment have generally been kept and nursed within itself. Being of late in a region of malaria,

about fifty of our men became affected with various kinds of intermittents, which, in a short time usually merge into typhoid. A few weeks since, a vacant house near, containing five rooms, was seized for a hospital, yet how sorry the conveniences for the sick, consisting only of what the soldier had in camp—his blanket, overcoat, canteen, knapsack, and tin-cup, together with coarse fare, of which, in his now fevered condition, he is unable to partake. What could the most affectionate and skilful nursing accomplish under such conditions? Now seemed the time to test the ability and willingness of ladies' aid societies and advertised benevolent committees.

Ladies' Aid Societies.—During a late visit to Philadelphia, it was my happiness to obtain an introduction to Mrs. Jones, of No. 625 Walnut street, President of a ladies' aid society for sick soldiers, in that goodly city. By her an invitation was given to call, if need be, at their depots in Washington. These are kept by the Misses Mellville and Gray in one locality, and Mrs. Z. Denham in another, who all devote much of their time, cheerfully and gratuitously, in the good office of almoners and distributors. Since my return, an acquaintance has also been formed with Mrs. Harris, of No. 1106 Pine street, Philadelphia, Secretary of said society, who devotes almost her entire time in journeying to and from Washington, visiting various camps, and seeing that the ladies' benefactions are well and judiciously distributed.

Acting on the acquaintance made, the information obtained and the invitation given, a journey was presently undertaken to Washington, about seven miles from our present encampment. A reception, both cordial and generous, was accorded to me from the ladies already named. With all my professed

knowledge of the sick and their wants, I was not prepared to suggest or ask for even half the number of things which were cheerfully and gratuitously given for the use of our sick. No judgment, tact,—*gumption* is, perhaps, the best designation,—but that of the ladies, could have suggested, and brought together so many articles of utility, comfort and necessity for a destitute hospital. A great army wagon was more than half loaded. Two dozen of strong, new bed-ticks, two dozen of blankets and comfortables—with sheets, feather pillows and pillow slips, hospital shirts and drawers, flannel shirts and drawers, socks, warm slippers for the convalescent, flannel bandages for the bowels, towels, with soap, etc.; and, for the inner man, dried rusk and farina crackers, with farina flour, corn starch, cocoa, tea, sugar, butter, eggs, preserves, pickles, tomato butter, apple sauce, preserved tomatoes, peach preserves, jellies, dried fruit and berries, together with other articles, as the auctioneer has it, too tedious to mention.

When these things were brought out, and began to be carried to our sick, in baskets and armfuls, they seemed like a real Godsend. The Israelites were not more rejoiced over their manna, than were these over the newly arrived comforts. They acted like a charm, doing, seemingly, more good than whole boxes of pills and rolls of plaster. Medicine were they, both to body and soul. Scarcely a patient who did not presently give evidence of improvement. It was both interesting and amusing to witness the various exhibitions of feeling among the invalids. Before any thing had been said respecting the source from whence came the welcome missiles, a sick man gathered himself up in the corner of a room, and ejaculated:

"The women had something to do in this business."

On the sources of their generous supply being stated, quite a

number united, with various tones of energy, in the invocation:—

"God bless the women!"

One man, rather taciturn, and though quite sick, got up on his elbow, with the seeming determination of an extra flourish of eloquent commendation, and finally exploded with the emphatic declaration:—

"These women are an *institution*."

A young fellow, lying on the broad of his back, near by, and seemingly unable to turn himself, chimed in:—

"I love the whole of them, but one in particular, and I wish that she were here."

Half a month has elapsed since these bounties and extra comforts began to be used. More than half of the forty then sick in hospital, have already returned to duty in camp. A large portion of the remainder will soon be able to follow. One of these only has died. But two or three additional cases, during this period, have been taken to the hospital. A remarkable degree of good health is thus indicated, for a regiment of eleven hundred men, in this inclement season, living in cloth tents, and generally without fire. Quite as many, perhaps more, are sick among an equal number of men at home.

Being accustomed to draw inferences, when sermonizing, the special one at present is—"These women are, indeed, an institution." A sorry world would we have without them. These battles would not be worth the fighting, were it not for the hope of a cordial reception from them, when the warfare is over. Their sympathies, encouragement, labors, and beneficence, exerted in the proper manner, will assist as much in advancing the cause of the Union, as that of the soldier in camp, or on the battle-field.

Camp Tennelly, December 13th, 1861.

Grand Military Review.—A review, in military language, means an inspection of troops. True, dear reader, we are not at present able to write of battles, major and minor, fought, won, or lost. Occupying, as we do, this post of honor and central position in the grand army of the Potomac, just so many killed, and this number wounded, and that fraction missing, are not mine to record. Such pleasing episodes are not on hand just now. All this you may find quite hard to endure, as nothing else may be sufficient to satisfy the present inordinate craving after something new and marvellous. Do try, however, to exercise the grace of patience, and be content with things less tame. Be content, this once, with the next thing to a battle—a grand review—a thing, withal, both beautiful and grand, both interesting and exciting, though my pen may fail to convey all these adjectives fitly to your conception.

A certain brave character, by profession, was wont to boast of his great fondness for war, always excepting that villanous saltpetre. We are much better off than he, being able to boast our fondness for the present mode of warfaring, having with it much saltpeter, sulphur, noise, and smoke, and all this without any of those naughty bullets. Daily drills, parades, marches, skirmishes, battles, and no one hurt. This is a sensible sort of warfare. Reviews, also, squad, company, regiment, brigade, division. Under the present military organization, it will be remembered, a regiment consists of ten companies, of a hundred men each; a brigade has four of these regiments, and a division at least three of these brigades. Our division has three brigades. That of which the 13th forms a part, is commanded by General Peck, of New York; the other brigades.

respectively, by Generals Couch and Graham—the whole by General E. D. Keyes.

On Friday, December the 6th, a grand review of the division was ordered by General McClellan. The parade-ground was on Meridian Hill, a little north, and in sight of Washington. The location is peculiarly suited for such a purpose, being an open, undulating space, about one-fourth of a mile wide, and three-fourths long. The day was beautiful beyond what is ever seen, at this season, in States farther North. Cloudless, yet hazy,—warm enough not to be cool; cool sufficient not to be hot: just such a day as the Epicurean could wish at any season.

By 1 o'clock, the three brigades were all upon the field, and each arrayed in line of battle,—one about twenty rods in the rear of the other, while each line extended half a mile. Several companies of artillery were also on parade and review, while a regiment of a thousand cavalry showed themselves in the distance. All was soon in trim order, and with quiet, expectant watchfulness, awaited the coming of the Commander-in-Chief. Presently General McClellan, with a staff, numbering some fifteen, galloped upon the field. What a hum, rattle and roar was there and then. A whole division of muskets were in a moment gracefully presented, while, as if by magic, ten thousand bayonets gleamed in the calm, hazy sunlight. The swords of five hundred officers glanced as though whole companies of secessionists were to be cut to pieces. The banners, all along the division lines, gracefully waved; a hundred drums rattled their joyous salutes; bugles and trumpets sounded out their welcomes; a dozen cannon bellowed forth their noisy honors—while on rode the gay young General, surrounded by his showy staff. Around they pranced, in front and rear of each line, thus making about three miles of a general circuit. Proud,

joyous, and with gallant bearing, rode they all. No marks of fear were manifest, as no villanous secession bullets happened at the time to be flying over the field, thus giving occasion for no dodging, nor hiding the one behind the other. Greatly, also, was the scene enlivened, and the bravery of both officers and men moved to manifest itself, by whole bevies of ladies, lining the margins of the field, in carriages open and carriages closed, and in all manner of conveyances. Whole regiments, also, of unorganized civilians, senators, congressmen, men of all grades and professions, with those of no grade, profession, or business, graced the scene with their curious, idle presence. What officer would not look and act bravely under such conditions? No marvel if such gay, bloodless battles be lengthened out and oft-repeated, in the vicinity of the Capital. Here commanders and commanded gain pleasant, bought renown, in the presence of mothers, wives, and sweethearts.

The galloping review gone through, General McClellan and his staff brought their foaming, prancing steeds to a stand-still, on one side of the parade-ground, while the whole division marched by in companies before them in review. Each mounted official, as he passed the scrutinizing gaze, made his best endeavor to maintain a graceful seat; each company officer how straight he bore himself; while each private vied with his fellow, in keeping a correct step, and exhibiting before his commander a soldierly bearing.

Review over, General Keyes commanded, and for some time drilled the division in evolutions of the line. The whole body was closed *en masse*—expanded—then formed into twelve hollow-squares, on double-quick time—which means a smart run. This last evolution, all who saw, united in declaring the grandest they had ever witnessed. The vast panorama seemed for a mo-

ment a mass of rapid, waving, brilliant motion—yet no confusion. The solid squares were formed from straight lines as if by magic. Bayonets now glistened in all directions from the centre, threatening instant destruction to any audacious horseman who might venture a too near approach. Order, shoulder, present arms, were alternately sounded along the squares, and all performed as if by one man. A great army is a machine, a great locomotive, with tender, track and all. Again, the order is given to reduce squares. Artists talk about *dissolving views*, but nothing ever like this. The great squares were gone,—all again in straight line. Not an amateur, military man, nor a lady admirer present, but felt like shouting: "Intricate, masterly, grand, perfect;" at least, so felt your correspondent. A reporter for one of the daily papers, says of it: "We understand that the General commanding the division was highly complimented by Gen. McClellan, who expressed the greatest gratification at the proficiency acquired by his command.

The *last* review usually receives the appellation "grandest," "best." Of this, however, officers of experience, skill, and judgment have been heard to affirm that, "while larger bodies of troops had, of late, been gathered together, yet for perfection of drill, its like has never before been seen on this continent. Concerning it, all connected seemed peculiarly well pleased, and left the ground with much self-complacency. Our Brigadier-General Peck, who, in addition to possessing the respect and confidence of all his regiments, as a soldier, happily combines the Christian also, and earnestly desires the spiritual improvement, as well as temporal good, of his men,—as seated upon his gray horse, on the day of the review, observing and directing the movements of his brigade, manifested peculiar satisfaction at the manner in which the whole affair was conducted.

Perhaps, some impatient, inquisitive reader may be ready to spoil this magnifying boastfulness, by pressing the query—"If so thoroughly drilled, equipped and ready for doing such great things, why not on at once to Manassas Junction, and speedily retrieve the disaster and disgrace of Bull Run? How long do you expect yet to linger and parade about Washington?" Don't now, dear reader, damp all this complacency and good feeling. A very different business, recollect, would it be from taking Manassas, to make this fine show hereabouts, on parade days. That to which you urge us would be a downright serious affair, a great practical fact. And, moreover, no more crowds of civilians would be likely to accompany, nor bevies of ladies be there to crown the entertainment with their approving smiles. Do allow us to put off the evil day as long as possible. Manassas may be the last review field for many a brave soldier, your own friend, or, perhaps, relative among them. Don't be impatient. But more of this again.

Death of Lieutenant Phillips.—On yesterday, we sent home to Pittsburg, on his last, long furlough from all earthly warfare, Lieutenant W. J. Phillips, of company L. A sorrowing father, a weeping mother, and desolate brother bore home the lifeless treasure. Sad were we all to part with this dear young friend. Stronger than our loves and affections was that terrible ravager, typhoid fever, or camp fever, more appropriately called, and more to be dreaded by the soldier than secessionist bullets or bayonets,—seizing upon his strong, manly frame, in a manner that sets at speedy defiance all our specifics, nursing, and arts of healing. In yielding to the grim adversary, he nevertheless conquered. In addition to much promise as an officer in our regiment, he combined the rarer and better

quality—that of being a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Visiting one of our young soldiers, to-day, who is sick in hospital, and mentioning the death of Lieutenant Phillips: "Ah!" said the invalid, naming a certain engine-house in Pittsburg, "there he has talked to me for hours about my soul. If he has not gone to heaven, what, then, will become of me?"

Visit of Friends.—During the past week, we have been cheered and greatly refreshed by a visit, of several days' continuance, from George H. Stuart, James Smith, and Wm. Ray, of Philadelphia, and of Mr. Bliss, of the Western Theological Seminary. These brethren came, not like most of our visitors, merely to gaze at reviews, get a vision of camp curiosities, with a look at tent life, and then away; but from the beginning to the end of their four days' visit, commencing at early morning till late at night, were they zealously endeavoring to benefit the soldiers, stowing their carriage with suitable books, papers, tracts and pamphlets, passed from camp to camp, freely and liberally distributing. Wherever they visited, eager crowds gathered to receive their liberality. Nor were any of these gatherings allowed to disperse, without an earnest appeal concerning the great interests of the soul. Would that God should send us many such visitors, or these dear brethren soon on an additional expedition.

CHAPTER III.

Tennelly, D. C.

JANUARY TO MARCH, 1862.

TENNELLY, January 9th, 1862.

RETURN TO CAMP.—Again in camp, and in the midst of parades, reveilles, tattoos, tents, and sentinels. Once more at home, or rather the allotted stopping-place. That dearest of all appellations of our own glorious English tongue, we designate HOME, has no real existence in camp. True, we have men here: men enough who eat, drink, talk, sleep, and wake, together with various other human actions. These men are also confined to one locality, even at the point of the bayonet. They have, moreover, curious-shaped little concerns, which may be called houses, in which to live. Yet all these put together do not constitute *home*. For this a family is required, and no such thing is found in a camp or army. No company of men, however good, learned, brave, or polite, and living together ever so sumptuously, can ever deserve the name of family. Bachelors are and deserve to be discarded from God's benevolent arrangement of natural relations. Wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, together with a designation to many a young man dearer than all these, are indispensable to a home. But, whatever be the proper designation of a camp, your correspondent, after the ex-

piration of a two weeks' furlough, is once more within the round of a sentinel's beat.

Absence.—Various unsettled business matters required attention at the close of the year, hence a brief leave of absence was sought and obtained. And what almost miraculous facilities are afforded for the accomplishment of these things, by means of modern improvements! More was accomplished during the two weeks' absence, in travel, visits, business, speaking, and preaching, than could have been effected in twice as many months, half a century since; and this, too, with immeasurably less friction, wear, tear, and fatigue. Two thousand miles were travelled over, and yet twelve of the fourteen days devoted to business. On several occasions, talked, visited, arranged business all day, took a sleeping-car in the evening, and three hundred miles away, and rested next morning. Had the pleasure of preaching in Pittsburg, Allegheny, Chicago, and Janesville, Wisconsin. In all these places, found a growing interest in behalf of the temporal and spiritual wants of the soldiers now in camp and on the battle-field. Every where, also, and from every lip the question was anxiously propounded, "When is the grand army about to move forward, and at length effectually break the power of this gigantic rebellion?" No wiser were the querists left, there being no data within my reach by which to afford any satisfaction.

Help for Chaplains.—Special efforts seem to be made to disparage chaplains and their services, while of all others they most need to be upheld and encouraged. The infidel mode of attacking the church, has here, also, been resorted to. Because, perchance, some poor, tinkering, inefficient, time-server

has succeeded in obtaining the chaplain's office, hence the whole body has been defamed and made to suffer. This is all wrong. If any one knows of malpractice, or lack of duty in a chaplain, then out with it. Let us have the name the regiment, and the circumstances. If this cannot or will not be done, then let silence be observed. Let fault-finders come into camp for awhile, and hold up the hands of the chaplains, who are laboring under so many discouragements.

Whilst in Pittsburg, a meeting was held on Monday evening, December the 30th, the object of which was to elicit and combine a deeper and more systematic effort on behalf of our soldiers. The large Second United Presbyterian Church (Dr. James Prestley's,) was entirely filled. Those acquainted with such meetings in Pittsburg, declared it to have been the largest and most interesting one of the kind ever held in that city. Much interest was manifested, a collection taken up, and an efficient committee appointed, in order to get the whole business into practical and continued working order.

New Year's Salutation.—This being the first opportunity for communication between you, myself, and your readers, allow me to offer my congratulations that God has spared us through the strangely eventful period of the past year. For this and all other past favors, let us together erect an Ebenezer, and write upon it: "Jehovah Nissi." With faith in God, ourselves, and our country, and the speedy coming of Emmanuel's kingdom, let us, with largeness of heart, manly carriage, and firm resolves, enter upon a new period of existence. If spared to pursue the earthly journey through 1862, we will be called to mingle with stranger and more important events, than has been our lot hitherto to witness.

WEEKLY LETTERS.—My purpose is to give you a weekly account of matters and things as they pass under my own observation, while in camp. Giving a weekly letter, under such circumstances, great latitude must be allowed. The communications will be in my own way and manner, without consultation with others. Whatever is sent to the press, has my own name attached, so that neither editor nor reader is responsible for the matter or manner. So lately back, and so many things pressing, matters in camp must, in consequence, be deferred till next week.

TENNELLY TOWN—A miserable little, starved and worn-out village, of ten or a dozen shabby old houses, and has a location on earth some two and a half miles north of Georgetown, and two miles east of the Potomac, on the line dividing the District of Columbia from Maryland. In an old field, adjoining the said starved-looking village of Tennelly, —*accent on the first syllable*—on a pleasant evening in October, 1861, our regiment was encamped, all having the fullest expectation of marching, within a few days, against the enemy.

Had some ill-omened prophet croaked over our evening bivouac, that, in this old field, SIX long, weary months were to be dragged out amid sunshine and storm, amid dust and mud, damps, frosts, hail, snow, and rain,—said croaker would either, like Jeremiah, have been summarily let down into some miry dungeon, or had some more summary punishment inflicted. Such a prophecy would have been the greatest possible insult to LITTLE MAC. We all then fully believed in LITTLE MAC; we trusted in LITTLE MAC; we gloried in LITTLE MAC; yea, we almost worshipped LITTLE MAC. It is true, we knew nothing about LITTLE MAC. Not what he had done, but what he was about to do, made LITTLE MAC GREAT.

The truth is, our magnificent army much needed a transcendent leader, and the crisis prompted us both to crave and expect one fit for the occasion—one whom we could afford to idolize. At the seeming opportune moment, LITTLE MAC was ushered upon the military stage. We all

accepted LITTLE MAC as one chosen of the Lord, and sent in the nick of time by a kind Providence to save the nation. A long, a varied, a painful trial and experience of LITTLE MAC has forced the humbling impression that LITTLE MAC was sent by the *President*, in his haste, in his earnestness, eagerness, and *ignorance*.

Should any one, during those six long, weary, inactive months, dare even to insinuate that, notwithstanding LITTLE MAC, some things might be going by default, such feeble unbelief was flouted and scouted and jeered out of countenance, with the unanswerable logic: "Doesn't LITTLE MAC know? Isn't he quietly laying and perfecting his magnificent, though as yet mysterious, plans, which are suddenly, and for the admiration of mankind in all coming time, to squelch, to crush, to scatter and confound this monstrous rebellion?" We all still most religiously believed in LITTLE MAC. A fondly cherished idol is not easily given up, as a dearly loved theory is not readily relinquished. Napoleon never had a stronger hold upon the enthusiasm of his victorious legions, than had LITTLE MAC over the thousands of that grand army, encamped for so many months in and around Washington. Strangest anomaly this in the world's history of GREAT LITTLE MEN. LITTLE MAC had never yet led or directed a battalion of this admiring host even in a skirmish. LITTLE MAC was great through faith; and we were all living, for the time being, on faith.

The melancholy results manifested, beyond any reasonable cavil, that during all these eight long, mysterious months of LITTLE MAC's initiate to the chief command, LITTLE MAC had *no plan*, was incapable of forming any definite plan, and when LITTLE MAC was forced to do something, LITTLE MAC inevitably blundered. The Army of the Potomac seemed too big a thing for LITTLE MAC to compass,—a machine so enormous, that if put in motion, LITTLE MAC dreaded a regular smash up, and consequent ruin. All this while LITTLE MAC remained mum as an owl, and thus retained his character of good engineer.

It was a long, long time before the enthusiasm for LITTLE MAC in the army of the Potomac died out, still longer before confidence in LITTLE MAC failed, and longer yet ere the soldiers ceased to talk or even to think about LITTLE MAC. That all these, however, have at

length fully come to pass, will be made abundantly manifest, so soon as the soldiers have a fitting opportunity for expressing their *present* opinions of LITTLE MAC.

The writer can truly say it cost him many a struggle, long reluctance, commingling with sadness, to have his high conceptions of LITTLE MAC so gradually, yet effectually, ooze out, as to make him appear, in very deed, LITTLE MAC. The idea has never been harbored, that LITTLE MAC was at heart a traitor, secretly desiring success to the rebels and disaster to his own troops. LITTLE MAC seems all along to have been consistent and still desirous of carrying out that consistency—desiring the union of the States with slavery and all the arrogant demands of the rebels guarantied to them: and, if not these things, disaster to the Union arms. On such a basis, all his military plans and movements seem to have been laid out and followed.

The writer's own notion of LITTLE MAC, and one very deliberately formed, is, that LITTLE MAC is *physically a coward*—the most rational and honorable account of his military course which can be given. Never, so far as known, was LITTLE MAC's body endangered in battle, and never likely to be. Nearly all the battles of the Peninsula took place without the presence of LITTLE MAC, and apparently without his planning, ordering, or oversight, LITTLE MAC knowing scarcely aught of their commencement, progress or termination. Hence the ignorant nature of LITTLE MAC's despatches, so soon needing revision. The entire military eclat of the country is ready, though sadly, to exclaim, "Poor LITTLE MAC!"

TENNELLY, January 16th, 1862.

WINTER QUARTERS.—Winter is sent by Him who arranges all things wisely, as a compensation for Summer. It acts as a balancing power, by its cold, to counteract the overheating of Summer. As the night is to day, so does it afford a season of

comparative rest—a time for rebracing and invigorating the body; as well as storing the mind with material for future and enlarged activities. Both the animal and vegetable kingdoms have their organizations in conformity with the changes of Summer and Winter. The giant oak grows all the sturdier because of its long sleep, during the ruggedness of Winter. Northern climates produce men with the most vigorous bodies and intellects. The bear and the opossum, at the approach of Winter, creep into their dens, cease eating and digestion, and take a comfortable snooze of six months, to fit them the better for outdoor exercises in the coming heat.

In olden time—our grandfather's day—when the world moved slower than at present, *armies*, as well as individuals,

> "When chill November's surly blast,
> Made field and forest bare,"

were expected to betake themselves to Winter quarters, and nestle away until returning Spring again called to the field. The name of Valley Forge and Norristown yet start up sad memories of extreme suffering, while shut up in Winter quarters, A new and more hurried mode of warfare was, however, inaugurated by the fiery French revolutionists. Their impetuous spirits refused to be pent up for long months, inactively waiting for the passage of sluggish Winter. As sung by Campbell:

> "On Linden, when the sun was low,
> All bloodless lay the untrodden snow."

Bonaparte, in like manner, refused to wait on the tardy movements of the seasons. The slaughtered thousands at Eylau and Austerlitz were speedily frozen to the ice-bound earth.

Feebly imitating those monster men-killers, our military chieftain ordered no retirement at the falling leaf, nor gave any direction for permanent housing at the coming of frost and snow. Not even was leisure given to the soldiers to provide themselves suitable shelter from the hurricanes, the chilling rains, and blustering snow-storms which are by no means unfrequent along the bleak borders of the old Potomac. The most unfortunate part of the business, however, has been, that while no Winter quarters have been provided, neither has there been any marching or fighting ordered. There seems to be a settled determination to kill all the rascally secessionists by a masterly inactivity. This mode of warfare proves the hardest possible work for our brave, impetuous volunteers. Had they been, or were they even now, ordered forward, with the certainty of bloody battle-fields; winds, rain, frost, snow, mud and rivers, would all be despised. With eager shouts they would rush whenever and wherever ordered into Dixie.

As damps, chills, snows, and cold increased apace, and no orders for marching, fighting or building came—the tents moreover presenting such seeming inadequate shelter—our boys became uneasy and fidgety. Young America is, however, not easily cast down, slow to put on a long face, full of expedients; and possessing, moreover, a marvellous facility for adaptation. Matters were duly discussed and weighed. Without orders, on their own hook, it was determined to prepare Winter quarters, and build a city, however long or short a time they might be permitted to inhabit the same. Do this they would, and charge uncle Sam nothing for the job. A city for over a thousand inhabitants has, in consequence, been erected; and I would, dear reader, you were here, in order to take a survey of these new, strange and incomparable establishments for the abodes

of living civilized men. The curious, the ingenious, the comic, and the grotesque orders in architecture are all exhibited, to say nothing of the Gothic, the Doric, and the Grecian.

About sixteen years since, in accordance with the thrifty farming of this region, several old fields, near Tennelly, were abandoned by their proprietor, for the probable reason that they refused to yield longer in answer to his tillage. Thus left to shift for themselves, these waste lands took it into their wise conceits to rear a crop of timber. Up grew thousands of young pitch pines and red cedars so common to this region. After a sixteen years' growth, as noticed by their annual rings, they presented most inviting material for the erection of small cabins. Without asking leave of Uncle Abe, General M'Clellan, Congress, or even the owner of the wood; the beautiful young grove was speedily invaded, axe in hand, by hundreds of sturdy assailants. The poetry of—"Woodman, spare that tree," had no power to save. Had the dwellers in Dixie looked over at the operation, an ill omen might have met their astonished vision. The wierd sisters of Shakspeare, prophesied to the bloody-handed regicide, that

"When Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane,"

his fortune would at once wane. Here, the whole pine grove seemed to be in motion towards our camp. The bustle and activity which met the astonished vision of Æneas, in the erection of Carthage, excelled not the stir of our camp. The zeal of Nehemiah's wall-builders surpassed not the earnestness of our city architects.

The model pattern of structure is after this fashion. A log cabin, about seven feet square, just the size of the tent, is

erected about four feet high. On the top of this, the tent is set and securely fastened down; thus answering both for roof and window. The openings between the logs are chunked in true Western style, and daubed both inside and out with mortar, made from the red siliceous earth beneath our encampment, with the addition of a little straw, like the Egyptian brick-makers, in order to give consistence. In most, a regular cabin-door is made, with a latch-string hanging out, thus inviting the passer by to pull and enter. To some, the entrance is effected by climbing over the four feet wall, and jumping down upon the floor. But the ingenuity, the plans, the schemes, the contrivances for heating these rude little human abodes, constitute much of their interest. Here and there may be seen a model of, perhaps, the first heating apparatus ever invented. In the centre of the cabin is a little hollow mound, the size of a basket, made of worked and baked clay. From its centre, a place is dug under ground to the outside of the cabin. A little opening in its side admits the wood. Simple, complete, effective. Some have procured small sheet iron stoves. The larger portion, however, have followed the model of the pioneer; having an outside chimney constructed of clay, straw and sticks. A few, despising all this effeminacy, are braving the changes of weather without any place for fire.

Think of five grown men wintering in such a little pen! When all are in, the entire space is filled. No room for furniture. Looking in upon a family of five large men in their compressed abode; the inquiry was propounded, "Where do you find room to sleep? "We manage it on this wise," said a waggish fellow. "At bed-time we squeeze, press, and crook ourselves, till all are down, compactly covering our entire space. When we need to turn in the night, all have to be waked;

when one gives the word, "over," and with a jerk and united struggle we manage to get on the other side." In order to have any just conception of camp life, one would need to come and spend at least a day and night in one of these rude abodes. Here, compressed together, are five rational immortal beings, with all the hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, loves, hatreds, belonging to humanity; mixing together and bringing pleasure or pain to the inmates. A single wicked, unkind, ill-tempered person may make a whole mess unhappy all day and all night. With genial companions, sunshine may be in these rude abodes all the while.

Our good Colonel has got up in the world, as is fitting. For him and his staff has been erected a commodious, regular log-cabin. The structures of 1840 excelled not. Roof, floor, bunks, glass-windows, door and latch-string, always out. Nearly all the company officers have, in like manner, erected comfortable log-cabins, with stoves. Your correspondent continues to be a dweller in tent. The cloth house received from Uncle Sam, in August, affords him shelter still, and probably may to the end of the service. A small metal stove has been introduced. My little son, of ten years, who joined me at New Year's in camp life, is delighted with his new home; declaring it to be eminently convenient, and wonderfully comfortable.

Yet all this pains-taking city may be deserted to-morrow; a new camp formed, and new erections made. What a picture our condition affords of human life! All are tenants at will; these earthly tabernacles soon taken down, and we discharged from these changes and fightings. Our men would gladly forsake these hasty structures and march forward to danger and to death; yet too many, perhaps, without a serious thought as to how soon the soul may be called to leave its present dwell-

ing. Can we who profess to be Christians, say, truthfully, with Paul, "In this earthly tabernacle we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven? Not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." Happy, thrice happy they, who can say, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

TENNELLY, January 23d, 1862.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION IN CAMP.—Two are better than one. One shall put ten, and *two* shall put, not twenty, but a *hundred* to flight. Union is strength. Christians, in the quiet and ordinary walks of home, are perhaps not often fully aware of the strength derived from fellow-professors, enabling them to pursue a consistent life. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so the countenance of a man his friend." The more exposed the condition, the more need of this external assistance.

Though, in the army of the Potomac, there is, perhaps, as large, it may be larger, proportion of professing Christians, than in any other of modern times, yet does the number of professors fall vastly below those who either make no profession, or are among the openly wicked. The constant tendencies of camp-life, it must not be forgotten, are to deaden piety and blunt all religious feelings. To rub constantly against all manner of wickedness—daily to see it, hear it, taste it, smell it, and feel it, and not be influenced, would argue more than human—angelic—divine. So strong are these tendencies of and to evil,

that many a professor, not, perhaps, very eminent for activity at home, finds it a severe trial to let his profession be known at all in camp. This too many seem never able to do, unless drawn out by the influence of others. Hence some intelligent combination of all the religious elements in camp, becomes a matter of deep importance. Various efforts have accordingly been made, in different localities, to effect so desirable an object. Among these, churches, so called, have been organized, confessions of faith framed, and the sacraments, at least by proposal, administered. The propriety of such a procedure, to say the least, seems exceedingly doubtful. No sound Presbyterian can look upon such a self-constituted organization, but with feelings of disapprobation. To organize, under any circumstances, and administer sealing ordinances, without Presbytery, elder, or session, subverts all our notions of Scriptural order.

A TEMPORARY ORGANIZATION, for mutual support and co-operation, is what would seem to be consistent and desirable. Such, we have been lately attempting, and with the most encouraging evidences of the Divine approbation. About a week since, after consulting with a few friends, private intimation was given that a meeting would be held for consultation. A much larger number than was expected came. All, with one voice, declared the need they felt for a more intimate fellowship with others, if for no other object than for personal strengthening. Committees were appointed, and a time set for perfecting the proposed organization. At the next meeting, a much larger number were present, and still more interest manifested. Using all the judgment and experience our condition allowed, the organization was completed, by the adoption of the following constitution. Its publication may be profitable, not only to show

friends at home the manner in which we are endeavoring here to do the Lord's work, but also to afford others, who may make like efforts, the benefit of our counsel.

ARTICLE I. This society shall be called, "THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION of the Thirteenth regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers."

ARTICLE II. Its object is the moral and religious improvement of its members, and of their fellow-soldiers of the regiment.

ARTICLE III. The following pledge, with a corresponding life and character, is the condition of membership. It shall receive the solemn assent of each candidate, in the presence of the society, prior to the entry of his name upon the roll, namely: "*Adoring the grace of the Triune God, and hoping for salvation through the blood of Christ, I promise to endeavor, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to live according to the rule of the Bible, and to be faithful to all the duties of a member of this association.*"

ARTICLE IV. Any person belonging to the regiment, who has the requisite moral qualifications, may become a member. Nominations for membership shall lie over one meeting, and be approved by a majority of votes.

ARTICLE V. The officers of the association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Board of Managers, consisting of one from each company.

ARTICLE VI. It shall be the duty of the Board of Managers to take the charge and distribution of whatever reading matter may be provided for the use of the regiment, to provide a suitable place in which to hold the meetings of the association, and

also to transact all business necessary for the welfare of the association.

ARTICLE VII. Any violation of the rules of Christian morality, if persisted in after proper measures have been used to reclaim the offender, shall be followed by expulsion. A member thus excluded, shall not be restored, except upon full evidence of amendment, and by a vote of two-thirds of those present, notice of which shall have been given at a previous meeting.

ARTICLE VIII. The association may adopt such regulations as, from time to time, may be found needful.

ARTICLE IX. The powers that be are ordained of God, and we are in arms in defence of His ordinance. It is, therefore, the duty of members of this association to signalize themselves, by the exemplary, conscientious, and fearless performance of all the duties of good soldiers, by strict conformity to the regulations of the authorities, and prompt obedience to our officers, and by respecting the lives and comfort of the wounded and vanquished, "doing unnecessary violence to no man."

ARTICLE X. It shall be the duty of every member to use diligence in endeavoring to advance especially the spiritual welfare of his fellow-soldiers, and to induce all proper persons to unite with the association.

ARTICLE XI. It shall, in like manner, be a duty to seize every suitable opportunity for securing the organization of similar associations in all the regiments with which they may be brought into communication.

It will thus be seen that our Union is similar in organization and design to the Young Men's Christian Associations, in the various cities of our country. This seems eminently the field for such temporary combinations.

The very first action of our association was a resolve to have a large tent for religious purposes;—nor would we call upon our kind and generous Christian friends at home for aid in this enterprise, but would raise the money—about $200—ourselves. This has already been accomplished, the tent sent for from Philadelphia, and soon expected here, of which, when it comes, you shall hear farther.

We have resolved to hold two weekly meetings for prayer and conference, which have already been commenced, with a full attendance and much interest. God has evidently heard the millions of petitions which went up before the throne during the late week for prayer. It was at its close that our present movement began, and the interest is soul-cheering.

The weather of late has been very disagreeable for camp-life. Rain, rain, rain—and the *mud!* enough in this region at present to plaster a continent. I heard a wag declare to his fellow, while lately wading, with apparent difficulty, through a kind of slough in camp, "That the mud was already up to his coat-tail, and still rising."

TENNELLY, January, 29, 1862.

CAMP APPLIANCES.—The pomp and circumstance of glorious war long continued, connected with the influences of camp life, have an undoubted tendency to bring men back to their abnormal condition,—to live, think, feel, and act as savages. It will be understood that our Thirteenth Regiment cherishes no wish to have a life-long continuance in camps, and on battle-fields. A strong repugnance is felt against becoming savages. Our men came here in August with the desire and expectation of getting

right at these rebels, chastising them speedily into order and obedience, and then return home. Had it been told our impetuous young men when volunteering for this work, that more than five months would be dragged out in the monotonous routine of camp life, without any active service, it may be safely affirmed that hardly one in ten would have been here. But, in order to make the best of a supposed bad bargain, very praiseworthy efforts have been, and still are making, in order to introduce into camp, so far as possible, all the wonted and familiar arts of domestic life.

Almost every known trade, profession, or calling, has its representative in our regiment—tailors and carpenters, masons and plasterers, moulders and glass-blowers, pudlers and rollers, machinists and architects, printers, book-binders, and publishers; gentlemen of leisure, politicians, merchants, legislators, judges, lawyers, doctors, preachers,—some malicious fellow might ask the privilege of completing the catalogue by naming jail-birds, idlers, loafers, drunkards, and gamblers; but we beg his pardon, and refuse the license. Were all this talent, skill and energy set to work, a city could speedily be reared, and all the multiplied appliances of civilized life set in motion and successfully carried on within the compass of a single regiment.

So far as matters have yet developed themselves, no evidence exists that the whole of our three years' enlistment may not be spent in this locality—guarding a precious abortion of a city called Washington. Our Senators and Congressmen slowly jogging along with their important business, as though no war existed, will have no idea of being left for years to come, in this out-of-the-way place, without a multitude of bayonets in the suburbs.

But whatever be in the womb of the future, it is both

pleasing and instructive to witness among our men, a full determination to make the best of every condition. That which enables the American people to excel all others in the pursuits of life, is a ready *adaptation*—in common parlance; "ready to turn the hand to any thing." All the appliances of home life which are possible or befitting, are being introduced into our encampment.

Printing Press.—For some time we have enjoyed the presence and active operation of a neat portable Printing Press, together with a corps of practical printers, editors, publishers; and contributors both in prose and poetry, and these, too, without stint or measure. A weekly newspaper called, "*The Thirteenth Regiment*," is published, which has now reached its tenth number. It is almost exclusively filled with original matter, and items of interest connected with the history of the regiment. A specimen number is herewith transmitted. Job Printing is also neatly executed in camp, as the enclosed pamphlet copy of the Constitution of our "Christian Association" will certify.

A Photograph Establishment, with all the modern appliances of this wonderful art, has also been introduced, and operated by practical artists, who are members of the regiment. The design is, to have not only the whole regiment photographed, but also each individual member, together with the camp, its connected objects and scenery, with incident and places on the march; thus obtaining a living history of the campaign for future use.

Various Singing Clubs may often be heard exercising the vocal organs; while, in addition to the regimental music, a

string band discourses, evening by evening, pleasing and merry melodies. A Temperance League has been formed, in connection with which a goodly number both of officers and privates stand pledged wholly to abstain from the use of intoxicating drinks during the campaign. Our "Christian Association," spoken of in my last, is combining and bringing into active exercise all the existing religious elements of the regiment; with the hope, also, that by the Divine blessing, these elements may, by such instrumentalities, be largely increased.

Our Postal Arrangements for the regiment demand special notice and commendation. We have a Post Office, Letter Box, Post Master and Mail Carrier. Each morning at 9 o'clock, our post man leaves camp for Washington, with all the mail matter accumulated in twenty-four hours. A horse and buggy are needed for its conveyance. In the afternoon, that for the regiment is brought out, and is assorted before being brought to camp, that for each company in a parcel by itself. Each company has a member appointed to receive and distribute its own package. Thus, in a few minutes after arrival, each letter or paper finds its proper destination. The only cause of complaint is, that letters enough do not come through this well-opened channel. Our boys write vastly more letters than they receive. Dear Friends at home, this should not be. You can hardly imagine the eagerness with which the mail man's return is looked for; the delight on the reception of a letter; the sadness, sometimes even to tears, with which those who are disappointed turn away. No greater service can be done the Chaplain, no greater pleasure or profit to the soldier, than for relatives at home, or acquaintances frequently to write them kind, advisory, encouraging letters. Several hundred let-

ters go from our camp each day; an equal, if not a larger number, should by all means be returned.

The Condition of Health in our regiment at present is very remarkable. Not a single case of serious illness. Some dozen are in the hospital, a number of them seemingly because it has become quite a comfortable place. This general good health may, no doubt, through the Divine blessing, be attributed to the good appointments of camp, and general comforts of the men; in connection with the present perfection in the arrangements of our regimental hospital. Through the bounty of absent friends, ladies' committees, and camp arrangements, our sick are now comfortable, and as well attended, some of them far better, than if at home.

Deep Gloom overshadows our camp to-day. Last evening, about 7 o'clock, two of our soldiers were instantly killed by the discharge of a gun, said to have been intentional. The man who fired the gun was in his tent; the muzzle pointed out of the door, and said to have beem aimed at a soldier, named Young, from Pittsburg. The ball entered his eye, tearing off the entire side of his head; then passing on for a hundred yards striking a young soldier named Robb, from Butler county, Pa., directly in the breast, passing through his heart. The latter was a fine little fellow, to whom I had become much attached, from his attendance for several weeks in our hospital. My sorrow for him seems as for a brother. After appropriate religious services to-day, we sent them both home on long furlough, there to be buried by sorrowing friends,—more sorrowful than had these sons and brothers fallen in battle, by violence from the enemy.

TENNELLY, D. C., February 5th, 1862.

CHURCH TENT.—As informed in a previous letter, the first special effort of our *Christian Association*, was a resolve to have a suitable place for worship—the weather for weeks wholly forbidding out-door exercise. Our friends in Philadelphia and Pittsburg having been so thoughtful and generous, with respect to reading matter and many comforts for our sick, there was a reluctance to call upon them anew for assistance in this matter. Faith was cherished that a sufficient amount for the purpose could be raised in the regiment. The effort was made, and proved successful beyond expectation. We at once wrote to Philadelphia for the latest patent improvement in church-tents, and received ours in camp on Saturday afternoon, February 1st. Although the mud was awfully discouraging, both officers and men turned out. with various implements, and scraped, pushed and shoved the mud and water from a sufficient space, until *terra firma* was reached; dug a trench around it, had the tent pitched before dark, with a stove up and burning. It is a beautiful structure, whether viewed from within or without. It is, withal, very convenient—circular in form, thirty feet in diameter, twenty feet high, will accommodate three hundred people, cost $175—$6 freight—*and all paid.*

DEDICATION.—On Sabbath, the 2d instant, at 11 A. M., it was publicly, appropriately, and profitably dedicated as our regimental Bethel, to the worship of God. Nearly all the officers of the regiment were present, with as many privates as could find standing room,—the time being too short to make provision for seats. The dedication sermon was preached from Exodus xl. 17–19. Train of thought:—The tabernacle in the wilderness, the first place of worship ever formally erected for the

worship of God; together with the similarity of our present condition and tent erection. Worshippers of all nations and times have endeavored to satisfy a want within them to have a settled locality, a definite place, a grave, a mountain-top, a cave, a tabernacle, a church,—more sacred than all other spots,—where to pay their devotions to whatever god they chanced to worship. We have felt these wants, and hence this tabernacle. Will God condescend to dwell in such a structure? He did of old, visibly; He will as truly here, by the unseen, yet powerful influence of his Spirit, in sustaining His children, and changing the hearts of sinners. We now erect this tent in the name of our God, and to His service dedicate it, in order that we may have a fit place for preaching and for prayer; invoking blessings on our regiment, our army, and our country; as a place for praise, for thanksgiving, for instruction—here to be fed, to grow in grace, to hold sweet fellowship with each other and with God—here to have many seasons of precious enjoyment—and here, also, to induce others to come and share with us like enriching blessings.

At the close of the brief sermon, Colonel James M. McCarter, of the 93d Pennsylvania Volunteers, by invitation, then addressed the assembly, in language earnest, eloquent, soul-stirring. The special object of his address, or sermon, was to convince the soldier that the fear and service of God were the only true sources to render him brave, happy, contented, and always ready and cheerful in the performance of duty; hence, both his duty and interest carefully to cultivate that religion in camp. The colonel then, in a solemn and earnest prayer, dedicated our canvass house to the worship of Almighty God. Don't be uneasy, dear reader, lest the dignity of the ministry, and the usual proprieties of such an occasion, were violated by a colonel

preaching a sermon and offering a dedication prayer. It was my happiness to meet Colonel McCarter, during our three months' campaign, as a reverend chaplain. Doffing the eagle and the sword, he has happily not laid aside Christ, but still preaches Him in camp, and earnestly commends the religion of the Saviour to his men. What a glorious spectacle, did each Colonel, together with each officer in our grand army, give such an example! Victory, speedy, entire and lasting, would soon be ours!

Remarks on Ministers of the Gospel becoming Officers.—The propriety of the subject referred to—ministers of the gospel becoming military officers—has been a matter of much thought, as well as close observation, during the last three years and a half. The more so since the author has had inducements presented to him for leaving the chaplaincy, and accepting military commissions. The conviction, however, has been deliberately formed, *that a minister of the gospel ought not to leave the exercise of his sacred calling, and accept a military commission.* This conviction has been strengthened and confirmed by the following considerations:—

First. Such a course proves injurious to the minister himself, often destroying the minister without making the officer. A large number of professed ministers, during the present war, have gone as soldiers, generally as commissioned officers. Careful attention, so far as possible, has been given to such cases, and the conclusion is that the vast majority thus become less fitted for a successful performance of ministerial duties, than before doffing the shoulder-straps and the sword. A veil, wholly oblivious, would willingly be thrown over the sad results of military life upon that brilliant reverend colonel who assisted in dedicating our church-tent.

Second. Such a course has a bad effect upon the privates of our army. Varied and multiplied have been the references made to this matter in camp, both by the religious and irreligious soldiers, and invariably have they been after this manner: "He's missed his calling."

"Perhaps, couldn't succeed in the ministry." "Got ambitious; wants to shine under shoulder-straps;" or "Looking after larger pay."

THIRD. It produces an unfavorable impression upon the officers of our army. Any one may satisfy himself of this who will make the needful inquiry.

This may be considered a very doubtful objection, yet certainly it is worth something, not to have the sacred calling lessened in the estimation of our military commanders.

FOURTH. The influence upon the minds of the Christian community is not good. Of this I have not had so good an opportunity for judging; but, from various sources of information, have no doubt of the correctness of the proposition. The fullest persuasion is entertained that, in nine cases out of ten, were the neighborhoods visited from whence ministers have gone as military officials, and were professors of all denominations called into council, and the proposition submitted, the decision would be: "The impression upon our minds was not favorable."

FIFTH. "*Fas est ab hoste deceri.*" The rebel army has been quite prolific of reverend captains, colonels, and generals, from Bishop Polk down. What are the impressions of Southern religion upon our own minds from this fact?

SIXTH. There can be but little question but that the number of professed ministers, rushing into the purely military service, had much influence upon our late Congress, in the passage of that infidel, that more than heathen, that most atrocious act of the last century, as an encroachment upon the prerogative of Christ's kingdom,—*making the pastors of our churches subjects of military draft.*

SEVENTH.—A minister of Christ is called directly, by the Prince of the kings of the earth, to service in His kingdom. In accepting that highest of all possible positions within the reach of man, the ambassador of Christ, by profession at least, relinquishes all worldly aims and dignities. To forsake that high calling for any minor one, is an act of treason against Christ, and a cruel injury against his brethren in office.

EIGHTH. So far as the tenor of the Bible is understood, it forbids

ministers to take the carnal sword, while Christian people are often urged to fight. Although the Jews were among the most warlike of nations, we have no record that the tribe of Levi ever fought. If church history be not read amiss, the leading opinion, in all ages, has been averse to ministers of religion taking military commands.

These convictions, on a most important subject, are not written with the intent to give offence to much esteemed brethren who may differ both in theory and practice. Worthy exceptions does the writer know, yet so rare are they as but to confirm the rule.

Prayer-Meeting in Tent.—A prayer-meeting was appointed at six in the evening. When the hour came, the tent was still more densely crowded than at the morning service. All stood, closely packed together. God's Spirit seemed to be present. The exercises were voluntary—reading, singing, brief addresses, and prayer. Though the exercises were somewhat protracted, yet, after the benediction was pronounced, the crowd seemed unwilling to leave. Again and again, a hundred voices joined in singing, with much apparent unction, several familiar songs of praise;—still various groups remained, talking together and encouraging each other. Before leaving, twenty-six additional names were given in, accompanied with a request to become members of our Christian Association.

Other Uses for Tent.—Our purpose is to make the most extensive and profitable use possible of our new tent. Use it Sabbath-day and evening; also, Wednesday evening, for religious service. On Thursday evening, occupy it with a singing-class. An effort will be made to have a literary lecture, each Tuesday or Friday evening. The portion of our regiment wearing shoulder-straps, will also be urged to furnish a lecture, weekly, on Military Science. In addition to these, our tent is

already being arranged for a large reading-room, to be kept warm all day, and lighted each evening. We have already on hand above five hundred bound volumes, besides a large amount of tracts, pamphlets and magazines. Two hundred copies of the best religious newspapers of the country are received weekly for general distribution.

Not Boasting.—These statements and statistics are not made in the spirit of boasting, but in thankfulness. Grateful are we to dear Christian friends, in various localities, who have so promptly and generously helped us. All such we most cordially invite and urge not to be weary in well-doing. Although our regiment has now, perhaps, the largest and best supply of suitable reading matter, together with means for intellectual and moral culture, of any in the service, yet are these still quite inadequate to the need. Nearly twelve hundred men are to be mentally and morally fed. We want a book for each man in the regiment. A few historical, literary and scientific works are especially desirable. Send them to us, friends. Doubters have queried, "How will you get your tent and books moved? The Government won't do it. Well, *we're not gone from here yet;* but, when we do, as we *may* sometime, and the Government won't carry them, *we will.* Our Christian Association has already resolved, in that case, it will hire a man, with his wagon, to transport them Send on the books.

Incident.—When in the cars, leaving Pittsburg, at the time of my late visit, a friend—a business man of the city—handed me thirty-five dollars, to be used for the benefit of the 13th regiment. To publish his name here, I know, would be distasteful to him. This can be done some other way. God bless him.

His bounty is doing good to the souls of men. But don't let all the business men of Pittsburg, because the name is not given, take credit to themselves for the donation. Let those who know they were not the donor, "go and do likewise."

Camp Tennelly, February 12th, 1862.

Metaphysics.—You have given sufficient attention to that indefinable science called *metaphysics*, readily to agree with the assertion, that the human mind is a strange jumble of seeming contradictions. Especially is that sentinel within us, whose business, it seems, is to challenge and decide on the right and wrong of things, designated *conscience*—a curious, wayward machine. Your memory will readily carry you back to college days, when, in our discussions, we were wont to toss this nondescript thing about; turning it over, and round, and upside down, and all the while debating with each other, whether this thing called *conscience* were an innate, an original principle of the human mind, or a thing merely acquired, as the horse gets the habit of jumping at the crack of the whip.

Meum and Tuum.—But whatever be the exact nature of this mental phenomenon, one subject connected with its exercise had by me been long considered as pretty fairly settled, and fully understood—*Meum* and *Tuum*—the difference between *mine* and *thine*—that which was thine, if it became mine without a *quid pro quo*—a fair value—had some serious flaw in the transfer. Ask the boy who blubbers on the street, what

ails him? "Why, Bob has took my kite." "But are you sure it was yours?" "*I made it.*" Unanswerable logic. God's reason for claiming the ownership of the world. "It's mine," adds another, "I bought it, and paid for it." Against encroachments on such inborn feelings, the eighth command utters its veto: "Thou shalt not steal." To infringe this injunction a sixpence worth, at once consigns a hitherto honest character to long years of suspicion and disgrace.

A Puzzle.—Concerning this supposed settled question, however, all my metaphysics, ethics, moral science and divinity seem to be, of late, strangely at fault. The fact is, I have become puzzled, bewildered—a practical question has arisen too difficult for me to solve. It has, in consequence, been in my thoughts to propose a mass convention, to be composed of all the metaphysical ghosts, and mental gladiators, from Aristotle down to the profound nonsense of Ralph Waldo Emerson; to unite in council with these all the French Rationalists, German Neologists, English and American Casuists—professors of "The end sanctifies the means"—together with the D. D.'s, who of late years have made the astounding discovery in ethics, that there are *organic sins*, for which of course no individual is responsible—*political evils*, moreover, about which members of the Church, as such, have no concern whatever; to have this august and learned assembly presided over by the late member of the Cabinet, but now famous rebel General, Floyd. The gravity and importance of the question to be investigated, is not only of untold interest with respect to morals, but of many millions' worth as it regards money.

Dilemma Still.—Yet, how to fairly state the dilemma, or problem—this moral, political, military or intellectual query,

before such massive learning as in the proposed body, quite puzzles me. It may perhaps be reached by a circumlocution, a figure of speech—a metaphor. It may be fairly presumed that a very large proportion of our Senators and Congressmen, our Generals and Colonels, our Majors and Quartermasters, our Captains, Lieutenants and privates, our agents and contractors are *honest;* that they would not *steal*, even were the opportunity given—that they couldn't be induced to put a wrong cipher in a neighbor's note of hand; were a purse found on the road, the owner would be advertised for. To insinuate the meanness of dishonesty would cut at once the most stable friendship, and alienate old friends, not to mention still more serious consequences. All readily granted, you say. Well—but there is an old gentleman—more's the pity he's a myth—a fabulous character—said venerable old reputed rich, possessing, or ought now to possess, much money; large inheritance, many servants withal, and property in ships, armaments, cannons, guns, wagons, horses, clothing, beef, flour, etc., etc. This wealthy old personage, as a title of distinction, familiarity and affection, is usually nicknamed, "Uncle Sam"—fully written, it would be "His Excellency Uncle Samuel, Esq." He possesses the envious reputation of being strictly honest, trustworthy, generous to a fault, kind, fair in his dealings, tenderly careful of his children, and hospitable even to prodigality. To wrong such a character in the least, or speculate on his property, would seem to be the greatest of outrages. Here, however, comes that grave, unanswered problem.

Pilfering from Uncle Sam.—Honest, honorable, Christian Senators and Congressmen, their clerks and aids, put their hands into this worthy old gentleman's pocket, and in various

ways appropriate to themselves lots of his cash, and all this, too, without the least apparent misgiving, or dreaming of encroachment upon number eight of the Decalogue—make thereat no grimaces, show no misgivings, reveal no doubts. And, what is still more curious, they are all this while held in high estimation both for honesty and honorable dealing, not merely by gambling fraternities, but by all classes of the Christian community.

Examining still farther, we find Generals, Colonels, Majors, Quartermasters, Commissaries, Captains, Subalterns, privates, contractors, employers, civilians, not only nibbling, but actually gormandizing, whenever occasion offers, at the old man's table; then wiping their mouths, offering no pay, nor even manifesting thereat the slightest misgiving. These are all likewise esteemed gentlemen in high places, and Christian communities. Every thing belonging to this much injured old personage, whenever it can be conveniently seized, and appropriated to private use, by officials and employers, is done without the least seeming hesitancy or remorse. Throughout his present great army, articles of clothing, blankets, bread, beef, pork, axes, shovels, wood, etc., so far as permitted by the bayonet, are seized upon and indiscriminately used, without the thought of pay. Should any surprise be manifested at such proceedings, the look, if not the speech, replies, "Oh, it is only Uncle Sam's." Hearing an officer lately offering some objections to so common a use of things, my remark was, "Colonel, the millennium is near at hand." "Do let us hear what signs you discover hereabouts of its coming." "Why, you remember when Christianity commenced its career that, with gladness, its votaries had all things in common." "Oh, in that case," he replied, "the millennium is here already."

What is to be Done.—Until a radical change be made in public morals, of what avail are Congressional investigating committees, in order to ferret out and expose such private absorption of public means. However glaring the proof, no one has any fear of being condemned. If the person have only got rich by his peculations, few churches but would gladly receive him as an honored member, did he but make application. These investigating committees had, perhaps, better turn their energies in some other direction. Though their success be never so great, it will only be the fox in the fable: Reynard became swamped in the mud, and was presently covered by a swarm of hungry flies, who were fast sucking out his life blood. "Shall I drive them away, says a passing friend." "By no means, says the fox: these cover me all over, and must now be nearly full; drive *them* away, and a new swarm of hungry ones will at once come, and I am a dead fox."

Neology.—But the cause, the source, the deep recesses of the human heart from whence springs this community of feeling respecting public property, is what we would have investigated by the proposed convention. Perhaps, when the cost of this war comes to be footed up, an assembly of tax-payers might be no inappropriate body before which to lay the unsolved problem. It is possible a learned German Neologist might throw some light on the subject. Now don't quit reading at the introduction of such a seemingly unintelligible phrase. Although a thousand muddy semi-religious volumes have been published in German, within the past half century, in apparent fruitless efforts to have us comprehend Neology; nevertheless it is quite easily grasped, and readily understood. A school-boy may learn its meaning. Hear it in a sentence:

"God is every where, and *every thing* is God—I am a part of every thing; therefore *I* am God; and, moreover, seeing that I am the most beautiful, intelligent, and important part of every thing, it follows, that of all things I am the most deserving of worship; therefore, *I'll worship myself.*" Now a similar train of reasoning and conclusions, evidently tends to foster and give countenance to this wide-spread, and alarming public peculalation. "Uncle Sam is every where in the United States, and every body in the United States is Uncle Sam. I am in the United States, and quite an important part thereof; therefore, I am Uncle Sam, and have consequently a right to use freely, as my own, all that pertains to him."

Organic Sins.—We have serious apprehensions, that the D. D.'s, who, in order to meet a contingency, some years since, made the marvellous discovery, "That there are *organic sins*"—leaving blame on no one—*political evils*, and no one at fault—these same stand chargeable with much of this evil. This leaven so widely introduced both from the pulpit and the religious press, has corrupted the public morals to a most alarming degree. Let us have the proposed convention, and the whole matter probed. Seriously, a state of morals is thus revealed, very discouraging to our stability as a free people, even though secession be crushed out in a few months.

Religious Condition.—Since my last, the interest connected with the meetings in our new tent has evidently increased. Some have been refreshed, some reclaimed, and others inquiring: "O, Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years." Pray for the spread of the Gospel in the forbidding atmosphere of camp life.

Camp Tennelly, D. C., February 27th, 1862.

New Things in Washington.—A new and interesting feature of Washington society and influences the present winter, has been a course of some fifteen evening lectures, called "Association Lectures." Never, till the present season, has any public lecturer, however famous, been invited, or even allowed, to address an audience in the national Capitol, who was expected in any way to discuss and openly oppose American slavery. So effectually had the despotism of oppression fastened itself on all public opinion, that the censorship of both press and speech had become as absolute and galling, in its centre of professed republican influences, as in Paris or St. Petersburgh. No moral influence of the North seemed strong enough to shake off this horrid charm of oppression. In a large majority of cases, where a Northern man or family, no matter what profession of anti-slavery proclivities they made at home, came to Washington, even but for a winter, and entered its society and influences, they at once bowed the knee, closed the lips, acknowledged the despot's authority, and if any repugnance were felt, it was in silence. The few who still dared to speak in the Senate and Congress, did it under a sense of duty, or in fear of their constituents; did it often, as all know, under protest, and in fear of their lives. A physical revolution by the sword, became a necessity, in order to free our public sentiment, as reflected in the Capital, from this infamous bowing the knee to an idol.

Leaven in Washington.—There has, nevertheless, been in Washington, for years, quite a respectable number of men and families, who have been writhing in silence under the slaveo-

cratic ostracism. When, therefore, professed Republicanism became inaugurated in the White House, these persons felt at some liberty to speak and act. After consultation, it was resolved to form a Lecture Association, and invite the radical sentiment of the North, hitherto unheard here, to come and give utterance to itself. The effort has been attended with a large degree of success. Such men as Drs. Brownson and Cheever, Horace Greeley, Curtis and Wendell Phillips, have been invited, and lectured to large audiences, without a dog wagging his tongue. Some feature of slavery, and its connection with the present rebellion, has been discussed by every speaker. The chaste and commodious hall of the Smithsonian Institute was, by request, granted for the lectures. The venerable poet, John Pierpont, who came here first as a chaplain, but health proving inadequate to the service, has now a position in the Treasury Office, became President of the Association. The Smithsonian Institute being somewhat conservative, fogyish, and, perhaps, a little secesh-inclined, became somewhat uneasy, lest some odium might rest on it for allowing such radicalism into its hall, desired it to be understood, that it had no hand in originating the lectures. At the opening of each lecture thereafter, the venerable President, in a peculiarly mild and semi-comic manner, gave the announcement, "That the Institution had nothing whatever to do with the lectures, only allowing the use of its hall, and that the Association was alone responsible for them." After this had been announced for several successive evenings, it was afterwards, at the opening of each meeting, received by the audience with bursts of laughter and applause. Such lectures in Washington are surely an index of the marvellous change which has been working for the past year. Most earnestly is it to be hoped that, in the coming re-arrangement

of things, the freest liberty of speech will be guarantied under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes, as they wave over the capital of our Union. Having been presented with a season ticket to these lectures by a member of the Association, occasion has been taken to hear a number of celebrities not heretofore seen.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.—A brief account of this Smithsonian Institution, of which all have heard somewhat, where the lectures were delivered, may not prove uninteresting. It is an institution fast attaining a world-wide reputation, with an influence and importance constantly increasing. Its publications are already found, not only in all the important libraries of our own land, but also in those of every other civilized country.

In 1828, there died, in Genoa, Italy, a *poor*, desolate, old curmudgeon of an English bachelor, named James Smithson. Said old miser was rich, having over half a million in money, was withal proud, selfish and ambitious. Too mean and contracted even to get married, had no immediate heir, yet thirsted for some perpetuation of his miserable self. His money was the only thing by which this could be effected,—but how? was the difficulty. He had evidently no confidence in his own English nation. If left in their care, they would somehow absorb it, and not give the desired glory. He would, therefore, leave his entire wealth to the Government of the United States in perpetual trust, with this proviso in his will; "That it should be used to found at *Washington*, an establishmant under the name of the *Smithsonian Institution*, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." His half million of dollars finally got in possession of the United States Government. In 1846, the present Institution was founded. The large amount of interest already accumulated has enabled the

appointees of our Government to defray all the expenses hitherto, and still add very considerably to the original capital. It is, therefore, by far the most wealthy and independent monetary institution of the kind in the United States. The building stands in the centre of a fifty-two acre lot of public land, beautifully ornamented with a large variety of trees and shrubbery, arranged by the late lamented Downing. The structure is the most beautiful architectural edifice in the United States,—the only beautiful one in Washington,—standing in living contrast to the other massive public buildings, which are all wide-spread and squat, without any claims to artistic beauty. The style of architecture is that of the last of the twelfth century, the latest variety of the rounded style, as it is found immediately anterior to its merging into the early Gothic, and is known as the Norman, the Lombard, or Romanesque. The semicircular arch, stilted, is employed throughout, in doors, windows, and other openings. It is the first edifice in the style of the twelfth century, and of a character, not ecclesiastical, ever erected in this country. The entire length of the building is 447 feet, by 160. The material is a lilac-gray variety of sandstone, found on the Potomac, twenty miles above Washington. Its library now contains about 30,000 volumes of very valuable books.

Increasing Influence.—Its spacious halls and corridors, already contain an immense number of beautiful, well-selected and arranged specimens, in almost every branch of natural history, with a constant increase. Few so blunt of feeling or dull of perception, who could spend a few hours in walking through them, but must have some new and pleasing conceptions of order, of beauty, and the amazing variety and wisdom of the Creator's power and goodness. The institute is already dif-

fusing a wide-spread and healthful influence in cultivating, exciting, and enlarging a taste for the study of natural science and history. How healthful and elevating will be the influence on the whole community, when a taste for the study of all God's handiworks becomes universal—when each school-boy shall become a naturalist, and each school-house contain its cabinet—when all shall be taught to look up through nature to nature's God;—and the lesson gathered from each object of creation, that "the hand which made it is divine."

Caution Needed.—Great care and caution, however, are needed with respect to this and all similar institutions, and their influence, good, useful, and elevating though they be, that their votaries do not remain satisfied with *nature* as a shrine, with taste and fine arts for a deity—as in France—which the people worship instead of the living God. Nothing will truly and permanently elevate any people but the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus. While we boast of the Smithsonian Institute, and many similar institutions, with their influences, rising every where in our land, and all lending their aid to instruct, to purify, and to elevate us as a great people, let, however, the earnest prayer of each lover of his country be, that this, with every other institution, down to the common school, may be thoroughly leavened, permeated and influenced by the gospel of Jesus Christ. This will alone save us, and render our freedom lasting, and our future history glorious.

Hurricane.—Day before yesterday, 24th, our dull monotony was suddenly changed by a visit from the grandest hurricane it has been my pleasure to witness. The wind blew as though it were a last and magnificent effort. "The Lord rideth

upon the wings of the wind." Our frail structures of habitation were no match against the fury of its rage. Down and scattered went tents, cabins, church-tent, and all. Yesterday morning, the rage of the elements being somewhat abated, our camp presented a scene so full of the ludicrous, that no one who beheld, could refrain from a hearty laugh, no matter how much his own personal inconvenience. So miscellaneously were things scattered about, that a bevy of architects and mathematicians would hardly have assumed the task of unravelling and putting all things again to right. Our greatest concern was in reference to the new church-tent. We are happy, however, on examination, to discover that but little real damage has been done. By to-morrow, all will be repaired, and it joyfully reoccupied.

Rumors.—As I close, word is circulated in camp, said to be by authority, that we are presently to move from here to some unstated place. If so, it will be hailed with exceeding delight, by both officers and men. Over six long months have we been confined here, in the dull routine of camp life and duties. Sick and weary are all of us, and heartily long for some active service.

Camp Tennelly, March 5th, 1862.

Went into a Proverb.—And it went into a proverb: "Quiet as the army of the Potomac." In my last, you had intimation that orders had been issued for our removal to more active scenes than are to be expected in the vicinity of this

miserable little, starved place—"Tennelly." Such orders did come, and after this fashion: "Be ready to march on *two hours' notice.*" Posted in grammar and the meaning of language, Mr. Reader, how would you have acted on this? Most likely, as all in camp—get ready. At it we went, with a hearty good will. What little traps could be taken were packed up. Many superfluities which had been accumulated during last fall and winter, were thrown aside to be left behind,—then impatiently we waited for the decisive order. Well, the *two hours* came and went, but the *order* didn't come. All became restive and impatient; we were being somewhat duped—the order was re-examined. *Delphic* certainly; yet consistent, whether we marched or not. "Be ready to march at two hours' notice," yes—but the *notice* may come next fall.

After a few days' quandary and uncertainty, all was dispelled by an order to be ready to move at 11 o'clock the same night. Then what shouting, joy, bustle, and packing up!—still, *we marched not.* Near the time set, new orders came: "Not at the hour named; but hold yourselves in readiness." Well, we are, and are endeavoring to let patience have her perfect work. We may be here ever so long yet.

It is not to be forgotten that such masterly inactivity has been the ruin of many an individual, and may here also prove the total ruin of these naughty secessionists. When this army does get fairly and fully aroused from its lethargy and winter torpor, and in motion, woe betide all opposers.

Sleeping Alligator.—Paying a visit some time since to the Smithsonian Institute, an actual live alligator, about five feet long, was pointed out to me by the obliging old janitor. A little pond had been made for the reptile, in imitation of a Flo-

rida swamp, and enclosed with large plates of glass. The ugly thing lay perfectly motionless, half covered with the water. After shooing and rattling on the cage for some time, and no appearance of life or motion, I pronounced the beast dead.

"Dead!" rejoins my old friend, the janitor; "not a bit of it."

"But how long has he been thus motionless?"

"O, only about *four months.* But, mark you, some of these days, he'll rouse himself, and gobble up that toad in a jiffy."

And, sure enough, there sat Mr. Toady, perched upon a projecting stick, and winking his little eyes with as much apparent unconcern, as though master alligator was actually distant a thousand miles off, in a Louisiana swamp. A similar gobbling may, ere long, await rebeldom.

Drumming out of Camp.—A few days since, we had a sad exhibition of poor degraded humanity: a soldier paraded in disgrace before the entire brigade. Military punishments, perhaps from necessity, are prompt, stern, and unfeeling. They, moreover, seem little calculated to confer much benefit on the receiver.

A hardened wretch, from one of the New York regiments connected with our brigade, had become so frequent and open a transgressor of military discipline, that the decision of a court-martial was—Uncle Sam could henceforth dispense with the fellow's services, his sentence running thus: "To be branded on the hip with a certain letter, and then drummed out of camp." Those who may have often heard about drumming out of camp, yet not witnessed the ceremony, may desire to learn the order of exercise. On the morning of this exhibition, the entire brigade, four thousand strong, was ordered on parade, and formed into a large hollow square. The culprit was then brought

within, guarded by four files of soldiers, forming around him a small hollow square,—the rear file with charged bayonets, lest he might become restive or sullen on the march. The addition of a drummer and fifer, completed the cavalcade. At one corner, and close within the lines, the procession, at the word, "Forward!" began to move. To a tune familiary known as "The Rogue's March," the outlaw was paraded, at the point of the bayonet, entirely round the great square, and immediately in front of each soldier. Having completed the circuit within the square, he was marched out, and dismissed from all military service and honor; then permitted to go whithersoever he listed.

To a soldier of sensitive and honorable feelings, death would have been far preferable to such degradation and shame. But, on this degraded being, it appeared to have no other effect than mere amusement. During most of the march, he carried his hat in his hand, smirked and grinned in response to the mingled feelings of pity, shame and laughter manifested towards him. His conscience and feelings of shame seemed to be seared as with a hot iron, even more effectually than the brand on his hip. In appearance, lost to all self-respect, to manly feelings or ambition; as much a devil as man can get in the flesh; beyond the reach of hope or mercy;—"Joined to his idols; let him alone," was perhaps the inward exclamation of a vast majority who saw him. What a mercy to his old haunts, whither, no doubt, he will return, still more fearfully to curse; what a mercy to the army, to the country, and perhaps to himself, had the court-martial, instead of the drumming out, ordered him into the hollow square to be shot.

HARD SAYING.—Some timid friends and unthinking persons seemed somewhat uneasy and shocked at my remarking, while addressing a public meeting, during a late visit to Pittsburg, "That we had men in our regiment, and perhaps in every regiment in the service, as bad as the devil could make them; and he was known to make a pretty bad one, when obtaining a full swing. That the more of such who died in camp or were killed in battle, the greater the blessing to their homes, their former haunts, as well as to the country, unless we could reach them in the meantime with the gospel." *All* the language of soberness and truth, as every thoughtful person knows. The *standing* armies of Europe prove a kind of safety valve to society, by absorbing into them many of its curses, who there either die or are killed in battle. All the living, on the contrary, of our vast volunteer army, will no doubt soon return home. Such characters as the above mentioned rogue, having become vastly more hardened by the war, and thus prepared still more dreadfully to curse their old or some other community,—great blessings, in many respects, did they never return.

PITTSBURG "DAILY CHRONICLE."—The Pittsburg *Chronicle* need not conclude that, because in our regiment there has been a number of courts-martial, it therefore speaks badly for the old 13th. The truth is, it speaks well for it, showing a wholesome condition of discipline. It does, however, speak badly for Pittsburg and its community, which, from its bosom, has furnished us characters so mature in vice and hardened to shame. Let the *Chronicle* leave its politics for a time, and commence moral reformer, so that no more such desperadoes will be found *at the time of the next volunteering.*

Our church-tent was in due time repaired, re-pitched in its original dignity, and gladly occupied for worship. Yet, for a number of days and nights past, such a fierce and continued rage of the elements has existed, that we have prudently taken it down, and are waiting, in our little wind-shaken and storm-tossed abodes, a return of civilized weather.

Camp Tennelly, D. C., March 10th, 1861.

Still, as you see, in the old location—*Tennelly*. This is, however, in all probability my last letter from this spot, now consecrated to us by the varying and ever multiplying scenes of six months' continued camp life. As I write to-day all is quiet, lonely, deserted, and disordered in our little town of a hundred and fifty rude dwellings, so lately filled with all the activities of a thousand men.

At 1 o'clock this morning orders came to be ready for march by 9. The order was that for the present the tents and baggage be left behind, and the few invalids of the regiment as a guard. My baggage was packed with the desire and expectation of going with the first; but by request remain for the present to look after our church tent, books, and various other miscellanies. My little son, having become something of a soldier, was sadly disappointed in not being allowed a march through the rain to some expected battle-field. So, here sits your correspondent in old Camp Tennelly, guarded by some scores of rickety, wind-broken soldiers. The idea of what kind of a defence we would make against a bold invasion of Secesh, affords me some amusement.

Tennelly Abandoned.—Up to the hour named for marching no counter orders came, at which time the regiment did actually leave. At the time the line of march was formed the rain was falling, not in gentle showers, but in torrents. The boys nevertheless turned out and left their long occupied huts, cabins and shanties with shouts of gladness and willing cheers. A long march to-day in the rain, the mud, and with the load each one has to carry, will fully test the fatigue powers of the soldiers. All the soldier's dress, changes, household stuff, with his accoutrements and artillery for battle, have to be carried on his back, as no transportation is allowed the private. This to our men to-day amounted to at least fifty pounds each. Gun, bayonet-scabbard and bayonet, cartouch-box, with a hundred rounds weighing from six to ten pounds, knapsack, containing change of under-garments with little needful traps, blanket strapped on top of knapsack, haversack containing four days' cooked rations, canteen, tin cup, over-coat—literally covered all over with baggage. But jauntily, and many of them singing, all set off. As the regiment marched up and over a rising ground near the old camping place, it made a grand appearance and seemed fit for any service. "But where, and for what are they gone?" If known, not allowed to write it now. Into Dixie, beyond doubt, and to fight if rebels are in the way. We expect, in a day or two, to join the regiment with the baggage, and that before any battles are fought. Our stay behind even for a little is a reluctant one. God bless and keep the dear boys, if serious fighting is now to be their business.

Benefits of Detention.—Our detention here for the past ten days, though undesired, yet, to myself and many others, is now a matter of sincere thankfulness. A precious season of

religious meetings and influences has, in the mean time, been enjoyed. Our belief is, God has thus been fitting and strengthening many a heart for arduous duties in the future. About a week since, our big tent, which had been struck and ready for transportation, we resolved to repitch in its old location, and re-open our books which were boxed; even though we should enjoy their use here but a single day. In a prayer-meeting, the same evening, it was resolved, that so long as we were allowed to remain here, a meeting would be held each successive evening. God has unexpectedly given us nearly a week for these connected and continued exercises. From their blessed influence, many, very many hearts have gone on the weary march to-day more light, glad and brave. The interest seemed to increase each successive evening; and, last (Sabbath) evening, was the best and most refreshing of all. The large tent was crowded so, that no more could enter, while some remained outside. One after another arose and expressed conviction of sin, or revival and quickening of feeling after seasons of coldness or declension. Many, it is believed, left the meeting deeply convicted of sin. On last Friday, evening we had a large and most interesting Temperance meeting, where was earnestly and freely discussed the most practical means of banishing from our camp this awful curse to the soldier, and great pest and disgrace to military life. An adjourned meeting was appointed, but where it may be held, deponent saith not.

Adieu to Tennelly.—While thus preparing, after so long a stay, to leave this homely spot, it is done certainly with gladness and yet with not a few regrets. Notwithstanding the turmoils of camp life, a good time has been enjoyed here.

Precious seasons of preaching, prayer, and communion with God and brethren. With all its faults and sins it has been a Bethel. But here we have no continuing city. Better things yet than these. Farewell, then, Tennelly—farewell all the past. We are journeying. No matter what betides in the remainder of the pilgrimage, each successive stage brings us nearer home. Such is life.

Camp Tennelly, March 19th, 1862.

Back in Tennelly.—At the time of penning my last from Tennelly, our Regiment, with the entire Division, had crossed over into Virginia; yet, without either tents or baggage. To myself was assigned a subordinate duty of remaining in camp, in order to look after various unarranged interests. These being all fairly settled, by next day at noon, the Regiment was followed and overtaken about six miles from the Chain Bridge, bivouacked in a bleak, open field. There it remained without tent or covering, from Monday night until Friday morning; a chilling wind blowing much of the time.

It was a matter of much gratification, that although compelled to leave behind our church-tent, together with the exposed and unsettled condition of the men, yet were not our religious exercises either interrupted, shortened, or lessened in interest. A grove of pine trees was at convenient distance from the location of the Regiment. This, by permission, we constituted our Bethel. When night came on, a cheerful fire of sticks and brushwood was kindled; around which, a goodly company assembled and spent between one and two hours in singing and prayer, intermingled with words of exhortation,

admonition and encouragement. Our condition, our place of worship, the overhanging trees, the surrounding darkness, dispelled for a circle by our camp-fire, all combined in giving a kind of unearthly charm, a peculiar interest and pleasure to our meetings. These were held in the same place, on each of the four evenings, during our detention there, and with increasing profit. After the adjournments of our meetings, my little son and self scraped a few leaves together, spread on them one of our blankets, the other over us and enjoyed comfortable and refreshing sleep under the pine trees, singing as we retired,

"I will both lay me lay me down in peace,
And quiet sleep will take,
Because Thou only me to dwell
In safety, Lord, dost make."

Up the Hill and Down Again.—The detention was apparently, caused by the tidings that the rebels had actually ran away from Manassas. This demanded a *stationary* movement of four days and nights, for the powers that be to determine what was now best to be done under this new condition of things. To chase the fleeing secesh too rapidly, would not be dignified for so large an army as ours. So, on Friday morning, we were ordered to complete the long ago accomplished and famous exploit of a celebrated military character. At the beginning of the week, we *marched up the hill*, and, at the close, *marched down again*—came back, and halted at the Potomac.

Tuesday, March 18th.—A full completion was put to our late famous military achievement, on Sabbath afternoon, by marching all the regiments of our brigade back to their old Winter quarters, at Tennelly. Throughout Saturday, and Sa-

turday night, there fell a heavy, cold, drenching rain. All that terrible day and night our regiment stood in an exposed position on the opposite bank of the river, with nothing to shelter, save the ordinary soldier's dress. Up in the day on Sabbath, orders came to march back, and re-occupy the old quarters. Late in the afternoon, wet, chilly, weary, hungry and sleepy, the little shanty Winter tenements were re-entered, now damp and cold from the long, beating rain. Yet how wonderful the elasticity of American character. The mere *coming back* to this place, which each one hoped had been left for ever, was beyond measure distasteful. This, added to the *condition* of coming, was sufficient to render almost any troops morose and unruly. Notwithstanding all this, the men came back cheerily, and again patiently await further orders.

On board the Steamer State of Maine,
Georgetown Harbor, Wednesday, March 26th.

Gone Again.—Early on yesterday morning, orders again came to pack up and leave Tennelly. As good soldiers we were presently in motion; yet, from past experience, leaving the dear old camp in as good condition as possible, under the full expectation of re-occupancy within a few days.

During these vacillating movements were heard the first murmurings of suspicion among the troops, with respect to the Napoleonic powers of *Little* Mac. The slightest welling up of any previous murmur had been quelled with assurance that, although Little Mac might be slow to move, yet, when actually started, nothing could resist the

masterly combination of his plans, combined with the rapidity and irresistible power of his movements. The whole grand army had, however, been lately in motion. The rebels had voluntarily abandoned Manassas, which had remained so long an inapproachable military bugbear. We had been hurriedly gotten into marching condition, eagerly started off, and actually pursued the retreating enemy six miles, although they had more than fifty of a start. We were suddenly halted, and kept standing, unsheltered, for four days and nights amid pitiless storms and drenching rains; then, demurely, marched back for an additional week's meditation in Tennelly. The soldiers, although looked upon as machines, reasoned, pondered, and looked grave. Privates, Lieutenants, Captains, Colonels and Generals, queried one with another in smothered under-tones; *is it possible, that during all this time Little Mac has had no plan?* These stifled whisperings died; and, for long weeks after landing upon the Peninsula, were not again heard, until after that masterly *change of base,* and consequent penning up at Harrison's Landing for forty-seven sweltering July and August days.

On Board.—Within an hour's march we were on the wharf in Georgetown, and, presently, marched on board the steamboat "State of Maine." Our whole regiment, over a thousand, with an additional company, together with horses, wagons, baggage, commissary stores, etc., etc., were finally packed away on this old boat. General Peck and staff are also on board. Such a bustle, such jamming, such apparent inextricable confusion, such a grand miscellaneous mixing up—why, I really enjoyed it. Night came on, and it was announced we would not leave before the morrow—not vessels enough to carry the brigade. Towards nine, in the evening, the hum and turmoil began to subside, and, after awhile, a general silence. Stand-

ing, leaning, sitting or lying, all found some place to sleep, or at least to try to sleep.

As I write, we are still in Georgetown harbor, Wednesday forenoon. Our destination has not been stated. We go cheerfully where ordered, not knowing what shall betide us there.

CHAPTER IV.

Peninsular Campaign.

FORTRESS MONROE.—BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS.

FORTRESS MONROE, Friday Noon,
March 28th, 1862.

AT the expense of Uncle Sam, we have enjoyed as delightful an excursion trip as could well have been planned and executed by the most fancy voyageurs. The close of my last left us safely packed on board the steamboat, *State of Maine*, in Georgetown harbor, D. C., on Tuesday evening, March 25th. Large bodies move slowly. All night we lay quietly. On Wednesday forenoon, began to drift slowly down the river, and evening found us only two or three miles below Alexandria, where anchor was again cast for the night. The entire day, clear and pleasant, was afforded for viewing every prominent object of interest in Georgetown, Washington, and Alexandria; and this from the most convenient position, the hurricane-deck of our boat. The scene from Georgetown to Alexandria, on the river, was enlivening beyond comparison. A fleet, of at least a hundred vessels, had been assembled, and these of all shapes and sizes, from the immense steamboat down to the sloop. These were either filled or filling with regiments, brigades, whole divisions of the great army; trains of artillery, pontoons, baggage, forage, and ammunition. At the passing

of some general or other exciting event, ten thousand voices would well up in shouts together, while numerous bands of martial music made river, hills, and adjacent cities vocal. The multitudes had come from their camps of long confinement, and were wild with excitement.

Mount Vernon.—On Thursday morning the vast armament began to move down the river. After long, dreary months of the most disagreeable weather, the morning rose clear, calm, and with magnificent beauty. Every heart seemed buoyed up with joyous hilarity. We presently glided past *Mount Vernon*, the nation's shrine; and the dingy tomb of Washington showed itself from among the overhanging trees. The place has but few natural beauties. All the interest attached to it is historic—the home and burial-place of Washington. Could the Father of his Country have looked out from his tomb, on the passing pageant—a host triple in number to any he ever commanded—his exclamation would, no doubt, have been. "What, and where are you going?"

Potomac River.—All day we sailed down the beautiful ever-varying, and still-widening Potomac. The shores are, however, low and altogether uninteresting. No signs of industry, prosperity, or internal greatness. In the whole distance from Alexandria to the Chesapeake, between one and two hundred miles, not a single town or village on either the Virginia or Maryland shore; not a single villa or beautiful mansion. What has done, or rather what has *not* done all this? On a Northern river of equal beauty, ease and facility for navigation, and of such long historic, even classic fame, ten thousand splendid mansions and villas, and numerous towns, would adorn either shore.

Evening Worship.—Neither the novelties of our condition, the tumult of the voyage, nor the dense throng of the boat, were permitted to interfere with or interrupt our accustomed evening worship. When the shades of night drew on, a goodly number got together, on the fore and upper deck of the boat, and united in songs of praise, in prayer, and in words of exhortation and encouragement. The position, the scenery, and the uncertainties of our journey, all combined to render our evening worship peculiarly interesting and profitable.

Fortress Monroe.—Waking at dawn this morning, we found our old New York and Fall river boat safely anchored, directly in front of Fortress Monroe. Here we have remained all the forenoon, waiting our turn to land at the contracted wharf. For seven long hours the eye has not wearied with looking upon this new and almost enchanting scene.

Fortress Monroe, previously to the war, had connected with it much of historic interest, and is also intimately associated with many important incidents of the present war. The fortifications are situated on a low point of sandy beach, at the junction of the James river with the Chesapeake bay. By good engineering, enormous expense, and labor long-continued, the fort has been rendered one of the strongest in the world. If sufficiently manned, and defended by a resolute enemy, our entire fleet, with the hundred and fifty thousand men now here, might fail to take it during the entire coming summer. It is almost the only fortified place in all Dixie saved to the Union from the treachery of this rebellion. Had it, by any mishap, fallen into the hands of our enemies at the opening of the war, it would, in all probability, have prolonged the strife for a whole year. Here stretches, far away towards the ocean, the beautiful Chesapeake;

there the bay-like mouth of the James; yonder the misty view of Norfolk and Portsmouth; around us, an immense fleet, beneath, on the left, the Rip Raps; at the right, the frowning battlements of the fort, with the attachment of Old Point Comfort; the troops busy landing, forming into long lines, and marching away, away across the sandy beach, and out towards the dark woods of the Peninsula. How magnificent is a great war!

CAMP SMITH, seven miles from Fortress Monroe, and two from Newport News, April 3d, 1862.

WE are finally landed, and with seeming permanence, in Dixie. At the close of my last letter, we were disembarking at Old Point Comfort, or Fortress Monroe—they being adjoining localities. The same evening, our regiment was marched out about seven miles, and encamped here. A week has now been passed in the same locality. All this while, troops have been constantly landing and encamping in our front and rear, both on our right hand and left. The whole region seems literally filled with soldiery. One of the finest armies ever marshalled on the globe, now wakes up these long stagnant fields and woods. Gen. M'Clellan is here, and commands in person. All things seem to indicate a speedy forward movement and active hostilities, should the rebels, who are but a few miles in advance, await our coming.

NEWPORT NEWS.—Yesterday, I rode across to Newport News, and had a look at the location and its military surround-

ings. It is merely a landing, on the north side of the James river, which here appears more like a bay, being seven miles wide. The position has been occupied by a few regiments of Union troops, for nearly a year. Large barracks have been erected and earthworks thrown up, causing the place to assume the aspect of a small city; but, if deserted by our troops, would soon become sadly desolate.

About fifty rods in front of the landing, the three masts of the noble Cumberland shoot up about half their length out of the water. About forty feet beneath the surface, her chaplain, with a hundred of her crew, lie quietly buried. A short distance below, on the strand, the charred remains of the Congress are yet visible; both being sad mementoes of the late terrible naval conflict which took place here. These rebels display wonderful skill, amazing energy, and fell determination, in waging their unholy warfare. No mean adversaries are they. Friends at home must not be uneasy nor faltering, should this rebellion not be quelled in a day.

Religious Elements.—It affords me unwonted pleasure to write concerning our religious influences. It seemed almost a foregone conclusion with chaplains, and those who co-operate with them, that when our Winter quarters should be finally broken up, and the active operations of march and field exercises entered upon, the regular prayer-meetings held in camp would also be broken up. And thus has it proved, so far as my information extends, save in our regiment. More than a month since, the goodly number of our brethren who co-operate in our Christian Association, resolved, that, in the future of our campaign, unless prevented by some military or other necessity, we would hold some kind of a religious meeting every

evening. This was not difficult while in the enjoyment of our tent. Yet, in all our changes and turmoils, thus far, we have been enabled to keep our resolve, and with the most encouraging success and apparent profit. To effect this, however, requires no little courage, effort and perseverance. When the shades of evening approach, some of the young men kindle a fire of sticks—now, of pine knots—in the most convenient place in camp. The first who assemble commence singing, when all who desire soon assemble. Frequently, a large crowded circle thus gather around our camp-fire. Last night was to me one of the most interesting prayer-meetings it has ever been allowed me to assist in conducting. Our exercises are voluntary; that is, any one who chooses may engage in prayer, singing or remarks. Last evening, after a few fervent prayers had been offered, a young man spoke with deep emotion, saying: "Fellow soldiers, all familiar with me know, that when commencing this campaign, I was a very profane swearer, and otherwise vile. God's Spirit has been at work with me. I can resist no longer. To-night, I wish to place myself on the side of God's people. Brethren, pray for me." As a brother led in prayer, many eyes were bedewed with tears. Another and another followed in the same strain. The tattoo beat, when all had to answer roll-call, else would our meeting have been much prolonged.

On Wednesday evening, we held what in former parlance would have been termed a rousing Temperance meeting. A large assembly collected around the camp-fire, to whom several earnest addresses were delivered, all urging the importance of every consistent effort to banish from camp its most dreadful bane—the use of strong drink.

On the March, April 4th.—According to orders, our entire Division took up the advance march early on Friday morning, the 4th. All day long, the immense cavalcade of many miles in length—artillery, cavalry, infantry, baggage and ammunition wagons, ambulances, sutlers—slowly wended its way over the flat, hilless country, across worn-out fields, over sloughs, and through pine forests. Our course lay north, in the direction of Yorktown. By evening, we had made some ten or a dozen miles, when we lay down on the ground to sleep in what had been once a tobacco-field, but now covered with young pines of a dozen years' growth. This, however, was not done until after our usual prayer-meeting had been held. Early on Saturday morning, we were again on the march. All the forenoon it rained heavily. Then, what roads! The soft, sandy, level soil, soon worked so deep with the endless tramping, that the men were sometimes nearly knee-deep. Early in the forenoon, we passed through a strongly fortified position of the enemy, abandoned by them but the day previous. Whatever be the wants and hardships of the rebels, one thing was evident to us; their Winter quarters here far surpassed any thing we had in the vicinity of Washington. In an old pine forest, stood long rows of neat log cabins, well roofed, chunked and daubed, with the addition, also, of chimneys. There seemed sufficient of these to Winter ten thousand troops. Every thing bespoke recent comfort.

At Warwick, April 5th.—In the afternoon, our regiment, with the Division, was several times formed in line of battle, at right angles to our road, under the supposition that the enemy were in force immediately in our front. Each time, however, on advancing, they either had not been or had speedily

decamped. The long march was one of excessive weariness. The day was warm, and the entire way was literally strewed with blankets, over-coats, and various other articles which the weary and over-laden soldiers refused longer to carry. In the evening, our encampment was formed near Warwick Court House. At dark, however, our entire regiment was ordered on advanced picket-duty. We were marched several miles ahead, and finally halted in a grand old pine forest. My little son and self took lodging by sitting on the ground, and leaning the back against a pine tree. During the night, a real Summer thunder-storm came on. As the brilliant flashes of lightning lighted up the forest, the long lines of our soldiers, mingled with the tall trees, presented a strange, interesting, and weird-like appearance.

MONDAY MORNING, THE 7TH.—Yesterday, we were not ordered on the advance. All day in sight of the enemy's pickets. Occasionally throwing a shell. Had as much of the rest and worship of the Sabbath as the condition allowed. What is before us, to-day, we neither know nor are anxious.

CAMP WARWICK, VIRGINIA,
Monday, April 19th, 1862.

Since closing my last, on Monday morning, we have remained in the same place, and much in the same condition, for just a week. From the 7th to the 10th, it rained almost incessantly, day and night. No tents. Officers, privates, horses, mules, wore somewhat the appearance of drowned rats. No bread or

crackers for two days—mud, having no apparent bottom, wagons were unable to swim through. Men, notwithstanding, are cheery, and but a moderate amount of grumbling. Comparatively no sickness. One poor lad of our regiment, overcome with wet and weariness, took a congestive chill, and presently died. We dug a hole among some pine bushes, into which the water ran as fast as the dirt was lifted out. His companions rolled up the lifeless form in a blanket, laid it down among the mud and water, threw in a few pine branches, then covered all up with earth. A torrent of rain was falling at the time. Wet and chilly, I tried to say a word appropriate to his messmates. Gloomy funeral. War is a barbarous thing. In this campaigning, there is no bogus. The enemy's lines, batteries, and intrenchments are a mile in front. We wait an order to advance, yet knew not when it may come.

Historic Region.—We are now on American classic ground. A few miles above us, on the river, is, or rather *was*, Jamestown—no town, no house at present. Here, in 1607, was made the first permanent English settlement in North America. Jamestown, Captain John Smith, Pocahontas, First Families of Virginia, illustrious names, proud history,—yet, alas! what dimness has come upon all!

Yorktown, or where Yorktown was, is nine miles north of our position. Here the grasp of Britain, on her North American colonies, was finally unloosed. Here the haughty Cornwallis, with his proud, veteran, and long victorious army, after a brief siege and some severe fighting, surrendered to the combined land and naval forces of the United Colonies and France. After a sleep of nearly a century, Yorktown is once more waked up by the din of battle, is strongly fortified by the rebels, and

confronted by our Union army, under McClellan. The place may thus again become famous for a decisive battle. Shades of our Revolutionary sires! things have grown and changed since you struggled and fought here. The combined armies of Washington, the French, and Cornwallis would hardly be noticed as an increase, or felt as a defection, from the mighty host now marshalled on this old battle-ground.

The Isthmus we occupy, and fronting the rebel army, is about nine miles broad. The peninsula, which widens and extends down to Fortress Monroe, over twenty miles, is almost entirely level, yet generally elevated sufficiently above flood and tide water for convenient farming. That portion, and by far the largest, still uninvaded by the axe, is covered with a fine growth of different kinds of trees. Growing near together, I numbered the white, red, and jack oak, various species of hickory, white and black walnut, ash, gum, sassafras, dogwood, with the showy evergreen holly; but the predominating timber is the beautiful turpentine pine. The underbrush, in places, seems impervious to man or beast. Briers, roses, thorns, plums, crab-apple, a low evergreen willow, with enormous wild vines, six inches in diameter. The soil is a warm, rich alluvian, tending to sandy. Here seems to be the natural home for the maize and sweet potatoe; the peach, plum, and pear; the blackberry, strawberry, with nearly every variety of vegetable. In old fields, long abandoned, the peach, plum, and pear still persist to grow, and are now in full bloom. The apple trees have waned and died, the soil not seeming to be congenial.

Long years since, extensive farms appear to have been cultivated on the peninsula; now very few, and poorly at that. We are encamped in a pine grove, the trees averaging a hundred

feet in height, and a foot and a half in diameter, three feet from the ground. On careful examination, it proves to be an old corn or tobacco field; yet, by counting the annual rings of the trees, they have been fifty years growing.

War's Desolation.—The course over which we have come thus far, is left entirely desolate. The retiring rebels, commencing with the quaint old town of Hampden, three miles from Fortress Monroe, have burned nearly every old farm-house on the way. Our soldiers burn up all the remaining fences for camp-fires. What stray cattle, sheep, hogs, and fowls remain, are shot, roasted, and devoured in a trice by our soldiers. What has become of the poor homeless families, I am, as yet, at a loss to know. Great and sore judgments are on the guilty land. The Lord seems to be sending a thorough revolution, turning things all upside down. Should Yankee enterprise turn its skill and energy hitherward, after the war, this may eventually become the garden of the country. Lying on one of the most extensive and beautiful bays on the globe, with numerous tributary rivers, the mouths of which, for miles up, are themselves bays, a thousand points thus invite convenient navigation, for every kind of vessels, all the year round.

Old Tombstones.—During a late ramble from our camp, I discovered, in a clump of trees, and overgrown with underbrush, a bluish marble tombstone, in a good state of preservation. On one side was engraved a fleet of sail vessels. On the other, a cross, surmounted by a crown, underneath which was quite a long memorial, the beginning and ending of which ran thus:—"Here lies the body of Sir William Cole, Master of the Rolls to King Charles, of the county of Warwick, who departed

this life ye 4th of March, 169¾, in the 56th year of his age. * * * * * Of him may this be loudly sounded—'He was unspotted on ye Bench, unstained at ye Bar.'"

Alas! for human fame and greatness. Such will be the fate of us all—soon pass away and be forgotten! No friend even remain behind to remove the rubbish from our tombstone, should one be erected over where our dust reposes. Sir Wm. Cole may thank a stranger for giving his memory this transitory lift out of oblivion!

CAMP WARWICK, VIRGINIA,
April 21st, 1862.

Sixteen days have now been spent in this place, which, as an advanced guard, we first occupied on Saturday night, April 5th. Our grand army has again come to a halt. Whether this position is to be occupied as long as Tennelly (six months,) the progress of events must determine. The same report, at least, will not go back week after week, "All quiet along the army of the Potomac." We have the frequent amusement, for excitement, played day by day, of rebel cannon-balls, coming into our camp, splintering up the pine trees, tearing up the ground, or knocking off a soldier's head; of bombshells, burying themselves in the earth, or bursting in mid-air, and scattering things about in a very promiscuous manner. Of course, during these interludes, our own batteries are neither inactive nor silent. These, however, seem but episodes of war, preludes to battle. All things indicate a somewhat protracted and bloody struggle on this famous old battle-ground. As to the final result, there is among our troops no diversity of opinion. All feel confident

of victory, that we must and will conquer. Yet what a day may bring forth, none assume to predict.

In the mean time, we are putting forth all the efforts after physical comfort and mental enjoyment our condition allows. It must be confessed, thus far here these have not been very abundant. The soldier's grub has been too frequently irregular and scanty. We seem almost cut off from connection with civilized life. Any stray newspaper which may chance to find its way into our camp, is read and re-read until worn out. None of the papers for which I write have reached me, or any one of our regiment, for four weeks, nor do I know even that my letters reach them. A fault exists somewhere.

Ticks.—"Sticks as tight as a tick." Homely, but apt. Under the dry pine leaves, where we encamp, a great secesh army of wood-ticks have wintered. The late warm weather has waked them into activity, and, after their long fast, hungry as hyenas. Few so happy as not to find each morning half a dozen of these villanous blood-suckers sticking in his flesh. You seize one with the fingers, and pull it, but it don't come. You seize it again, with double tightness, and jerk, with a vigor almost sufficient to tear out the flesh. There is a severance, yet the probabilities are, the fangs of the blood-thirsty rascal have been left buried under the skin. Health prescribers are wont to assert that frequent rubbing and irritation of the skin, is a necessity to good health in a warm climate. Not the slightest fear, therefore, of us in this respect. The laziest dog in camp may frequently be seen scratching himself, with a vigor and gusto, and in continuance apparently sufficient, instead of irritating the skin, to take it off altogether.

TOBACCO.—"A kingdom for a horse!" exclaimed a celebrated warrior, in the midst of a great battle. A world for a "chew" or a "smoke" of tobacco, shout out hundreds who are nervously uneasy or irritably longing for the stimulus of the vile, dirty, disgusting weed. The filthiest of all living animals is *man*. No brute, so called, has ever yet become so debased as to chew or smoke tobacco. Three-fourths, perhaps, of our regiment either chew or smoke—many do both, and this is a sample of all other regiments in the service. Serious restrictions have of late been laid upon the sutlers' business by Congress and the Secretary of War, which, in these dignitaries, manifests some wisdom. As a result, but few of the numerous and enticing notions of the sutler, useful and hurtful to the soldier, have found their way here. Tobacco, fortunately, forms no part of the soldier's rations. Whiskey, under certain conditions, unfortunately, continues to be rationed out. Under these circumstances, more than ten days since, the stock of the weed on hand became small and beautifully less, till finally all the treasury notes of Uncle Sam sufficed not to buy a single plug. Then what an outcry; what peevishness, what complaints and irritability! They were certainly the worse-used soldiers in the universe. Uncle Sam was a humbug; the sutlers were all a set of rascals and swindlers; not a cent more of their money should they ever get, and what was already due, they should never pocket. In this almost mutinous condition of affairs, our sutler, after nearly a month's absence, came up. The supply of luxuries brought along, consisted principally in a limited supply of chewing and smoking tobacco. This was distributed as equitably as possible through the regiment. Then what filth and nastiness; what chewing, spitting, squirting, and whiffing! The nerves were all speedily quieted, the irritability soon gone, and a more

contented set of men it was not easy to find. What strange freaks this fallen humanity of ours does exhibit! yet, among the multiplied evidences of its debasement, none more glaring than the enormous use, even by those calling themselves gentlemen, of this, the blackest, the filthiest, the most sickening and poisonous weed that grows out of the earth. Every renewed exhibition of its effects, convinces me that to call its use a *habit*, is a misnomer. It is a downright *disease*. Ere the disgusting weed can be used with desire or satisfaction, the whole physique must undergo an entire change—become diseased. For getting drunk, many plausible excuses may be urged; but, for this disgusting business, none.

Entomology.—It has been my wont to assume some credit for a knowledge of entomology—the science of insect life. For some nights past, however, the mosquitoes have set sadly at defiance my boasted knowledge, and established theories concerning themselves. The established theory has been, that all the old mosquitoes die on the approach of cold weather, having first laid their eggs in swamps and on stagnant pools of water, which then fall to the bottom, lie there until the warmth of next summer hatches them, live in the water until full-grown wigglers, swim to the surface, burst the skin, when out flies a full-fledged mosquito, thirsting for blood. The past few nights being quite warm, though so early in the season, my extemporized shanty has been visited by picket-guards and squads of full-grown mosquitoes, and so hungry as fairly to squeel when they sink their bills into me. These are, no doubt, merely a prelude to what may be expected, in the coming hot weather, from the various ponds, sloughs, and marshy woods in our vicinity. How these fragile blood-suckers contrived to live through

the winter, is a mystery. The heat and excitement of the rebellion, must have kept them alive. They have, also, beyond question, joined the rebels, and possess all their venom. Determined do they seem to shed the blood of us Northern invaders.

Our Picket.—But few companies of our regiment are at present in one locality. Three or four companies scattered on picket for a distance of two miles along the Warwick river—quite an insignificant stream, though widening, near its entrance into the James river, into a beautiful little bay, of half a mile in width. Across this little bay, and within long rifle range, are various forts, earth-works, rifle-pits, and barracks of the enemy. We are thus on the extreme left of McClellan's army, and fronting that of the rebels' extreme right. Our post is one of much importance, considerable danger, exposure, and demanding sleepless vigilance day and night. Our companies not on picket alternate each other day and night in throwing up intrenchments, digging rifle-pits, building batteries, etc., thus affording at present but little opportunity for any united religious service. I make frequent tours round all our pickets and stations, and find the boys in general good health and spirits, and all anxious to push this war through speedily, and get home, or fall in the effort.

Camp Warwick, Va., April 28th, 1862.

A YEAR ago, to-day, I entered upon Chaplain service, at York, Pennsylvania.

What has been accomplished during the year in the work? Unable to tell! No data sufficient on which to base an accurate calculation! The judgment bar will determine! Far less done, surely, than might and ought to have been done! Not a few of those to whom I have ministered are gone into the eternal world! Some in hospitals, some by accidents in camp, and, others, on the battle-field! Based on human evidence, some fruit is apparent. Not a few have expressed the hope that a change of heart has taken place. A goodly number are apparently strengthening in the Christian life. A yet larger number, it must be sadly confessed, are hardening in sin. As ever, the gospel continues to be the savor of life unto life to those that are saved, as well as a savor of death unto death to those that are lost. During the past four months, God has given to me more seals of my ministry than during any similar period since it has been exercised.

ATTAINMENTS OF THE YEAR.—What an eventful period! How numerous the changes, the incidents the reverses, the achievements, the advances! How many the hopes, "the fears, the joys, the sorrows!" In this age of rail-road and telegraph velocity, matters, in the eyes of the impatient or inconsiderate, have seemed occasionally to halt, or move slowly. Yet, surely, never in the world's history, by a single nation, has such progress been made, so many great things accomplished, in a single year.

But little more than a twelvemonth since, our great Northern community was in the enjoyment of ancient Laish security. Her people quietly farming, manufacturing, trading, building and travelling, without a thought or desire of war. Those who uttered the language of fear or danger, were looked upon as mere alarmists. Suddenly, and in a wholly unprepared condition by the nation, the greatest, the best planned, and most formidable rebellion in the world's history was inaugurated. The North, worsted for a time, as might reasonably have been expected, soon raised herself as a giant waked from wine.

An army of six hundred thousand men, the largest now in the world, the best appointed and thoroughly drilled, has been improvised. A vast navy has been erected. Enormous supplies of commissary stores have been collected. Strong fortifications have been dismantled and taken; forts, hitherto supposed impregnable, battered to pieces and captured. Numerous great battles fought and victories won. Territory abroad reclaimed from the rebellion, larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, France and Italy. Six hundred millions of dollars expended, and the nation's credit unimpaired. Respect and fear have been forced from haughty and envious empires. And all this in a single year! What, therefore, may not be reasonably expected, what not accomplished, during the coming one? Not only will the last efforts of the rebellion be surely crushed out; but England, France and Spain, may be compelled to withdraw their troops from Mexico; and *Monitors*, perchance, be thundering at the gates of London, Cadiz, Toulon and Boulogne.

Singing in Camp.—Our regiment is again fairly together from extended picket duties. Our meetings for religious ser-

vice, each evening, have been resumed with much apparent interest and profit. Could some of the squeaking, squealing, mouthing choirs, or droning congregational singers of our churches be present with us for an evening, they would at least discover, that some things can be done differently. The other evening, one of our companies was distant between one and two miles, on picket duty. The next day, the captain, with several others of the company, assured me that our *singing* was distinctly heard by them, and even the tune named.

Things in Camp.—Military matters remain without seeming material change since my last. We still occupy the same position; in full view of the enemy. But little fighting, comparatively, has, however, been done, notwithstanding so close proximity to the rebels, for twenty-four days. Do not, on this account suppose, dear reader, that our soldiers are either idle or have an easy time. Herculean labors have been performed, enormous fatigue endured. Roads have been constructed, which would astonish all the masters of highways in old Pennsylvania. Forts have been constructed, batteries built, breastworks thrown up, trenches dug, and rifle-pits sunk—digging and shovelling sufficient to prepare for spring planting, all the gardens in the Union. All things *appear* to indicate a near readiness for a cannonading, great as that of Sebastopol. The powers that be seem wisely determined to have every thing in readiness before striking. The work will thus be sooner and more surely finished. The troops in South Carolina, having in charge the capture of Fort Pulaski, took just three months for preparation, without firing a gun. All things ready, that stronghold, hitherto considered impregnable, was battered to pieces in thirty hours.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., May 6th, 1862.

After a whole year's preparation—equipping, drilling, and marching—our regiment has at length seen a battle. The boys had got their minds filled with the poetry of war, and to have gone home without its reality, would have been a life-long disappointment. It came, in the end, somewhat unexpectedly. On Sabbath, at Warwick, after concluding a far more than ordinary public service, orders came that we must move at once—the enemy were abandoning their works in our front. What a change from the hitherto quiet and peaceable Sabbath! All was instantly bustle and activity. In a few minutes, all was packed and in readiness. The extras which had been accumulating for five weeks, were thrown away. What the soldier could carry was on his back—the officers mounted—the regiment in line, and the word "March!" sounded. Cheerfully was the result of five weeks' toil and sweet—the roads, the bridges, the forts, the ditches, the embankments,—all abandoned, without having specially tested their use in the strife of blood, as intended.

OUR MARCH led us presently to cross the Little Warwick river at Leesburg, the place where the brave Vermonters were so needlessly slaughtered, a short time since. As we crossed the stream, ascended the opposite bank, and passed over and through the immense earth-works, erected with such skill, pains, and unstinted toil by the rebels, the marvel of all was, why they did not stay and defend them, provided they intended farther resistance. Shortly after passing these abandoned strongholds, night came on, when we lay down, tentless, on an open field, to sleep. About midnight, it commenced raining heavily, and, as a result, pools of water were presently in each man's bed.

Early on Monday morning, we were again in motion,—and such a march, pen and tongue would fail a fit description. One curious phenomenon of the raining operation here, seems to be, that when it begins, it fails to quit. All day, till midnight on Monday, it poured incessantly. As the apparently endless files of men and horses took the road leading to Williamsburg, the wet and spongy soil, yielding to the incessant tread, soon became a mud jelly for a foot in depth. Slowly and painfully toiled along the living mass—the soldiers almost up to their knees in mud at every step. All the morning, cannonading was heard in front, and about noon we arrived in front of Williamsburg. A strong line of earth-works was then between us and the town, from which the enemy was briskly cannonading, seeming determined to make a vigorous stand. Our regiment, without a moment's rest,—weary, hungry, drenched with rain and covered with mud,—was advanced and posted in a thick wood, in front of a strong defence of the enemy. The leaves being quite large on the bushes, it was difficult to see any object distinctly more than a few rods.

Battle of Williamsburg.—At this time all was comparatively quiet, the firing in front and on the wings having nearly ceased. The rain still pouring down, I took my little son and faithful man, Isaac, some rods in the rear, and succeeded in kindling a fire, with the hope of having a cup of coffee and getting somewhat dried. Suddenly, a crash came, like the rage of a heavy thunder-cloud. Two regiments of rebel infantry, some companies of cavalry, with four pieces of artillery, had succeeded in getting close in our front, without being seen. At their first fire a shell tore through the woods, lighting close beside our fire, and exploded, scattering the fragments over and around us.

Rifle and musket balls made strange music, as they sung and whistled by us through each opening in the woods. My little son, of ten years, was sitting drying his feet. With a peculiar expression, a paleness about the mouth and quivering of the lips, he looked at me without speaking. Recovering himself, he at once got ready his little seven-shooter pistol, with which he had been practising, and insisted on going to the front and having a crack at those rascally secesh, as he expressed it, who were kicking up such a fuss. Concluding, however, that for him discretion was the better part of valor, I sent him, with my colored man, Isaac, and horse, some distance to the rear, and went forward to render what assistance might be possible.

What a demoniac business is war! From childhood, my mind had been filled with the poetry and romance of the battle-field. Here was the awful reality, and quite a different affair. My first feeling was of exultation, that the old 13th, to which I had been acting as chaplain for more than a year, neither retreated nor quailed under such a sudden and terrific fire from such superior numbers—they having four pieces of artillery, we none. For over an hour, the regiment maintained its position alone, and stood the brunt and shock like veterans. They were at length supported and nobly sustained by the 93d and 98th Pennsylvania volunteers. Work enough was too soon offered to myself. There lay one, to whom I had often preached, still in death; yonder, another with a broken leg, an arm, or a ball through some part of his body. On the left, one sinks down, pale and nerveless; on the right, another suddenly drops his gun, and walks back with faltering steps. From 2 P. M. till sun-down, this terrible crashing and rage of battle was continued, with but occasional brief intervals, and this seemingly but to renew the struggle with new fury. At this time the enemy's fire

ceased, and was not renewed. Our regiment was then relieved by one from Rhode Island, and retired some hundred rods into an open field, where the men had left their knapsacks and blankets. Here, with orders to build no bright fires, our men—muddy, weary, wet, and blackened with powder and the smoke of battle – threw themselves on the ground, flooded with water, and it still raining, to sleep.

Had I, near the close of the struggle, been asked, "How many of your regiment have been killed and wounded?" my answer would have been, "Hundreds!" Yet, when the roll was called, and the number accurately ascertained, but three were killed and forty wounded. This appears to me perfectly marvellous. God surely presides over the battle's rage, and directs missiles of death. This, during the rage of the battle, I gratefully realized once and again. At one time, when passing back to the regiment, after seeing some of the wounded to the rear, a shell fell in the mud beside me and exploded, scattering its fragments over, around, and far beyond me; and yet I was safe and unharmed.

Day After the Battle.—This morning the sun again shone out brightly, and cheering it was again to see its light. With appropriate service, we buried our dead together in a wide grave. Afterwards, I took a walk over the scene of yesterday's strife. The ground occupied by the rebels presented terrible evidence of the precision with which our regiment fired. Thick and numerous lay their dead, not unfrequently, one across another. I have heard it said that soldiers usually die on the battle-field with the face downward, but in almost every instance each of these poor fellows lay on his back, with his ghastly countenance turned upward. Sad retribution this, poor

rebels, for your wickedness and folly! One of the saddest sights to me, was scores of horses, torn and mutilated, stretched over the gory, muddy field; and, not unfrequently, horse and rider lying cold in death together. Truly, the *whole creation* travaileth and groaneth in pain together to be delivered.

No time to write more to-day. Many, very many strange, new, and saddening things press for a place. Some of these may be given in future letters. The rebels have all fled from this vicinity. Our brigade, which was all engaged in yesterday's strife, and expended the principal part of its ammunition, rests on the battle-field until a supply comes up, and the men get brushed up and thoroughly refitted. Thousands on thousands of our army are now marching past us, on the road to Richmond.

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20 Miles West of Williamsburgh, Va.
May 13th, 1862.

Our regiment, in connection with its Division, remained on and near the battle-field, at Williamsburgh, from Monday night the 5th, until Friday morning the 9th. This tarrying seemed necessary, in order to bury the dead, care for the wounded, brush and clean up, and obtain a fresh supply of ammunition. Friday morning was unspeakably beautiful. The sun arose clear and warm. The trees here are nearly in full foliage. Flowers of various kinds richly bloomed and scented the air with their fragrance. The birds sang as though no invaders were present to disturb their joyousness. How great the change from the rage of elements and storm of battle on Monday.

WILLIAMSBURGH.—As the various regiments and brigades of our Division, broke up their encampments, turned their backs on the bloody field of Monday, and filed into the open way leading to Richmond, in connection with their allotted cavalry and artillery, never before did they present so martial an appearance. Each soldier seemed to feel new confidence in himself and his cause, as manifested by his proud jaunty step, and soldierly bearing. Surely never before did this quaint, old, worn out city of Williamsburgh, present so grand a pageant as when these proud, embattled, victorious legions paraded through her broad, finely shaded streets. This ancient metropolis of the colony of Virginia may, no doubt, be taken as a fair sample of the faded and fading condition, both of town and country, throughout this Old Dominion. Jamestown, where the first English settlement was made, lies three or four miles south of this, on the James river. The centre of the colony was, however, soon removed to Williamsburgh. There is something staid, dignified and pleasing, about its appearance. The inhabitants do not, perhaps, number over fifteen hundred. Here and there, along the streets, stands a fine old mansion—no new ones—indicating wealth, refinement and luxury. The larger portion, however, of the houses seemed sadly on the decline. William and Mary College, incorporated nearly two centuries since, is located here. Until the rebellion broke out, it was still continued with considerable success. Many a hopeful scion of the F. F. V.'s received his literary training here. The buildings are unimposing; not excelling those of what would usually be termed one-horse colleges at the North. When visiting the buildings, I found each hall, every room and corridor, filled with wounded and dead soldiers, principally rebels. The court house, the churches, and many private houses, were

also crowded with Union and rebel soldiers mutilated in almost every possible manner. So far as I have yet seen estimates of the wounded, they all certainly fall far short of the sad reality.

Insane Asylum.—The only really fine building in the place, and the only public one unoccupied by the wounded, is the State Insane Asylum, at present containing about three hundred inmates. All Virginia should have been shut up in such institutions more than a year since. Through the military officer having charge of it since the place was captured, I obtained ready admittance. In the beautiful enclosure quite a company of the more veteran and docile inmates were parading with one of the superintendents. I made them a little speech, and preached to them a short sermon, for which not only thanks but applause was tendered. In hearing of the inmates, I inquired of the Virginia official, whether room could be furnished for additional boarders. "Quite a number more," was the satisfactory answer. "A hundred?" "Yes, with some crowding. But why? Are there any whom it is desired to send?" "Yes, about a hundred." "A hundred! What, from the Union army?" "No; we are about to catch Jeff. Davis, Beauregard, and such ilk, and may conclude that the best disposition which can be made will be, to put upon them straight-jackets, and confine them here." The dignitary seemed to relish but little the suggestion. Not so, however, the inmates, who clapped and shouted; declaring, that would be the very thing.

On the March.—On Friday and Saturday, our column made about twenty miles on the way to Richmond; having about forty miles between us and that famous old city. Ten

miles a day, in our manner of travelling, may occasion much toil and fatigue to the soldier; having, perhaps, to start early and halt late. The head of the column may leave camp at 7, A. M., and the rear not till noon. For long, long miles the grand cavalcade moves on like the windings of some great anaconda. Every available part of the road is occupied, often also the adjacent fields and woods. The breaking of a mule's trace may occasion the stoppage of a column for miles back. We are also moving into Dixie, without a distinct knowledge of the numbers, the whereabouts, or the intentions of the enemy; with some ignorance also of the particular localities ahead—all movements, in consequence, must be so regulated as best to guard against surprise.

Moral Influences.—In Saturday night's encampment we have remained till now—Monday night. Slow and sure, is our General's seeming motto. It was difficult yesterday to have public worship. The large number of regiments brought close together in camp, the consequent noise and bustle, the hauling and distribution of provisions, the coming and going of guards and outposts, the martial music, together with various other camp noises, all combine to embarrass public service and drown the speaker's voice. Few made the attempt. In the evening, however, we had a large, interesting, and most refreshing meeting. Indeed all our meetings since the battle have been more than ordinarily full of interest. The hearts of God's children have been evidently drawn nearer Himself on account of the protection granted in the hour of imminent danger. Not a few intelligent Christian members have related in our meetings their religious feelings and impressions in the hour of im-

pending death, thereby adding much interest and profit to our evening meetings.

More marked than ever before, since the conflict a week ago, has been the tendency of the Gospel already noticed in previous letters. The manifestation of the goodness and mercy of God necessarily either softens the heart or still more hardens. Many who had hair-breadth escapes from missiles of death, seeing now that they are safe, feel it incumbent upon them to swear all the more profanely, and stiffen their necks more boldly against God. Thus proving most conclusively, that no danger, however imminent, no deliverance, however marked—no, not even though one should rise from the dead, will the hardened sinner repent and believe. Equally evident also has it been that those who had in them any evidence of the love of God, have had that love quickened and strengthened. Sermons can be preached from the tumults of the battle-field, as well as from the quiet persuasiveness of the sacred desk.

Our social meeting to-night, (Monday,) was still larger than usual; full of interest and manifest profit. Orders are issued to march at 7 in the morning. On through the world—on through life we go without knowing what is before us. And who would wish to have the veil lifted and all the incidents of to-morrow revealed to him? "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

CHICKAHOMINY RIVER,
15 miles from Richmond, Monday, May 19th, 1862.

In that quiet editorial sanctum, you can form but little conception of the enormous physical labor and fatigue endured by our army, since its arrival at Fortress Monroe, two months since, and still undergoing, as we advance toward Richmond, in the face of a cunning, treacherous and still powerful enemy. This is naturally a most interesting, beautiful and fertile section of country,—yet sadly worn-out and depopulated by the blight of slavery and the pride of its people; a region, also, affording peculiar facilities for its possessors to defend themselves against invasion. The roads are crooked, narrow, and in bad repair. When it rains, as it often has, and in torrents, since we came, the spongy soil works to a fearful depth of thin mud, by the tread of the invading host. And what helps the matter, the retreating army has just preceded us. During the whole course they have quite unintentionally designated to us the most dangerous portions of the road. In every deep mire some of their wagons or baggage implements are left, hopelessly sunk in the mud—not the large, strong, new wagons belonging to our Union army, but quaint and varied old country wagons, which have evidently been pressed into the service. In each instance the propensity of these rebel secesh for destruction is manifest, for wherever one of their vehicles stuck hoplessly in the mud, they have built a fire in the bed, and left the wood-work charred and useless. As our boys wade past them, they always take a hearty laugh at the impotent malice of these madmen.

NIGHT MARCH.—Last Friday evening, at dusk, our regiment, with its brigade, was ordered to march about five miles,

and occupy a certain position, where the rebels either were or had been during the day. Our way led through fields and into woods, across mud-holes, frog-ponds and sloughs. It was presently so dark, that one could scarcely see his fellow. What feeling, wading, floundering, and splashing. On we went. Several artillery wagons were soon left far behind, almost buried in the sacred soil of Dixie. Arriving at the place about 11 P. M., and as no enemy could be found, all were glad to take a soft, inviting bed, as offered in a wet, sandy field. Yet, when the sun rose upon us next morning, all were ready for a march, as seeming fresh as ever, without a reported invalid or complaint heard. Men can become accustomed to almost any thing.

Living on the March.—Several friends have lately inquired of me by letter, "How do you live in your present condition?" The meaning is understood to be, "How do you eat, or, rather, get any thing to eat?" Just as we can, dear friends; as to myself, quite comfortably. A wagon is allowed to a regimental staff to carry indispensables. A soldier may wade through and get past places, with his fifty pounds of baggage on his back, where a wagon and six mules may stick fast. As a result, the regiment often halts at night, and lies down on the wet ground to rest, while the wagons may be miles behind, perchance sticking fast in some mud-hole. Night passes, and they are not up; the next day may pass without their arrival. To avoid such uncertainties and disappointments, I carry along, either on the saddle or person, every thing necessary both for sleeping and eating for a march of four or five days. Two woollen blankets, with two pliable, drab oil-cloths. At night, one oil-cloth, spread on the ground, and woollen blanket thereon, make the bed for myself and little son: the remaining

blanket suffices for a covering, and, if raining, the other oil-cloth over all. The food and cooking utensils? A small sack of ground coffee, with another of sugar, a few pounds of salt pork or bacon, with two tin plates, in the saddle-bags. A canteen, with tin-cup, strung on one shoulder, and haversack, full of crackers, on the other; a small frying-pan, strapped behind the saddle; a knife, fork, and spoon, curiously united, in the pocket, with a little tin pail, answering for a coffee-pot, which my colored man, Isaac, carries in his hand:—all complete. After halting, a fire is kindled; water and coffee put into the pail, and soon heated;—the repast is ready. Tin cup of the black-looking coffee, a little sugar, three or four crackers, broken in, spoon in hand, and squatted on the ground. Should the appetite crave, a few slices of salt meat are fried in the pan. As to the laundry, it is jocosely asserted that linen, or even paper collars, are now against the army regulations. My surplus wardrobe is a change of flannel. When this is needed, my man, Isaac, takes the soiled pieces, with soap, to some spring or brook, gives them a shaking, a rinse or two, and dries them.

Sabbath Rest.—Yesterday (Sabbath) we enjoyed a quiet, pleasant, profitable day of rest. Divine service at 11 A. M., with our usual large and interesting meeting in the evening. General McClellan is happily carrying out his programme with respect to the Sabbath; and that is to rest, so far as camp-life will permit, and make no forward or aggressive movement, unless seemingly demanded by some military necessity. Yesterday our whole army, in this region, rested, though a godless general would no doubt have urged the weary soldiers on after the retiring rebels. Conversing on the subject with our Briga-

dier-General, on Saturday last, he expressed to me his full conviction that more had been effected during the past six days, than had we advanced on the previous Sabbath; and, moreover, that some military blunders would have been fallen into by a forward movement on that Sabbath, which were avoided by resting. There is a great reward in keeping God's commands.

We moved forward a few miles to-day towards Richmond, and are now encamped on the banks of that now quite familiar, but narrow, dirty, crooked stream, called Chickahominy—fifteen miles, perhaps, from that royal city. All manner of rumors are now afloat in camp—some that the rebels await us in strong force in a swamp on the opposite side of the stream—others that not a rebel is between us and Richmond—that they have abandoned the city, and some of our troops will enter it to-day. No place so difficult as in camp to get the true condition of things, until some time after they have transpired. We hope, at least, to be soon in Richmond.

Marriage of Washington.—In the immediate vicinity of where we camped over Sabbath, (May 18th,) and twenty-two miles from Richmond, stands St. Peter's church, in which Washington was married to his Martha, who gave happiness and eclat to his life, and assists in adding fame to his memory. Episcopal services were conducted in it a week ago, since which the incumbent rector has felt constrained to leave with the retreating rebels, with whom of course he sympathizes. The building is a small, quaint semi-Gothic structure of brick with cribbed windows and door-ways, and still in a state of good preservation. It has been standing for one hundred and fifty-two years, as indicated by an engraved inscription. The location is

retired, elevated, and beautiful; the walks gravelled and overshadowed by grand old oaks and pines—all that could be desired in a place for the marriage of his country's Father. Were Washington again in the flesh, and here at the marriage church, could he unite these contending legions of his once beloved colonies? Too great a work, no doubt, even for him; but could he, a more immortal wedding would be consummated than the one so long ago here, with his beloved Martha.

INDIAN RESERVATION.—In the same neighborhood, a curiosity exists in the shape of a miserable little Indian town and reservation of 1700 acres. Its location is on the Pamunky, a branch of the York river, and opposite White House Landing. This miserable, feeble remnant is all that remains of the once powerful tribes of red men inhabiting this fertile land. Each of this dirty, greasy remnant, as a matter in course, boasts of being a lineal descendant of Pocahontas. What a motley group of descendants that poor little Indian girl has attached to her as mother! Some time since, it would seem, General Magruder pressed all the braves of the tribe into the rebel service. At this summary breach of their independence, the old men and women, the wives, young squaws, and pappooses held a grand pow wow, and sent a remonstrance to Governor Letcher; the result of which was that the "braves" were allowed to return to their wigwams, and smoke, if possible, the pipe of peace. Of course, the miserable little tribe is too contemptible for our army to make any interference with its rights. No fact could, perhaps, better illustrate the thorough stand-still condition of this Old Dominion, than that a few dirty, lazy Indians should maintain their separate nationality, for over two centuries, in the midst of one of the most fertile regions of North America.

Right or wrong, such a people would long since have been swept wholly away by the tide of Western adventure.

Spirit of the Rebel Army.—It has been my settled conviction, since this rebellion was inaugurated, that the general opinion at the North, respecting the rank and file of the Southern army, is altogether erroneous. Conservatives and fossilized Democrats, in Congress, with multitudes of sympathizers outside, continue to assure us that this gigantic rebellion was inaugurated by but a small fraction of the Southern population—by a few cunning, ambitious politicians and leading slaveholders—that the rank and file of their army, made up from the poor whites, the scallywags, the Lazaroni, have been deceived, and hoodwinked into enlistment, and will be glad, so soon as convenient, to abandon the rebellion—and hence the great body of the South should be dealt with very tenderly. In my judgment, there exists no greater mistake. As a rule, those Lazaroni of the South have enlisted in the war to fight against the North with their whole hearts, and with a cherished hatred as strong as their degraded animal natures will permit. *Their* motives for joining so heartily in the rebellion, are, no doubt, quite different from those of the lordly slaveholder, yet to them none the less potent for evil. Their general ignorance and proverbial laziness and poverty, have led them, by contrast, cordially to hate the intelligent, industrious and thrifty Yankees. They also abhor the very thought of the negro's emancipation as bitterly as the slaveholder, yet from a different motive. "Should the negro become a freeman, he may, by a superior intelligence and industry, rise in the social scale above me."

These impressions were formed years since, by a considerable

time spent in the far South, and abundantly confirmed since the battles of Williamsburg and Fair Oaks. The large portion of those left dead on these battle-fields, were large and physical, yet evidently of low animal habits—just such men, when trained, as to fight like tigers Many of their wounded visited and conversed with in the hospital, are, with few exceptions, of the same class. Various squads of prisoners, freely conversed with, offered no exception. Coarse, ignorant, dirty, brutal in their instincts, and cherishing a savage hatred and prejudice against the North, which was often but poorly hidden, even under an effort, in order to obtain the kindly offices of our soldiers. Sympathy expended on any class of these rebels, is altogether misplaced. Nothing but rifle-bullets and bayonets will reduce them to obedience or respectful action.

CAMP, SEVEN MILES FROM RICHMOND,
May 26th, 1861.

WHISKEY RATIONS.—There is at present the most serious apprehension that the grand army of the Potomac is on the eve of a terrible and disgraceful defeat, not from the rebels, but from *rum*. An order has been issued, the past week, and now carried into execution, to issue *each morning* to *every officer and soldier* of the army *half a gill of whiskey*. Gen. M'Clellan is said to be the author of this monstrous wrong, both to soldier and country. Better for a General, in this enlightened age on temperance, to have suffered a dozen defeats than issue such an order. But no matter who be responsible, let an indignant Christian community put such a mark on him or them that they shall,

hereafter, be known as the wholesale drunkard makers; the destroyers of men's souls and bodies; the creators of untold anguish to thousands of mothers, wives, sisters and daughters; and the breakers down of good morals in the army. All this, too, under profession of kindness to the soldier, a medicine beforehand to prevent him from getting sick! The whole thing is a great lie; an outrageous slander on this grand army. The daily poison is not needed for its health. Scarce did army ever endure greater exposure and fatigue than for the past two months, nor with better health. Those, also, who from principle have abstained from all intoxicating drinks, are now the most robust of all. We challenge any skeptic to come and examine.

I have been too long in this service not to know the dreadful effects of this order. Drunkards and dram-drinkers are boastful and jubilant. They have now the furnished approval of Gen. M'Clellan for drinking and getting drunk. One day the barrel of poison failed to reach our regiment; the next, two half gills were issued; the result, *drunkenness*. Thousands on thousands of young men and boys, not yet inured to tipple, will now be induced to swallow their daily glass; seeing it comes to them as a ration and prescription in order to prevent disease. Never did I feel so tempted and pressed to relinquish the chaplain service, and yield all to the control of Satan. God knows that it has been with no ordinary trials and difficulties that any influences of the Christian religion have been kept in the army. And now to be overwhelmed with this unexpected flood-tide of evil, in the time of our greatest need, seems almost too much to sustain. The red tape of the army, in a goodly measure, ties both hands and tongue here. *It is an army regulation.* But, O, do let every mother who has a son, every wife who has a

husband, each sister who has a brother, in the army, yea, each female who has a friend, so besiege the President, Congress, Gen. M'Clellan, with earnest, indignant petition and remonstrance, as must be heard. Let every virtue-loving citizen, who has a vote, hunt out and mark the author or authors of this murderous wrong, that, henceforth, no vote shall be theirs either for civil or military position. Let pulpit and press, happily, stronger than armies and navies, give such united, loud, and continued condemnation, that this useless and ruinous order shall be speedily countermanded.

The day following the promulgation of the whiskey order, a young officer, Captain of one of our companies, one who fears God and earnestly desires the welfare of each member of his company, and, withal, not excelled in his profession by any officer of similar grade in the army, came to speak with me of the matter. "Chaplain," said he, "I feel inexpressibly sad over this matter. O, it will certainly be the ruin of half my dear young men. Most gladly, could it be done consistently, would I resign and go home. I have just been writing a letter to my father on the subject." My request was to see the letter, and, after perusal, asked leave to transfer the following portion. It will thus be seen how an earnest, intelligent officer, who has every opportunity to judge correctly, looks upon the matter.

"I must tell you, dear father, of something which has saddened me beyond expression; and something, too, of which I can only be sad, having no power to remedy. It is, that government has issued an order, granting to every soldier a half gill of whiskey every morning. How miserably I felt yesterday, when I saw nearly my entire company walk up and get their portion of this accursed poison! It is due them according to the order, and there is no use in my trying to prevent their

getting it. The medical directors say it is good for the men, and will prevent their taking fever. Thus it is presented to the men every morning under the sanction of the government; that government, which we all believed to be our best friend, but which, by this order, makes itself our most terrible and eternal foe. Every man who uses it will acquire the habit of drinking regularly; and so, when this war is over, five hundred thousand drinking men are to be turned loose on society. Woe, woe, to our future greatness, if such is to be the case. This order will cause mothers to tremble and shudder as no battle will do—and well may they tremble. This temptation, licensed by the government, is presented to her boy every morning, and if he yields, which he is almost certain to do, presented to him as a medicine, she will receive back that boy, whom she gave for her country's defence, a besotted, regular dram-drinker. Father, say to every mother who has a son in my company, that I lament that I can do nothing to prevent this; my hands are tied. But the mothers of America have some control over their sons, though they are in the army. Let them petition Congress to stop this wholesale drunkard-making. Let editors write about it, and preachers preach about it, and Christians pray about it, and it *can* be stopped. We had a large Temperance meeting last night in order to raise an earnest testimony against the evil. Our Chaplain, myself and many others, resolved to draw our rations—it is for officers and privates—and then pour it on the ground as a drink offering to the cause of temperance.

"When first learning of this order, I felt so much disgusted, that, had it been possible, I would have quit the service instantly; but, on reflection, I thought this would not be the right way, but stay and endeavor to stop the evil here,"

Crossing the Chickahominy.—On Friday we crossed the Chickahominy, and encamped some two miles to the left of the road leading to Richmond. From the rest of previous Sabbaths, we expected to remain yesterday in camp, and had preaching appointed for 11 o'clock, A. M.; but, early in the morning, orders came to be in line for marching by 10½ o'clock. All the quiet of Sabbath was at once gone, the bustle of preparation, and then the slow wearying march back to the Richmond road, then along, and again to the left of it, where we camped last evening, and from whence I now write, said to be seven miles from Richmond. We had a refreshing Sabbath evening's service in camp. This forenoon, baggage wagons and trains, officers' baggage, all the sick or feeble, are being sent back across the Chickahominy, and the army marshalled into order of battle. Whether the enemy will again offer battle will be seen as we move up towards Richmond. A terrible scene of blood will be enacted, else will our army soon be in that famous city; from whence, or near which, I hope to write my next letter.

Chickahominy, Monday, June 2d, 1862.

Battle of Fair Oaks.—At the close of my last letter, a promise, in the shape of a *hope*, was given to date my next epistle from Richmond. The only satisfactory reason which can be assigned for a non-fulfilment is, that the rebels would not let me. This "on to Richmond," proves to be not only a lingering, but quite a laborious business. On Saturday afternoon, May 31st, our regiment, with its division, was engaged in

another awful scene of strife and bloodshed. A half dozen words of Saxon English can doubtless express distinctly and candidly the result. For the time being, *we got the worst of it.* On Friday, the 30th, we made a brief advance, being about six miles from Richmond. That night a deluge of rain fell on our defenceless heads, and the morning light exhibited our camp flooded with water. About noon, we had orders to move about half a mile in advance, and on the left of our column. The new position was a little more elevated, and where some more than ordinarily enterprising secesh had cleared a field, a year or two since, in the midst of a dense forest, built a log-cabin, little outhouses, and corn-crib. As we now make no calculation whether we may remain an hour, a day, or a week, in any assigned position, the first effort, on halting, is to be as comfortable as the place and condition will allow. By the politeness of our colonel, the *corn-crib* was assigned to myself and little son for our exclusive occupancy. And, had the rebels allowed its occupancy, it would have proved the most comfortable shelter we had had for the past two months. Not half an hour, however, after occupancy, a sharp fire of pickets commenced, close in our front and right; presently followed the crash of whole regiments—then, in quick succession and continual roar, the thunder from several batteries of artillery;—we were thus, suddenly and unexpectedly, in another fierce battle. Quick as spoken, all preparations for comfort were abandoned, and the regiment in line of battle. The members of each company piled their knapsacks, blankets, haversacks, etc., together, leaving them under a small guard till the issue of the battle would be seen.

No enemy appeared in our front, for the reason, as we learned, of an intervening swamp. There we stood, for three hours, listening to that awful rage and din of battle, all the while

vexed that we could not see the scene of strife, by reason of an intervening wood. At times the earth almost seemed to be tearing open, as ten thousand small arms, with scores of cannon, crashed together, and mingled their roar with whizzing bullets, bursting shells, and the shouts and cheers of advancing or retiring columns. Whenever aught especially exciting happened, our whole regiment would send up three grand cheers. All were excited and eager for the fray, and every one impatient, lest it should end without their having an active hand therein.

About 5 P. M., I became convinced that instead of this rage of battle getting farther away, it was actually drawing nearer and more directly on our right. An order now hastily came for our regiment to go to the right on double-quick—a brisk run. Away went the boys, with a shout; yet into what a fearful place were they so quickly hurried! By this time, the enemy, in overwhelming numbers, were pressing back our confronting column, seizing our batteries, all the horses of which were killed, while a number of our regiments were in very serious disorder. Our object was to hold the enemy in check, and this our old 13th nobly assisted in doing. A scene of horrid carnage immediately ensued. To fall back, soon became a necessity, else either all be killed or taken prisoners. This was accomplished without haste or serious disorder. In doing so, the saddest thing to me was the seeming necessity of leaving our dead on the bloody field, to be trodden on by an insulting foe; and some of those dead were my dearest, best young Christian friends, who have, for long months, in every possible way, been holding up my hands as chaplain. Sad and melancholy, yet precious would have been to me the privilege of assisting to bury, with befitting ceremony, those dear, mangled bodies. But no matter into what ditch an insulting foe may cast them, they belong to

Christ, were sanctified by His Spirit, and in His hands, sorrowing friends, they are safe.

So far as discerned at the time, I was the last one of our regiment to retire from the scene of carnage, and, so far as could be discovered, none of our wounded were left on the field,—though the smoke and horrid rage of cannon and musketry, the shouts and the groans, with the strange, unearthly music of a thousand passing missiles of death, may have prevented the discovery of some poor fellow, who would thus fall living into the tender mercies of the rebels. Fresh troops coming up, our regiment re-formed, close to the battle-field, where it still maintains its position. The boys lost their blankets, knapsacks, and haversacks, thus leaving them in rather a comfortless condition for spending the damp, chilly night.

From Saturday evening till Sabbath afternoon, all my attention and energies were devoted to our wounded, by which time all were made as comfortable as the condition would allow,—their wounds dressed, and a large number sent away by railroad to the steamboat landing, and hence to a more congenial place for nursing. By this time, also, dirty, bloody, weary and sickened with scenes of carnage, mutilation and suffering, I took my little son behind me, and rode a few miles across the Chickahominy, where our baggage had been sent a few days previous, in order, if possible, to get a day's rest. This became the more necessary from the fact of my suffering somewhat from a hurt, received in the battle of Williamsburg, on the 5th of May. In that battle, a cannon-ball struck a pine tree, near to where I was, scattering the branches in all directions. A small limb struck me, end foremost, on the breast, directly on the right nipple, making a slight bruise and consequent soreness, but to which no attention was paid for a week or more. Since then a

hard swelling has arisen, and so far refuses to be allayed, but my hope is it will soon pass away.

VOLUNTARY SURGEONS.—During the past week, our regiment, with others from Pittsburg and vicinity, have been visited by a large delegation of physicians and citizens from the smoky city. Their object in coming was not only to see and greet their friends, but especially to minister to the wounded and the sick. Such visits of friendship and benevolence, are always productive of much good; yet these brethren, especially the physicians, soon found close limits set to their desires and action by the *red tape* of army regulations. If aught were done by them for the suffering soldier, the permission, supervision, and direction of army officials must be asked—surgeons, some of whom, from the single vice of drunkenness, are wholly unfit to have the lives of men in their care,—men with whom, if at home and in ordinary practice, our visitors would hardly condescend to hold a consultation.

With these friends, when returning, I have sent my little son who has now seen sufficient of camp, and marches, and battle-fields for one of ten years.

CHAPTER V.

Peninsular Campaign.

FAIR OAKS—YORKTOWN.

CHICKAHOMINY, Va., June 9th, 1862.

A COMBINATION of bruises, fatigue, malaria, and execrable water, have laid a dispensation upon your correspondent to occupy pretty much the same locality since writing my last. Each day, however, I have been enabled to give a little attention to our sick, and hope in a few days to be again able for the multiplying duties of the present position.

Since the late bloody battles, all hereabouts has been remarkably quiet. So far as I can understand, each army occupies substantially the same position held previously to the battle. Each looking fiercely at the other, yet neither in seeming haste again to strike. This state of affairs cannot long continue.

The past week of inactivity has had a most debilitating influence upon many of our Regiments. The preceding Herculean labors and fatigue—the fierce excitements of the battle-field—and then, as ours was encamped in a mud hole close beside the bloody ground—every alternate day or night drenched with torrents of rain, together with very inadequate shelter—the hot, sultry weather—putrefying malaria from the blood of men and horses—and not a drop of water within reach fit either to

drink or use in cooking, the only marvel is all are not on the sick list. Should the present condition of things long continue, the number of invalids must be fearfully swelled. The tocsin for another battle would in an instant produce a great change for the better—more effective far than all the abominable whiskey with which our poor soldiers are still daily poisoned. So far as my observation extends, no real good has been produced by its introduction; while cohorts of evil have accompanied.

The smoke and din from our late battles here have by this time so far cleared away, that thoroughly anxious friends all over the North have become fairly posted as to those who will be compelled to mourn over loved ones slaughtered far off here on the muddy Chickahominy, or to receive back mutilated friends to be nursed for the remainder of life; as well as those whose dear ones are still in life, and have their fears and anxieties redoubled in anticipation of another near approaching and bloody battle. Were it possible to measure cares and fears, anxieties, sorrows and sufferings as a liquid, ocean tides would roll up and break around every great battle-field. The Lord is angry with us as a nation.

Effect of Wounds.—It has frequently been a matter of special interest to me to notice, not only on the battle-field, but also in the hospital, the different ways in which wounds affect different persons. One, when receiving but an insignificant flesh wound, becomes at once unnerved, tumbles down, and must needs be carried from the field; and when the wound comes to be dressed, shouts and screams quite sufficiently to satisfy the French surgeon, whose theory was, that the more a patient bemoaned, so much the more was his pain eased. Another may have an arm broken to pieces, a ball tear through the

fleshy part of the leg, thigh, or body, and yet walk away from the battle-field alone, and as steadily as though nothing had happened. A dear young friend from Co. H. of our Regiment, in the battle of May 31st, had his arm shattered below the shoulder; with this dangling by his side, and as though nothing had happened, he walked away from the battle-field to a hospital a mile distant, and had the arm amputated without a grimace. Next morning he walked a mile to the railroad station; and when I parted with him there he was visiting some wounded companions, seemingly unconscious of his own sad mutilation. I met a soldier, from the battle-field of Sabbath morning, striding through the mud all alone, and boasting of what his Regiment had done, yet presenting a most horrible appearance. A Minnié ball had struck him in front of the left ear, passing upwards through the face, and tearing his right eye entirely out. Such a shock must have instantly killed another of finer sensibility.

Gospel in Battle.—The demoniac rage and hellish tumults of a fierce battle-field, are well calculated to make each one forget aught but self. Even here, however, scenes of love and self-sacrificing kindness are sometimes enacted, which would do no discredit to an angel. In the battle of May 31, when our regiment was ordered to retire before an overwhelming and advancing force of the rebels, and as this was being executed, a young soldier of Co. M. fell mortally wounded. His captain, who to me is a Headley Vicars, seeing the young man had but a few moments to live, and doubtful as to his fitness for death, turned back, bent over the dying soldier, and directed his departing spirit to Christ, who is able to save to the uttermost, as well as to the very last. How short, how inexpressibly earnest and persuasive was that sermon! God, I trust, accepted the

sacrifice, blessed that gospel preached, saved, converted, sanctified the departing spirit, ere it passed to the judgment-seat. Such a scene, in such a place, ennobles Christianity—done, as it was, in the most imminent peril of his own life, or at least of capture, as the enemy were close at hand. As the spirit departed, the captain left the lifeless body, and rejoined his company in safety. O, that God would give us a few more living Christians, who bear command! Many, very many officers, will rush into battle with an oath on the lips, and, if spared, come out with blasphemy on the tongue.

Fair Oaks, Va., June 23d, 1862.

Battle-Field of Fair Oaks.—On Saturday last, in company with Captain Fulwood, I took not only a general, but minute survey of the battle-field of "Fair Oaks," or "Seven Pines." Our immediate object was so to describe the localities and spots where each one of our regiment, slain in battle, is buried, that years hence, if occasion require, we could return and find them. Our belief is, that, when peace returns, our regiment will send a delegation and take the bones of our dead from the various battle-fields home to Pittsburg. Various reasons prompted us to this careful description and marking the localities. No regularity was or could be observed in burying the slain. It was the third day after the battle, before an opportunity was allowed for burial. By this time the rains and heat had rendered the bodies extremely offensive. When friends found friends, they were fain to dig a little trench, near by, shove the putrefying body into in, and speedily cover it up.

All of ours were, at first, carefully marked by head-boards, having inscribed the name, company, and regiment. Yet, even while here, not a few of such boards have already been removed for various purposes by vandals from our own army. When we leave, which, it is fondly hoped, will be soon, little doubt, all marks, designating the individual dead, will presently disappear. I have no belief that an honest Union sentiment lurks in the breast of a single inhabitant of Dixie, between this and Fortress Monroe. When we are away, all will, no doubt, take pleasure in obliterating, as far as possible, every trace of this Northern invasion, even to defacing the lowly resting-places of the dead.

My earnest hope is that the body of no loyal and brave Pennsylvanian will finally be left to moulder in this, not sacred, but soil-accursed by treason towards both God and man. Should it be my allotment to fall, ere this terrible strife ends, I beseech my friends to carry my bones home, so that they may commingle with kindred dust.

The battle-field? How does it look after three weeks of June sun and rains? Gloomy, desolate, and offensive. Owing to the water and the mud, with various other conditions of burial, the body of many a soldier was so inadequately covered, that, since the water was dried up by the last week's absence of rain, and the scanty amount of covering falling in, many a black, decaying hand and foot, or even head, makes a ghastly projection, and from which emanates a stench offensive even to sickening. Especially is this the case with the hundreds of fine horses, slaughtered on the bloody field. The scanty mounds thrown over each, where it fell, have dried, the earth crumbled in, and thus opened various holes and crevices to the rotting carcass—all emitting nauseous gases, tainting the whole atmosphere. Should any one of my readers still possess any of that

commodity called the *poetry of war*, my only wish is they had walked with us in a minute survey of this now famous battle-ground. Romance and poetry about battle-fields and they would have speedily separated.

Whiskey Rations.—Let us bless the Lord together. The order issuing daily rations of whiskey to the soldiers in the army of the Potomac, has been rescinded. What new light has beamed into the noddles of sage medical advisers and "Head-quarter" influences, can now only be guessed at, and, therefore, no effort need be made to write them at present. To every man of discernment and judgment, the thing has been working much evil, while entirely failing to accomplish the proposed objects—keeping away disease, and rendering the soldiers more healthy and efficient. Should no additional blindness induce the powers that be to renew the whiskey ration, we will, while in our present condition, have an absence of drunkenness among our rank and file: get it here they cannot. Would that a similar necessity rested upon officers of every grade. Although difficulty is frequently experienced in getting forward sufficient army supplies through the limited channels which have been opened, yet is it said and believed that whole wagon-loads of boxes, filled with champagne, brandy, and whiskey, for "Head-quarters," find preference in *public* conveyance.

Florence Nightingales.—During the past week, we were visited by Mrs. Harris, of Philadelphia, the indefatigable dispenser of unnumbered blessings to our sick soldiers. As written in one of my letters from Tennelly, last winter, Mrs. Harris is the visiting and disbursing agent of a large ladies' association in Philadelphia, as well as various other aiding societies in New

Jersey and elsewhere. Her coming here at this time, with such a seeming inexhaustible supply, has been most opportune—a God-send—an angel's visit. No place on earth could well be more free from all elements of physical comfort, than this forlorn region about the Chickahominy is at present.

In company with Mrs. Harris, and Mrs. Samson, from Maine, I visited, on Friday last, an old secession mansion, into which ninety of our sick, from various regiments, have been collected. The visit of these ladies was wholly unexpected by the sick, and deeply interesting was it to witness the joyous surprise of the poor invalids, as each one in turn was visited, words of kindness spoken, and his wants ministered to. Not one of them, for long months, had heard the voice of soothing kindness from woman's lips. Not a few were at first wholly overcome, yet all felt happier and better. Calling next day to inquire of their welfare, almost every one spoke with enthusiasm of the previous day's visit.

Religious Service.—Readers will, no doubt, be interested again to hear from our evening meeting for prayer and social worship. Some of our active members were killed in the late battle. Quite a number were severely wounded, among whom is the active Secretary of our Christian Association, son of Rev. Dr. Young, of Butler, Pennsylvania,—all away in hospital. A day or two after the battle, several companies, among which is our largest delegation of members, were sent out, three or four miles, on picket, and have not yet been recalled. These seeming serious hinderances caused us to doubt the ability successfully to carry on our meetings. This was our infirmity. At no previous time have our meetings been so large, so full of interest, and affording such evidence of profit, as for the past two

weeks. Many, who never before attended, are now regularly with us. Several who, a few weeks since, were awfully profane swearers, are now trembling and prayerful inquirers after what they shall do to be saved. Quite a number, also, from regiments encamped near us, who have no religious service, though some have chaplains, hearing our singing, came at first to learn what it meant, and now attend regularly, some taking part with us. Good cause have we to erect an Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

HARRISON'S LANDING, 25 Miles below Richmond,
July 7th, 1862.

SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING.—The failure to send my usual weekly letter, on Monday of last week, June 30th, may have a satisfactory solution, without supposing that your correspondent was sick, wounded, killed, or in the hands of the rebels; none of which calamities were upon him. The truth is, for a whole week my usual letters were never thought of; more fearful realities occupying each moment and every thought. During the past ten days, it has been an almost unceasing struggle for self-preservation. This seemed to depend on the ability of our army to beat back the assaulting power of rebeldom, and gain a new and safer position, by a retrograde movement.

Where to begin, where to end, or what to say, in the brief compass of a letter, concerning the strangely diversified, and constantly multiplying events of those intervening days seem difficult to determine. The truthful historian will, hereafter, take many pages to narrate the same. Whether we have been

suffering defeats or gaining victories, undergoing serious reverses, or approaching nearer a final triumph, is not my purpose at present to discuss. A brief recital of what our own regiment has passed through, may perhaps be the most satisfactory. This, however, not unduly to enhance the old thirteenth, nor exalt it above others equal in action and endurance, but because, with the movements of our own regiment I was at various times alone familiar.

On Friday morning, June 27th, being still encamped on the battle-field of *Fair Oaks*, our regiment was ordered in front of our lines, on picket duty for twenty-four hours. The position was in an underbrush wood. The enemy, in large force, were so near, that every ordinary word spoken by them could be distinctly heard. A promiscuous firing soon commenced, which continued with but little intermission during the entire night; in which time, most of our men discharged their pieces from fifty to seventy times.

Relieved at 8, A. M., on Saturday morning, and ordered back to camp two miles; yet, before reaching which, got orders for each to hastily gather up what he could carry, and burn the rest. During the scenes described I had no horse, but took it all on foot with the soldiers. A few simple necessities were arranged for a package on the shoulder, and all the rest of my little camp fixings looked at with much complacency, while turned into ashes. Off we started, knowing neither why or whither, under a scorching June sun. Making a circuitous route of some ten or twelve miles, in a southwardly direction, we were halted at dusk, in a pine wood; and notwithstanding the sinking weariness, held a large and most refreshing prayer meeting.

Roused and in line of battle by day-break on Sabbath morn-

ing, by reason of picket-firing in front, and thus kept wearily standing and awaiting till 4, P. M. At this time, filed into a by-road, and marched till dark, yet no halt; on we went; and on during all that wearisome Sabbath night, through fields, through woods, through swamps, till sunrise on Monday morning, we were on the banks of James river. Rested for three or four hours, and again in line of battle, wearily waiting to see some one to shoot at till 4, P. M. For hours previously, heavy and constant cannonading had been heard away back from the direction we had come. At this time, orders came to march back at double quick step; and back we went. Marched till dusk, and halted in a newly harvested oat-field, where we had another large and soul-sustaining social prayer-meeting. The boys made beds of the oat-sheaves and tumbled down, fondly hoping to rest their weary bodies and souls. Yet were they scarcely down ere an order—*Up and on*—and up and on we went till ten or eleven at night, and halted on the battle-field of the previous afternoon; where, through the gloom of night, we could see the dead bodies of men and horses scattered around us. Rested here for two hours, by which time all the troops engaged in the previous day's battle had safely fallen back. Our mission was thus accomplished; when we again marched back towards James river until after day-light, when we took position in line of battle. Here, M'Clellan's whole army seemed to be congregated and arranging for some expected and terrible struggle.

Battle of Malvern Hill.—So far as I can understand the description of the battle-ground at Waterloo, this much resembles it. A small stream runs in a southward direction, yet, in a mile and a half, making a gradual curve in the shape

of a half moon. Undulating hills rise on either side to the height of seventy-five feet. Beautiful wheat, oats, and corn fields, covered nearly all these gently sloping hills. Much of the wheat and oats was still uncut. On the west side of the stream, and on the inner side of the half circle, were arranged the various corps and divisions of the Union army. Several hundred pieces of artillery pointed and frowned at the opposite hills and fields. It was evidently the purpose to depend principally upon the artillery in the coming struggle.

Early in the forenoon, the rebels began to make their appearance and boldly take position on the opposite banks of the little stream. For hours their parks of artillery, supported by regiments of infantry, came on and arranged themselves in splendid order of battle. Many parades and reviews had I seen, but this, on both sides of the stream, was by far the grandest and most wonderfully exciting ever before witnessed. While all these arrangements were being made, not a gun was fired, nor cannon opened its thunder. About noon this ominous, awful silence was broken, by the discharge from one of our cannon. And then! Yes, and then! My little son having witnessed the battles of Williamsburgh and Fair Oaks, and afterwards, hearing a news-boy shouting through camp, "Harper's Weekly, containing pictures of these battles," eagerly ran and paid his quarter for a number. After examining the pictures for some time, he indignantly threw down the paper, with the remark, "Pshaw, it's no use; they can't picture a battle." It's no use to try; no one can describe a battle. Soon, two hundred pieces of artillery were belching forth their awful thunders, and scattering solid shot, shells and canister, among the rebels on the opposite banks. Nor were *they*, in the mean time, idle. Bold and unflinching, they opened on us their

thunders, and, presently, left no doubt as to their skill and accuracy in gunnery. At first, their balls, shells and canister, flew and whizzed, and screamed, and burst over our heads, or fell far beyond. Yet, soon obtaining such accuracy of range as to make each one feel that, between him and death, there might be but a moment. Yonder, a cannon-ball tore through the ranks, dashing to pieces one, two, or three soldiers. There a horse and rider were knocked down together. Here, a shell exploded, tearing off the head of one, the arm of a second, and leg of a third.

Never were soldiers placed in a position more fully and terribly to test their enduring courage, than was our regiment, during the whole of that fearful afternoon of July 1st, and never did men sustain themselves more honorably. None blanched, nor quailed, nor fell back. When a soldier on the battle-field is allowed to load and fire his gun at pleasure, he finds in it both occupation and excitement, thus measurably forgetting his own danger. On that day, however, the duty of our regiment was different—*to support a battery*—which meant that the regiment was to form close in the rear of six guns, and if the enemy should attempt to capture them by any bold move or sudden charge, the simple order to our men was, "Don't let them." Thus, for ten long hours, our brave boys had no other occupation than to remain inactive in one position, and have the enemy's shells and canister thrown among them, killing and wounding many. At no time was the enemy sufficiently near to use effectively the rifle or the musket. While my duties led me frequently to pass over the field, from the regiment to the rear with the wounded and return, thus exposed to equal danger, for balls and shells seemed to be falling and bursting every

where; yet, being generally in motion, the condition was more endurable than to be kept inactive, in one position.

Darkness at length brooded over the scene of carnage, when the thunders of artillery and work of death gradually ceased. The design of giving battle here seemed merely to hold the enemy in check, so as to gain the James river in safety, from which we were yet distant some six or eight miles. This was fairly and fully accomplished, the rebels gaining not the slightest advantage on any part of the widely-extended field. After night had set in, the various corps and divisions of our army again resumed a retrograde movement towards the river. I remained at our extemporized hospital on the field of battle until two in the morning,—by which time all the army, save a rear guard, was in motion. A large portion of the wounded we were enabled to take along; nearly all the dead were left unburied on the field. Major Poland was among the killed in our regiment, whose body we brought along and buried on the banks of the James river. Lieutentant Moony we buried at the hospital on the field.

At daylight on Wednesday morning it commenced to pour down on our weary march in torrents. By noon we were again at James river, drenched with the rain, and the soft soil trampled knee-deep into mud. The men were without tents or shelter, and most without blankets or over-coats. What a condition in which to rest the weary, aching, fainting bodies! But after four days and three nights of incessant toil, marches, and fightings, half the time without food, and not a moment to sleep, any place to rest was as a bed of down. Never before did I so fully realize how much severe and incessant fatigue men can endure. Never before were my own powers of endurance so long and terribly taxed; yet now, after a few days' comparative

rest, I feel fresh and well as ever, save a still remaining swelling, and soreness, with occasional pain from the wound or bruise received at Williamsburgh over two months since.

Once again have we all abundant occasion for gratitude to God, on account of the special and manifest care granted to us. During all those four or five days and nights of constant marches, dangers, skirmishes, and battles, we had but ten killed, and forty-nine wounded from our regiment. Marvellous is it in our eyes. Our regiment is now in good fighting condition. Notwithstanding all the fearful fatigue, exposure, and battles of the past three months, it still can muster nearly, if not quite seven hundred effective men. I verily believe this is by much the largest number of any regiment in the whole army which has performed equal service. Would you learn the reason, dear reader, for this? We have held a large and interesting *regimental prayer meeting, each evening*, during these three months' terrible struggle. Does not God hear and answer prayer?

A Rabbit Tamed—An Incident on the Battle-Field of Malvern Hills.—A full-grown rabbit had hid itself away in the copse of a fence, which separated two fields near the centre and most exposed portion of the battle-ground. Rabbits are wont to spend the day almost motionless, and in seeming dreamy meditation. This one could have had but little thought—if rabbits think—when choosing its place of retreat at early dawn, that ere it was eventide there would be such an unwonted and ruthless disturbance.

During all the preparations for battle made around its lair throughout the forenoon, it, nevertheless, remained quiet. Early, however, in the afternoon, when the rage of battle had fairly begun, and shot and shell were falling thick and fast in all di-

rections, a shell chanced to burst so near Mr. Rabbit's hiding-place, that he evidently considered it unsafe to tarry longer. So, frightened almost to death, out he sprang into the open field, and ran hither and thither with the vain hope of finding a safe retreat. Whichever way it ran cannons were thundering out their smoke and fire, regiments of men were advancing or changing position, horses galloping here and there, shells bursting, and solid shot tearing up the ground. Sometimes it would squat and lie perfectly still, when some new and sudden danger would again start it into motion. Once more it would stop and raise itself as high as possible on its hind legs, and look all around for some place of possible retreat.

At length that part of the field seemed open which lay in the direction opposite from where the battle raged most fiercely. Thither it accordingly ran with all its remaining speed. Unobserved by it, however, a regiment was in that direction, held in reserve, and like Wellington's at Waterloo, was lying flat on the ground, in order to escape the flying bullets. Ere the rabbit seemed aware, it had jumped into the midst of these men. It could go no farther, but presently nestled down beside a soldier, and tried to hide itself under his arm. As the man spread the skirt of his coat over the trembling fugitive, in order to insure it of all the protection in his power to bestow, he no doubt feelingly remembered how much himself then needed some higher protection, under the shadow of whose arm might be hidden his own defenceless head, from the fast-multiplying missiles of death, scattered in all directions.

It was not long, however, before the regiment was ordered up and forward. From the protection and safety granted, the timid creature had evidently acquired confidence in man—as the boys are wont to say, "Had been tamed." As the regi-

ment moved forward to the front of the battle, it hopped along, tame, seemingly, as a kitten, close at the feet of the soldier who had bestowed the needed protection. Wherever the regiment afterwards went, during all the remaining part of that bloody day and terrible battle, the rabbit kept close beside its new friend. When night came on, and the rage of battle had ceased, it finally, unmolested and quietly, hopped away, in order to find some one of its old and familiar haunts.

HARRISON'S LANDING, JAMES RIVER,
July 14th, 1862.

DAMAGES REPAIRED.—Since my last, no material change has taken place in this our new position, on this famous old James river. The smoke of the many recent battles has, in a goodly measure, cleared away. The various regiments have been busily counting up their losses, re-arranging their remaining forces, and preparing for a new struggle. The many vacancies of officers, slaughtered in the late battles, have generally been filled by those of inferior grade, who have been well tried in the late campaign. Not a few officers, who have apparently run down in the service, have offered their resignations, which, as a wise and safe rule, have generally been accepted, and their places filled with vigorous and active men. The wounded have been removed to Northern hospitals, the sick well cared for in extemporized hospitals, and those who were but weary have been rested, refreshed, and have new confidence and courage infused. Though reduced in number by half, yet would the army of the Potomac fight, to-morrow, a more skilful and per-

haps quite as effective a battle as at any previous period. Reinforcements are daily coming up the James river, and being attached to and arranged with the various corps of the army. Concerning the future movements, when and where, of the grand army, we have no information, and, concerning them, give ourselves but little anxiety. We may remain here a few days, a week, a month, or six months.

Uncle Abe.—A certain character, of some note at present, called *Abraham Lincoln*, lately made a sudden and unexpected detour of inspection through our various camps. Whether the face of said Uncle Abe be ugly or handsome, we leave for physiognomists to determine. While riding along the lines a strong effort was made to look pleasant—to present, on said face, a smile, a grin, or a laugh; yet, from a peculiar wrinkle in that broad mouth, some evidence was manifested, save for so many lookers-on, that the grin would have been a *cry*. And why not? More than half that grand army the President so proudly reviewed, in the neighborhood of Washington, less than four months since, was absent from this parade, rotting on the dozen battle-fields, stinking in the swamps and muddy ditches of the sluggish Chickahominy, maimed and languishing in a hundred hospitals, or pining, as captives, in the hands of the rebels. The truthful historian will hereafter be compelled to hold some one accountable for this wholesale and unnecessary slaughter, within three months, of seventy-five thousand as brave men as ever trod a battle-field,—and the only seeming result of this enormous slaughter, *apparent reverses*.

For writing and publishing the above paragraph, the Chaplain was well-nigh dismissed, in a summary manner, from the great army of

the Potomac. It was copied into a secular paper, and widely circulated. Meeting, at length, the vigilant eye of a certain Copperhead Militia Colonel, called McCabe, living in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, by him the extract was, with a flaming, indignant letter of his own, forwarded to Head-quarters, Army of the Potomac, still at Harrison's Landing. Said communication of McCabe, set forth that this letter-writer was a dangerous character, an agitator, a revealer of unlawful things, an exaggerator, a rabid abolitionist, and ought to be forthwith dismissed from the army.

The gravity of the subject at once called the attention of Little Mac from schemes of strategy against the rebel army and Richmond. The letter of McCabe, with the obnoxious paragraph, was enclosed within an official envelope, tied with red tape, and sent down to Gen. Keys, our corps commander, in order to confront therewith this naughty Chaplain. A note from corps head-quarters, signified that this writer be there, in proper person, on day and date specified. Obedient to summons, the author stood in the presence of military greatness, and inquired as to what was wanted?

"Did you write that?" was blandly asked by General Keys, as the above extract was put into my hands.

"I wrote it, General; my name is attached thereto, as it is to every thing written by me for the press."

"Do you know the author of this communication?" at the same time handing me McCabe's letter.

"Don't know McCabe, General."

"Well, Chaplain, these documents were sent here with the evident design that therewith you should be arraigned and confronted."

"I am here, General; what do you wish farther?"

"Wished to know how you are getting on with your Chaplain's work?"

"Hopefully. We have large religious meetings every evening. Come and join us in one of them, General, and our work will be still more hopeful."

"Go back, then, Chaplain, and attend to your work in camp. This is but a pitiful electioneering business. I shall return these docu-

ments to head-quarters, with the endorsement, that I have no time at present to look upon such small matters."

McCabe's letter, with the extract, has not since been heard from.

HARRISON'S LANDING, July 21, 1862.

ANNIVERSARY.—*This is the anniversary of the Battle of Bull Run.* Sad as that defeat was deemed, it was nevertheless the greatest mercy God has ever conferred on our nation. The Union troops victorious at Bull Run, the rebellion would have, no doubt, presently been quelled, yet not broken. The causes of it would have remained unremoved, the elements of strife left to fester and be continually breaking out in new broils. That event changed the whole character of the war, with its history and its destiny. By it the North was compelled to draw out its resources; and, in doing so, has not only astonished itself, but also all other rival nations of the earth. A national name, a history, and an influence, have been attained already by this war, greater than ever heretofore reached, and higher than could have been accomplished by any other known agency. It has proved an effective education in all the elements of a nation's greatness; this, too, while the war still rages. What, therefore, must be the grand results, when it shall be successfully finished?

Nor is this all. God has brought on the present strife in blood, in order to destroy the abominable system of American slavery, which has caused the whole rebellion. Had the war virtually ended by a great Union victory a year ago to-day, slavery must needs have been left almost intact. Each new

phase, however, of the struggle, especially any seeming adversity, has brought out some new accusation against, and invasion of slavery's boasted prerogatives. The nation was not at first ready, or willing to kill the monster outright—nor is it yet entirely prepared for such a result. The Lord is, nevertheless, fast educating the whole people for this result. Our late reverses before Richmond have pushed the nation rapidly in that direction. Jehovah doeth all things well. He will have his own way in national affairs, whether Presidents, Senators, and Generals, be willing or not. Blessed be His name. We can still trust Him for right results from this great contest.

All Quiet along the James River.—During the seven months which we dragged out at Tennelly, D. C., waiting the moving of the military waters, the usual and stereotyped heading of letters came at length to be, "All quiet along the Army of the Potomac." Such may also become an appropriate heading from this locality—"All quiet along the Army of James River." Since the war commenced, no recollection exists of a week more quietly spent than the one since my last letter. No enemy has been in sight, no picket fired upon. The trenches, rifle-pits, breastworks, and batteries, to defend us in this new position, have been, with crushing toil and fainting weariness, pretty generally completed.

This chopping, road-building, digging and shovelling, night and day, through sunshine and storm, heat and cold, has within the past three and a half months sacrificed the lives of forty thousand brave men, or reduced them to the condition of hopeless invalids. The combined physical efforts thus put forth in this campaign would have pushed a dozen Richmonds—inhabitants and all—into the James river. Yet, notwithstanding all

the unstinted drudgery our regiment has undergone in chopping, digging, and shovelling, in swamps and muddy ditches, in rain and sunshine, in the darkness and in the light, not one of the erections thus made has ever been to us of the slightest advantage in the day of battle. In every instance when the fighting had to be done, these were abandoned, and the enemy met in the brushwood, or in the open field.

CHAPLAINS.—A correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing from this place, thus speaks about *Chaplains*:—"This (July 13th) has been an unusually quiet Sabbath in camp. All unnecessary labor has been suspended, and opportunity afforded to observe the day as a day of rest and religious observance. I have not, however, been able to discern any indications of religious services. Notwithstanding I have visited a number of regiments, in only one place did I observe any of the customary divine services to be held. The fact is that the Chaplains have made themselves, as a general thing, very scarce since the late severe fighting and dangers experienced by the army. In truth, the chaplains generally seem to have a much greater regard for their own comfort and safety, than for the religious welfare of the soldiers. There are but a very few who have any influence whatever with the men. They are not of that devoted, self-sacrificing class of men who are content to count all things as loss—honors, comfort, and property—if they can but win souls. That the chaplains might be very useful, and do much good, there can be no doubt. A great many of them are, however, totally unfit for the office which they have assumed, and these make the office of chaplain a by-word among the soldiers. This may be thought severe; but it is the truth, as any one acquainted with the army can testify, and it is a

truth which should be told. It would be well for the Government to save the money expended upon army chaplains, and expend it in some other way for the comfort and convenience of the soldiers."

Although this is after the usual reckless manner of the Herald reporters, yet must it be confessed that there is in it too much sad truth. There certainly exists, at present, a wide and deplorable want of earnest, Christian, evangelical labor in this army of the Potomac; and at no previous period was there a door so widely open—were the soldiers so ready to give heed to saving truth. Some regiments never have had chaplains, not having interest sufficient to elicit them; some chaplains have become enfeebled in the service, and gone home; others have wearied with the labor, and done likewise; some are hanging on as worse than dead weights, disgracing the cause of Christ, and causing it to stink in the nostrils of the soldiers; while others, happily, have been faithful to the duties of their office, and been instrumental in doing much good. Not an instance in the army where a chaplain has labored with prudence, diligence, and faithfulness, that it is not manifest in the improved condition of his regiment, and that he is not held in high estimation both by officers and privates. It seems a misfortune that some more distinct tribunal did not exist to which chaplains were made directly and strictly accountable—where, if found incompetent, disorderly, or negligent, they would be at once removed and replaced by more competent and faithful men.

Harrison's Farm.—This place, at present of some notoriety, as the centre of our position on James river, takes its name from a grand old estate and mansion, which has been for several generations in possession of the "Harrison Family."

Here Wm. H. Harrison, President of the United States, was born, and spent his early life. Here lived and died his father, who signed the Declaration of Independence. Here, also, dwelt his grandfather, with other more remote ancestry, for aught the record tells. Full portraits of both the father and grandfather of President Harrison are hung upon the wall of the old mansion. Why his own is not in company cannot be said; perhaps it was, and removed when the family lately fled. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful location, a more staid and dignified mansion, with its old and beautiful shade trees, and other surroundings, or a more beautiful and well-cultivated estate.

When the advance of our army reached this on the 2d of July, every thing wore a peaceful, quiet, and fruitful aspect. A wheat field, containing at least two hundred acres, had been neatly harvested, and the grain in shock. Ere the next morning's light fifty thousand soldiers, ten thousand cavalry, and two hundred pieces of artillery, had trodden the wheat crop wholly out of sight, and worked the soil knee-deep in mud—a torrent of rain falling during the intervening twenty-four hours. The mansion was furnished in a beautiful and costly manner. Curiously carved articles of furniture, of a hundred years' standing, together with the last modern improvement and finish from the North. Nothing seemed to have been removed from the house or premises when the secesh owners fled. Nearly all the fine furniture was carried out and laid in the yard, in order to make room for the sick and wounded. Such is war—a great consumer, a terrible ravager, a fearful destroyer.

The Health of the Army.—This can hardly be said, in truthfulness, to improve—nor does it appear materially to become worse. Hot weather is not necessarily unhealthy; yet in

this oppressive heat, and under our conditions of camp life, it proves no easy matter for the multitudes who came here greatly debilitated, and with the seeds of disease contracted in the marshes of the Chickahominy, to become speedily restored to vigor. It is gratifying to record, that at no period, or place, since coming on the peninsula, have the appliances for the convenience and comfort of the sick been so extensive and good. Almost every regiment has been furnished with two large hospital tents, each capable of accommodating a dozen patients. These are now generally all full: besides, many who are unfit for duty, yet remain in their own quarters. A central hospital is at the Harrison mansion. This, with the out-houses, the stables, together with nearly a hundred hospital tents pitched in the spacious yard and gardens, and under the grand old shade trees, are filled with about a thousand sick soldiers, afflicted with all manner of ailments which have tristed humanity ever since Paul had his thorn in the flesh. The principal diseases which at present affect our soldiers, are diarrhœa, intermittent and typhoid fevers, and scurvy. The worst and most inveterate cases of disease are weekly shipped off to more northern hospitals and a more salubrious climate.

Death of Dr. Whitesell.—The Pittsburg community, and more especially his own neighborhood, have been thrown into deep sadness by the sudden death, at this place lately, of Dr. Whitesell, of Harmarsville, Allegheny county, Pa. Coming at a time of great need, with his large medical skill and experience, in order to assist in alleviating the sufferings of others, he, too, soon fell a victim to his own devotion. The weather being at the time extremely hot, and the multitudes requiring medical aid so great, over-exertion was the consequence; a ma-

lignant, congestive typhoid ensued, which too soon proved fatal, though surrounded all the while by a number of skilful and devoted medical friends from Pittsburg.

Being an intimate personal acquaintance, I was with him in his last hours as often as other duties would permit. We had several free and satisfactory conversations respecting death, in view of his own dissolution; and at his own request I prayed with him once and again. The Holy Spirit of God can alone pour consolation into the heart of his stricken, desolate wife and two dear children. And may this be graciously bestowed! O, how many sad, desolate homes this war is making!

Northern Benevolence.—The unstinting efforts made by generous friends in various localities through the North for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the soldiers, both in camp and hospital, cheer thousands of languid, sinking hearts, and move multitudes of strong arms to continued perseverance. No sooner were we on James river, than was present among us the indefatigable Mrs. Harris, ministering to the wounded and the sick. As agents, also, of the Philadelphia Army Aid Society, with its connectives, Rev. Dr. Wylie, with Revs. Sterret, McAuley, and Steele, of our church, from that city, almost as soon as the army was encamped here, were present among us, and for ten days, with the abundant supplies furnished them, have been as angels of mercy, carrying delicacies and comforts to the feeble, the sick, the wounded in hospital and in camp—speaking to them of the love of Christ, as well as preaching both in hospitals and in camp. My own soul has been greatly refreshed by the presence and fellowship of these dear brethren. They have come and preached to our regiment, visited and administered to our sick, partaken of our camp fare, and slept with me on the ground.

Truly, "as iron sharpeneth iron, so the countenance of a man his friend." The last of these visitors was brother Patterson, from Chicago. His visit to me was more profitable than would have been that of an angel from heaven. In the company of the celestial visitant there would have been an awed constraint, if not fear—with this dear brother, none. As we visited various regiments and camps—walked, talked, ate, and slept together, the iron was sharpened—both physical and moral implements for labor all refitted. Judging, also, from my own feelings, and those manifest in many of our regiment, the results from his preaching to us are not yet all counted.

HARRISON'S LANDING, VA., Aug. 5th, 1862.

GROWTH IN GRACE.—Camp life is the best condition on earth in which for the Christian to *grow in grace!* This is not asserted as a paradox, but as a truth, happily, already often verified, and is capable of the clearest demonstration from the most enlightened philosophy of the human mind. It is also attested, both by the declarations and directions of God's word. The more vigorous exercise the body undergoes, so much the more active and athletic does it become. Close and connected thought always enlarges and strengthens the mind. Nor do the moral and spiritual powers of the soul form any exception to this rule.

All great achievements are accomplished by overcoming resistance. No one can manifest, either to himself or others, how strong he may be until, by repeated trials, it is fairly ascertained how much opposing force he can overcome. Bravery

is tested by the number and character of the enemy battled and overcome. Attainments in the Christian life are made under the operations of the same law. No one can judge correctly how good a Christian such a one may be, nor even whether a Christian at all, until frequently tested by meeting and overcoming various temptations. Hence, says James, "Count it all joy, my brethren, when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for, when he is tried, he shall receive a crown of life." This source of enjoyment, mentioned by the Apostle, not only abounds in camp, but is constantly forcing itself upon both saint and sinner. The Christian who, daily and hourly, meets and overcomes all those enemies, in the shape of temptations, in camp life, must needs, from the exercise, become stronger and stronger in faith, hope, joy and courage, and assume the character of a veteran, after so many hard-fought battles. This, some have already done—Gardiner, Havelock, Vicars, Hammond—this, still more are now doing. These conquests, moreover, must be made daily, by every one who lives at all as a Christian in such a place. He is constantly on the battle-field with his enemy, and, unless they be overcome, he must. All that is needed for constant victory is more grace; and for this, the promise is sure: "My grace shall be sufficient for you." "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

That minister who asserted that, were he to remain long in camp, he would not only learn to think in the language of profanity, on account of its commonness, but, also, to use it in his ordinary conversation, that divine gave evidence, that either he did not speak truthfully of himself, or that no grace was in his possession when commencing the trial, and that none was

granted during its continuance. With great confidence, as well as thankfulness, am I persuaded, that not a few in our regiment loathe, to-day, profane swearing much more intensely than a year ago, though their ears have been polluted by profanity, as well as all other filthy communications, every waking hour, during that whole period. Nor is this the only source for heartfelt thankfulness. Not a few who entered our regiment a year since, already accustomed to all manner of profanity, now, have not only ceased its use, but loathe the things they once loved.

It must, however, be confessed, that of all known places this side the pit, a camp proves itself the readiest for the merely moral or nominal professor, to sink to a level with the wicked—the quickest to fall into the use of their profanity—the place where the greatest facilities are afforded the sinner for getting on the fast line to eternal death. In a word, the camp is the *best* and the *worst* place to live in, according as the means afforded, in the condition, are improved or neglected.

A Toad Catching Flies.—Did you ever see a toad catching flies? "Never," you say; then an irrepressible impulse to laughter has thus far been missed. Our sources of innocent amusement are not superabundant in camp. Hence, those which are considered more ordinary may have the better relish.

Our Lieutenant-Colonel and myself occupy the same quarters. Since coming to this place, we have not only succeeded in obtaining a new tent, but also have a rude floor constructed from an empty goods box. Beneath this floor, a large, respectable-looking toad has taken up his headquarters. The habit of all his tribe is to spend the entire day almost motionless, and in the darkest nook which can be found.

The principal food for such creatures consists in various species of flies; and as Mr. Toady grows and swells to the dimensions of an alderman, his subsistence must be obtained in pretty large quantities. By day he is stupid, awkward in motion, and dull of vision. Mr. Fly, on the contrary, is alert, active and quick-sighted. At eventide an entire change comes over both. Toady gets wide awake, and his flyship dull, heavy, and almost motionless. Every housekeeper knows that the fly remains motionless in the dark. By lamp or candle-light he will crawl over the floor, wall or ceiling, yet seldom use his wings, unless alarmed. Twilight is accordingly the time in which toady begins to look sharply about him for his evening's repast, having digested, fasted, and snoozed for twenty-four hours. Our new and staid neighbor presently discovered that the rude floor of our tent afforded the most practicable place for his operations. No sooner, therefore, is our evening candle lighted, than out comes our late acquaintance from his hiding-place, scrambles up on the floor, and, without the slightest apparent fear or ceremony, commences sucking in the flies in his unique and altogether original manner.

A few evenings since a late paper was received, on which several officers came into our tent, so that one might read aloud, and all hear the news. No sooner was the circle formed and the candle burning, than toady made his dignified appearance, in order to obtain his customary supper. One proposed that the seeming intruder be adjourned without ceremony—another that he be conveyed to the guard-house for the evening. Objection, however, being made to such a disposal of our visitor, the question was propounded, "Did you ever see a toad catching flies?" Several answering in the negative, it was suggested that the reading be suspended, and all observe the operation. Flies here

being almost ubiquitous, there was but a brief waiting. At the first effort of toady, all present burst into an irrepressible fit of laughter, while each new victim devoured but increased the interest and amusement.

A toad has a tongue which, without any apparent motion of body, he can shoot out six inches, with lightning velocity and incredible accuracy. On the end of his tongue there is a little flap like a brush of fine camel's hair. This being always wet with saliva, it no sooner comes in contact than the fly adheres, and, quick as thought, is transferred into the mouth of toady, and devoured with evident gusto. As the operation proceeded, one officer took notice that master toad had been carefully studying *civil engineering*—that he could measure and calculate distance to a hair's breadth. A second found him to be a perfect *marksman*, not failing to hit his mark once in a dozen times. A third, to his own amazement, discovered that toady was a perfect *military tactician*. If possible to avoid it, he never advanced directly in front of his prey, for fear of giving alarm, nor yet followed directly in the rear, for the same reason, but always endeavored to approach by that military manœuvre called a *flank movement*.

By the interest and amusement thus afforded, both paper and news, were for more than an hour, forgotten. When our new and interesting friend had made a hearty supper on some two hundred flies, he bade us all good-night in a most dignified manner, and retired to his nook beneath the floor, there to meditate, digest, and grow fat for an additional twenty-four hours, not, however, before he had made fast friends of all present. Each officer would have felt like drawing his sword at the slightest indignity offered his toadship.

Do any of our readers still look upon the toad as a nasty,

ugly, disgusting, and uninteresting reptile, sure it must be they have never yet seen him catching flies.

An Incident.—Our past month's quietness was slightly broken into, a few nights since, by the rebels firing into our shipping and camps from a few batteries of light artillery quietly brought to the opposite side of the river. Eight or ten of our men were killed, some wounded, horses mutilated, a small amount of property destroyed, together with a pretty sudden waking up of the whole army. So soon as our batteries and gunboats got fairly to bear upon the intruders, they "skedaddled."

Rumors of wars, new campaigns, marches and battles, are now rife in camp. Last night some troops were sent out, and as I write heavy firing is heard in that direction. These things now give us but little excitement and uneasiness. Hot as the weather is, all seem desirous for something new to turn up;—and the heat!—why, to-day it seems more like an oven than an atmosphere in which for living men to breathe and act.

Harrison's Landing, Va., August 11th, 1862.

Flies.—What a busy, lively time those old Egyptians must have had, with both house and field swarming with flies. Whatever comparisons might be instituted between the Egyptians and the Secesh, one thing is certain, the banks of the James river produce flies, as well as those of the Nile. Here we have flies in regiments, in brigades, in divisions, and in corps, great armies of flies—big flies and little flies, biting flies and

sucking flies—wood, field and tent flies—night flies and day flies—rising up or lying down, going out or coming in,—in all places and conditions—FLIES.

Whatever kind of food you get prepared to eat, a hungry legion of flies is ever ready to lend a helping hand. If put on your tin plate, from the time you move knife, fork, or spoon from plate to mouth and back, a ring of the hungry rascals, so close as to touch each other, has settled around your food. To get them away, each one must have a separate touch with your eating instrument. "Shoo, flies!" rattling on the edge of the plate with your knife or spoon, or brushing your hand briskly over them, won't do. Master fly has become too familiar with camp noises and tumults to be moved by any thing of that sort. Nothing but force, physically applied, affects him.

There are three species of fly prominent among our tormentors. The well-known and gentlemanly house-fly, whose principal annoyance consists in creeping over the exposed parts of the body. Another species, quite similar in appearance, though somewhat smaller and flatter, with wings more expanded, when at rest, and possessing, in addition, a perfect piercing apparatus and pump for sucking up blood. This is the kind, so annoying to our domestic animals, and here so abounding and voracious, that the army horses and mules are all becoming lean. The rascals have, also, a hearty relish for human blood. If one sticks his bill into you, there follows a sudden jump, and a slap with the hand. If half a dozen at once, there is not only a jumping and spatting with the hands, but a yell usually accompanies. A third species abounding, is a large, clumsy, unseemingly, blue one. Children call them "Blue bottles."

We are not, however, grumbling, nor making complaints against our numerous friends, and intimate acquaintances—the

flies. No doubt, it would be worse for us to live here without than with them. There is usually a *compensation* in such supposed earthly pests. Their immense multiplication has taken place since our coming here. Flies, in the different stages of their existence, are excellent scavangers; and there is an enormous amount of offal—disgusting, unhealthy matter—to be devoured, during such hot weather, and in a camp of so many thousand men and horses. Hundreds, even thousands, of poor abused horses and mules die in and around camp. Fatigue parties are detached to bury these dead animals, who are contented with throwing barely sufficient earth over the carcass to hide it, thus leaving suspicious-looking mounds in all directions From these, offensive and sickening gases soon begin to exude, and were the enclosed mass left to the ordinary laws of putrefaction, the entire summer would pass ere the process were completed. A much more speedy process is happily at once put in operation. No sooner do the animals die, than these various species of fly deposit, on each carcass, at least a hundred thousand eggs, or nits. By another day these are all hatched into life, in the shape of small maggots, which immediately commence, most voraciously, to devour the putrefying mass. In a very few days, and with but comparatively little stench, all is devoured. When these disgusting creatures have become full grown, their outer coverings are bursted, and out come a hundred thousand full-fledged flies, to join the already enormous fly army of the James river.

This mighty fly host must also consume daily at least ten wagon load of camp debris, which would otherwise putrefy and assist in rendering our position more unhealthy.

Now, dear reader, don't become disgusted, nor pronounce this fly dissertation out of place. No subject, remember, gives us at

present, in camp, more *feeling* interest—secesh not excepted. Lessons, moreover, of God's wisdom and goodness may be learned in this, as in all the affairs of life. How nice a balance is given to all *His* earthly arrangements;—a seeming compensation for each supposed evil. When, hereafter, you may chance to feel sorely annoyed by the flies, don't forget they have been, and still are great public benefactors.

Religious Influences in Camp.—With us, blessed be God, they were never more hopeful, more interesting, nor more seemingly progressive. Our meetings for social worship, held every evening at dusk, increase in numbers and manifest usefulness. Now, for more than six months, and in the midst of all those strange, terrible and fatiguing changes and vicissitudes through which we have been led, a special and gracious Providence has enabled us regularly to hold these meetings. All their blessed results can only be reckoned at the judgment bar, as not a few, who have joined in their exercises, have gone thither. Were there a stated locality for our meeting, we would be prompted to erect for a motto, as in the place where prayer is daily offered at noon, in Philadelphia,—"*This Prayer-Meeting, a Permanent Institution*,"—permanent with us, in camp, till the end of the war.

An additional element of religious interest was successfully inaugurated in our regiment, a few Sabbaths since—a bible class. We hope and trust to have a Bible class in each company. Members of our Christian Association will teach these. A dozen small reference Bibles are much needed: will our Christian friends see they are sent? Since coming here—seven weeks—all the service I perform in our own regiment on Sabbath, is to preach at sun-down. The moral destitution in many

adjoining regiments seemed so great, that, with the full approval of friends, the day-time of the Sabbath has been spent with them. On a late Sabbath, though oppressively hot, the Lord enabled me to preach in four different places, besides our own, in the evening. And yet, while thousands of strong men are sinking down under the oppressive influences of camp-life which surround us, my own health seems to improve. Seldom have I felt stronger or fitter for the Master's service—hard and continued toil. The wound, or contusion, on my breast, which has caused me some inconvenience and suffering, for more than three months, is better, but still far from well. Never felt happier or more content,—endeavoring to perform present duty, and, without any anxiety whatever, leaving all the future with God. Here, on the banks of the James river, I erect an Ebenezer, and, with a grateful heart, inscribe thereon—"*Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.*"

The Army.—Its health does not improve, nor could it, in our condition and at this season. After over forty days spent at Harrison's Landing, expectations of immediate movements fill the camp. Where or for what, we would not now be at liberty to write, even if known. Jesus reigns.

Yorktown, Va.,
Wednesday, August 20th, 1862.

Another Change of Base.—Again have we changed our base. We have been executing a grand strategic movement. It is true, we are now sixty or seventy miles farther from Richmond, than when the late important movement commenced.

Let no doubter, grumbler or caviller, have the hardihood to call this a skedaddle, retreat, disaster, or in any measure a defeat. Even the rebels must look upon it as a great scientific military manœuvre. Not, as during the strategy from Fair Oaks, did they fiercely pursue our retiring columns, and at every turn of the road throw into our ranks showers of roundshot, shells, minnies; nor had we frequently to turn, as a lion at bay, and check their operations with much bloodshed. So far as they were concerned, we left, and have come here unmolested. Yet has our march been one of no ordinary labor, weariness and suffering. From Harrison's Landing to our present position, four, long, toilsome days, and sometimes part of the night were spent. When, nearly four months ago, we proudly marched up through the Peninsula, to within five miles of Richmond, the mud was not unfrequently knee-deep. On our return, in many places, the dust and loose sand became worked to nearly the same depth. The springs and brooks of the early season were dried up. During part of the time, it was impossible for the men to get water. The dust would often rise around us in such clouds that one could scarcely discern his messmate, though within arm's length.

In this most uncomfortable condition, fifteen hours a day were spent, closely massed together, and slowly trudging along. During the whole march I walked on foot with the soldiers, carrying haversack, canteen and blanket; and can thus more feelingly sympathize with the toilsome drudgery of the men. Not a few, wholly overcome with heat, dust, lack of water and fatigue, would drop out of ranks, tumble down by the wayside, and, when a little rested, regain their respective regiments as best they could.

Dust.—Every thing, presently, assumed one color—*dust*. It looked as though all were turning to *dust*. No one had any change of clothing along; baggage having been sent in another direction, and no water to wash even the face when halting late at night. We have attached to our officers' mess an exceedingly clever old contraband, whom we designate Jud. The same Jud is a thorough Ethiopian, black as an ace of spades. Jud is able to sport a considerable amount of curly whiskers and hair. These were soon thoroughly permeated with dust, as well as the face pretty thickly besprinkled, thus causing Jud to present a curious semi-comic appearance. At the end of a long dusty march, a counsel of war was held upon Jud, and by a unanimous vote, he was pronounced *white*—white as any of the crowd.

Williamsburgh.—Late in the afternoon of Monday, the 18th, we passed through Williamsburgh, and soon over the bloody battle-ground of May the 5th. The place looked sadly familiar. Nearly four months of absence had obliterated many traces of the fierce struggle. Enough still remained too surely to mark each memorable locality. For a few moments we stood upon the place where our friends fell, wounded or dying, and re-marked the spots where our slain were buried. The moving column halted not, and we were presently compelled to hasten on, to regain our place in the moving mass; not, however, without the reflection, how little we know of the future, how uncertain are human expectations. Had an ancient seer stood in the highway and prophesied, as our proud army marched on towards Richmond, from the battle-field of Williamsburgh, that, in less than four months it would march back over the same

ground, doubly decimated, weary, dusty and down-cast, such a prophet would have been laughed to scorn by the mighty host.

YORKTOWN.—Early on Wednesday morning, the 20th, we passed through Yorktown, and encamped on the plain east of it for now the second day. During the siege in April, we were on the extreme left, by the James river, eight miles south of the famous old town, and did not, at that time, have an opportunity to see it. Our present visit had, therefore, the more interest. Historic, classic ground it is—the town is nothing, less than nothing, and utter vanity. Some dozen miserable, old, dingy, empty houses, comprise what is called Yorktown. The location is beautiful, and a most favorable one for shipping, were there aught to ship from it, or any thing desired to be shipped thereto. Here, eighty-one years ago, Washington, with his mimic, Continental army, assisted by a few thousand French troops, besieged, and captured the lordly Cornwallis; thus, virtually, securing the independence of the colonies. Traces of Cornwallis' earth-works, as well as those of the besieging army, can still be seen. These, however, were evidently as inferior to those lately erected by the rebels, and M'Clellan's army, as between the comparative numbers of the ancient and modern armies.

LENGTH OF OUR ARMY.—Few, without experience or careful calculation, can form a just conception as to the extent of a large army, say, eighty thousand men, with their modern appendages. This may, perhaps, be best effected by marking how long it would take for all to pass, in one marching line, a given point. Our army of the Potomac has attached to

it, say, two thousand wagons, with six horses or mules to each. Every wagon, in motion, requires over three rods. This wagon train, stretched out, would be twenty miles long. The soldiers, in files of four, with artillery, ambulances and cavalry, would extend forty additional miles; altogether, sixty miles. Fifteen miles a day, is a heavy march for such a host. It would, thus, take the army nearly four days, constantly moving from sunrise to sundown, to pass a given point. So has it been with us, in these late retrograde movements. Uncle Sam pays, clothes, and feeds a large family for killing secesh. And, when the army is swelled to a million, with all its equipments; what a line! Closely compacted, as above, it would extend four hundred miles, and take a month to pass in review.

Survey of the Peninsula.—One thing has been accomplished by this five months' campaign. We have given this Peninsula a thorough survey; every nook, and corner, and inlet, and by-way, save Richmond, has been carefully explored. Taken all in all, a pretty fine country it is—pretty fairly tilled out, by two centuries of bad farming—badly needs resettling by a new race, and with a wholly different cultivation. The soil has been fattened in very many places by numerous bodies of men, horses and mules. The survey has not, perhaps, been a very good money speculation for Uncle Sam; costing him at least a hundred millions. The old gentleman is, however, reputed rich.

Notwithstanding the supposed or genuine care to guard the property of rebels, the Peninsula is left, in a goodly measure, desolate; a sad memento of war's desolating influence. Concerning the policy of placing sentinels to guard rebel property,

it is not my province, specially, to write. An incident, in this connection, took place near the close of our late march, which occasioned us much sadness. We were encamped near a secesh corn-field affording good roasting ears. A Lieutenant in our regiment, without supposing he was about to infringe any law, either divine, civil or military, sent his colored man to the field in order to bring some green corn. In the mean time, the Division General had placed a guard around the field; and as the poor colored man entered, he received a bullet in his head from the carbine of a sentinel, which, at once and forever, put an end to his corn-pulling.

Viewed as an unconnected movement, we are all certainly gratified in getting off from the Peninsula. Our journeyings and abode thereon, for five months, have not abounded in any sort of human comfort. Yet, from its reminiscences, all are sad to leave the sickly place. To take Richmond, we entered thereon; and Richmond all expected to take. Notwithstanding all the fearful exposure, labor, weariness, sickness, sufferings, deaths, watchings, marches and bloody battles, of the past five weary months, were the question now asked, Are you willing to march back and try it again?—not a soldier, able to wag a leg, but would at once respond: "Yes, let us be off at once and at it." The longest road may, in the end, prove the shortest. Richmond, we are bound to have.

The World Moves in a Circle.—An Old Feat Repeated.—Having accomplished over again that far-renowned military achievement, "Marching up the hill, and then marching down again," we have been allowed a whole week to repose upon our laurels. Time has been afforded to reckon up the

profit and loss of our late memorable campaign. Philosophers, historians, almanac-makers and political economists, assure us that all things move in circles. Of this, there can now remain no doubt. The grand army of the Potomac has been moving in a circle, and, by the force of its own momentum, operating during the past four months, has been brought back to its starting place. The generalship which directed so large a body in successfully completing its circle, deserves some praise. Although we did not smash to pieces every thing, in the way of our course, during the grand circuit, yet there was evidently some danger of our suffering such an inconvenience. Being safely back, our feelings prompt to praise somebody.

The greater part of the grand army has, already, left the Peninsula. For some prudential military reason, our corps has been left, for the present, to hold military possession of this neck of land. We are, daily and nightly, expecting a swoop down the Peninsula from Stonewall Jackson, or some other ambitious rebel chieftain. We, nevertheless, eat, sleep and digest, without any special uneasiness. Our present camp occupies a most beautiful and healthy location, being some four miles east from Yorktown, and overlooking the river, which here opens into a bay. Our boys, of course, are pleased with the new position, and are making the best of it. Sea-bathing, crab-fishing, and oyster-raking, are now daily amusements. Hourly reports are put into circulation, to the effect that we are, presently, again to move; and Madam Rumor has a dozen different localities whither we are about to be marched, in order to do some additional fighting. With respect to these changes, I have become wonderfully indifferent, provided the work for which we set out can be successfully accomplished. It will be diffi-

cult for the future to furnish, either in unpleasant localities, toils, exposures and battles, an equivalent for the past. With the poet, we can therefore cheerfully chime:

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

CHAPTER VI.

Yorktown—New Baltimore, Va.

REMOVAL OF GEN. McCLELLAN.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, OPPOSITE WASHINGTON,
September 4th, 1862.

"HERE we have no continuing city." With unwonted force has this declaration been impressed upon me during the past six months. The men of our regiment can erect a habitable city, and furnish it with all the appliances of a soldier's life, in less than an hour. Let a sudden order come "to march," and in less than half an hour, the entire city is demolished, the materials on the backs of the inhabitants, and they trudging off for some new battle-field, or other locality for the construction of an additional city. So very frequent, of late, have been these erections and demolishings, that the looker-on must have been dull of impression not to receive the suggestion, "Here we have no continuing city." Happy are they in possession of the assurance, "We seek one to come, which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God."

REMINISCENCES OF YORKTOWN.—When closing my last letter, we were still encamped on the plain of Yorktown, but in hourly expectation of orders to remove to some other scene of

action. Early on Friday, August 29th, they came, to go up at once to Yorktown, three miles distant, and embark on transports, but for what destination, was not revealed. A short space found us within and about the chronic old town. Shipping agents not being so prompt in movements, we had, in consequence, the uncoveted privilege of loitering about the locality all day, and resting on the sandy shore of the little bay until midnight. Time had to be killed, and the determination was to do it in hunting after the histories of the place. We began with an effort to trace the line of earth-works thrown up by the British army for their defence, eighty-one years since. These are all yet distinctly marked; while those made by Washington and La Fayette, in capturing the place, are almost entirely obliterated. The recent defensive works of the rebels and of the Union army, for the capture, are on a scale so enormous as, in appearance, to resist the wear of centuries, and to afford to our children of the twentieth generation an opportunity, while tracing their extent and magnitude, to moralize on the folly of their ancestors. The next object of interest was to find the spot where Cornwallis delivered his sword to Washington, on the surrender. This, we knew, had erected upon it, some years since, a memorial by the professed loyalty of Virginia. It consisted of a granite base and neat white marble obelisk, at whose erection speeches, of great swelling words, were delivered. But for the memorial we searched in vain. Meeting, at length, a seedy-looking native, he led the way to the spot, and gave an evidently correct account of its total disappearance. When the rebels occupied Yorktown, a year ago, they commenced chipping off the sharp corners and edges of the granite and marble to carry away as mementoes, until it was completely defaced. When the Union soldiers came, they fell with picks and hatchets

at the remaining material, and ceased not until all was gone. A few scales, the size of a quarter dollar, were found, which, as my own share, were duly pocketed. The spot is a few hundred yards to the south-east of the town, in a commanding position, from which both armies could witness the humbling act of the lordly Briton, or rather of his representative, as his lordship either feigned or was actually sick on that interesting occasion.

Our next visit was to the building now occupied as a hospital, and the only substantial one in the place—a solid old English house. It is the one occupied by Lord Cornwallis during the siege. With some medical friends, I had the pleasure of dining in the room in which his Lordship slept and ate, and in which his council of war was held when the surrender was decided upon. Washington afterwards, for a time, occupied the same room. Eighty-one years after, General Magruder made the room his head-quarters, and in it was held the council of war, when the evacuation was determined upon,—which event, in its results, proved to the invading Union army so great a defeat; for, had the rebels remained in their works at Yorktown to fight, we would certainly there have beaten them, and then taken Richmond. The result all know. This celebrated old room is the only really and fully wainscoted room I have ever seen.

We next strolled away to visit two newly-made burying-places, outside the town. In one we counted, in long rows, the graves of over three hundred Union soldiers, buried since March. The graves are all carefully marked. Few of these died in battle—some from the effects of wounds—yet nearly all from some fatal disease. About every fourth grave had as a heading, "Stranger, Army of the Potomac." Sad memorial!

Died and was buried not only without the presence of a relative to cheer, but without friend, messmate, or nurse who new the name. War is cruel! The place where the rebels buried their dead, gave evidence of great mortality among them. They had buried their dead without any respect to order, and scarcely one was marked,—all seeming strangers in a strange land. The graves were already so indistinct, I made no effort to count them.

My last effort on that classic plain was, by the assistance of a young friend, the capturing and bottling in alcohol a number of new, interesting, and beautiful insects, and pressing in a book a few novel flowers, to bear with me as memorials. Farewell, Yorktown!

At even-tide, our religious service was held on the sandy beach of the beautiful York river, or here, rather a bay. At midnight, our entire regiment embarked on the steamboat *Cossack*. On the afternoon of Saturday, we got under way, and then learned that our destination was Alexandria. At night-fall we made the lovely Chesapeake bay vocal with our songs of praise, from the hurricane-deck of our capacious steamer. Sabbath morning found us steaming up the Potomac, with a heavy rain falling. At 10 A. M., had public service in the principal cabin. At 5 P. M., disembarked at Alexandria, where we were kept standing in the muddy streets for two hours, during which time we held our usual evening worship. At dark, our regiment was started for Centreville, twenty-two miles, and marched all night, arriving there early on Monday, all indescribably weary.

Our experience on the Peninsula, enabled us to discern at once that the whole army was on a retreat towards Washington. But half an hour's rest was allowed, when we were marched

back seven miles to Fairfax. In the battle near that place, on the same evening, we did not mingle, but were held as a reserve.

Near night, on Tuesday, we were ordered back towards Washington, and, before day-light, were halted on Arlington Heights, sad, sore, weary, hungry, and sleepy. Once again, from our position, we gaze on the nation's capital, and sorrowfully realize that its possession and destruction is again threatened by rebel traitors. Every thing seems mixed up with us at present. We hardly know ourselves, much less possess an ability to give correct information about other persons and late events. All military affairs need changing and re-arranging, which, if the rebels allow, may be the business of some weeks to come. In the mean time, when some new place, division, corps, etc., shall be assigned our regiment, and we get rested, you shall have due notice.

As to the external world, and our friends who dwell therein, there exists with us a total ignorance, we having received no mail since leaving Harrison's Landing, August 16th.

ROCKVILLE, MD., 16 MILES NORTH OF WASHINGTON,
September 10th, 1862.

STONEWALL JACKSON.—If marching and countermarching, assuming new positions, changing base, with multiplied strategy, will suffice to catch those rascally secesh, we'll have them, certainly, and that soon. Indeed, if reports and positive assertions are to be credited, that troublesome fellow, Jackson, has already been several times cornered, hemmed in, and finally

surrendered. The only difficulty, it seems, has been, that the stupid blockhead either did not know, or knowing, failed to stay cornered. This rebel General ought to have a straight jacket put on him; and so our men have voted. The only insignificant reason why the thing has not already been done is, that, like the rats, when they unanimously voted a bell for the cat, its accomplishment was only delayed for lack of an executioner.

The principal reason why we have voted the maniac's jacket for that raid-making General, is, that he neglects to fight in accordance with the well-known and approved rules of military science and strategy of war. Should a seemingly impassable mountain be on his left; in his front, on his right and rear, strong lines of his enemy—why, all military science declares the man ought to surrender. Yet, against all rule, the fellow passes either under, over, or round the mountain; not to the front, where he ought to have gone; but to the rear of his opponent: and that, too, without ever giving notice of such an outlandish movement. Such disorder must be stopped.

Through all manner of changes, we have been marched here into Maryland, on the east side of the Potomac; no doubt, in order to watch its crossings, lest a rebel raid be made into this much more than half traitor State. True, it is roundly asserted by many, that it would be the best thing possible, to let the rebels all cross; and that, should they dare, their utter ruin would speedily follow—all would soon, either be killed or captured. Very likely; we are so accustomed to catch Jackson. As to his crossing opposite us, it does seem rather unlikely. The Virginia banks of the river, are almost precipitous bluffs; the waters dash over rocks and through whirlpools; while the Maryland shore is rugged and steep. Still, our boys assert that Jackson might cross. His rabble, say they, might slide

down the opposite banks on boards, dabble through the sparkling waters, climbing up the banks nearest to us, by clinging to the roots and limbs of trees. And their arms? Why, Jackson might plant a few big guns on the opposite hills, into which the field-pieces and small arms might be rammed, shot across, and gathered up by his ragged and barefoot followers. At all events, we will try to keep a sharp look-out for Jackson. Should he, however, succeed in crossing at some other ford of the Potomac, as we hear he has, and, in due time, march on, and feast his followers beneath the shade trees in Independence square, and within the hall of the old Capitol—why, don't get thereat in too great a flurry. It would greatly increase both the knowledge and experience of our Philadelphia friends to have a little brush of warfare so near at hand.

Dear old Tennelly.—During our wanderings, and weary marches, late in the evening, a few days since, we passed through *Tennelly;* that homely spot, where we spent, in camp, six long months; and with which, before leaving, our boys became so very weary and disgusted. Yet, how wondrously glad they were all, to behold again the familiar ground, the fields, and the woods. How they cheered, and shouted, and longed to stop and build, again, a hasty city on the old camp ground, and there rest for awhile, their weary, sore, and aching limbs—there, to talk over the strange and wondrously multiplied events of their six months' absence. Not even a halt, however, was allowed,—on, on passed the moving column, and our regiment must needs keep its place unbroken. I broke, and ran to the house of an old friend, where we had stored our church-tent and books; found the table spread, had a hasty cup of coffee,

with a slice of good bread and butter,—the first for long, long months,—then hurriedly walked on, and rejoined my place on the march.

Camp Caucuses.—Our privates have not only been practising in the proper use of arms, and skilful modes of fighting, but nearly all have advanced to a higher sphere, and become earnest students and discussers of military tactics—criticising old campaigns and planning new ones, ordering battles and gaining victories. Not a day passes in camp without many a group assembling, in solemn conclave, in order to review each past campaign, gravely to point out supposed defects and causes of failure, as well as means and sources of success—criticising, with the greatest freedom, the merits of this, that, or the other general. Almost every one seems competent, at least in his own estimation, not only for a captain's commission, but a brigadier's place. All this belongs to the freedom of American character. No congressional legislation or military censorship can strangle or smother such liberty of opinion and discussion. If let alone, however, they are not only harmless, but useful. These free discussions of the masses, always tend to form an irresistible and generally correct public opinion.

So far as these army caucuses and opinions are understood, the private soldiers appear to cherish an unbounded confidence in themselves—able, in their estimation, is the great Union army to march any where, overcome any obstacles, and conquer any enemies, however boastful and numerous. This confidence, however, in the officers, from highest to lowest, is by no means so general or unbounded. All our reverses are invariably attributed, by these democratic caucuses, to defects of skill, judgment, bravery or loyalty in the officers. No chieftain has

evidently yet arisen, who claims the undivided confidence and enthusiasm of the private soldiers, as did Washington and Napoleon. This is, no doubt, a happy circumstance, and will be, should it continue, if without it we be able to struggle or blunder through the war or crush the rebellion. Or, if we must have an undivided military chieftain, in order to final success, the hope and prayer of all should be, that in the last battle fought, and with the last rebel killed, he may be killed also. In our present disordered condition, there is imminent danger of falling under the dictatorship of some military chieftain.

Sutlers.—It is now running into five months since our regiment has been visited by the paymaster. The Government seems too busy in paying useless and exorbitant bounties to lazy, cowardly, new recruits, to give attention to the soldiers who have fought so many of her battles without bounties. The little money our soldiers reserved to themselves on the peninsula, is all gone—"played out," according to camp phrase. Several happy contingencies have also united almost entirely to play out our sutlers. The men having no money, and, if the sutler trust, it is not now so easy for him, as formerly, to collect, by military law, his extortions. Nearly all these sharks and harpies have, in consequence, for the present, disappeared. The only too generally and loudly complained of inconvenience, is *Tobacco*. Although I detest the use of the filthy weed in all its forms, yet as a lesser evil, it would be rather agreeable to see a decent and reasonable grocer present himself with half a dozen kegs of *plug*, and a few barrels of *cut and dry*. In less than an hour's time, my chaplain's work would become very much easier. Lacking the narcotic influence of the "weed," hundreds have

become so irritable, you can hardly persuade them into any thing reasonable.

NEAR GREAT FALLS, MD.,
September 13, 1862.

MORAL QUANDARY.—Did you ever find yourself in a quandary as to the right adjustment of moral questions, which have arisen for solution? Cases in which morals and physic, reason and appetite, judgment and inclination, did not seem fully to harmonize? Well, here is a case in hand—one of no ordinary interest, and, at present, widely extended in its application. As your correspondent finds himself beclouded in the matter, you and your readers will much oblige him by giving it a careful attention, accompanied with a just solution.

During the past six months our regiment has been almost entirely confined to strong, coarse army grub—hard crackers, salt pork and beef, with coffee, and occasionally rice, beans, and fresh beef. In consequence of such a diet so long continued, when the Peninsula was abandoned, scurvy had become quite common. After long, wearying, and almost bewildering marches, we were at length halted for a week in Montgomery county, Md. The neighborhood abounded in apple, pear, and peach orchards; fruit plenty, ripe, and tempting the hungry, longing appetite,—also with corn-fields, affording roasting ears in unmeasured quantities. Owing to their past diet, and long want of such things, the appetite of our soldiers had become so intense as to appear almost uncontrollable. These, moreover, were the very things needed to give proper tone to the system,

by driving away scorbutic affections. As seen in a former letter, our boys have been in possession of no money for long months; scarcely a copper among a hundred. To sell, of such things, to each soldier, would be altogether impracticable: nor has the quarter-master the authority to purchase and distribute them as rations, on the credit of the Government. If taken without pay, their families, as the owners, no doubt, truthfully declare, will be left in want and to suffer, at least during the present season. It must be taken in account, that almost every family in this half-loyal state, is as good a Unionist as any body else, so long as their domains are in possession of our troops.

With respect to the moral of taking the fruits and vegetables without pay, under all the conditions, my own inability to act as an unbiased umpire, has already been hinted. Scenes, and interlocutories like the following, have not been unfrequent of late. It may be prefaced, that the young men of our regiment are in every possible way kind and obliging to their chaplain. One of them, brave and generous from a dozen bloody battle-fields, lately visited my humble bunk, and after the due military salutation, says: "Doctor"—you will bear in mind that a thousand men, officers and privates, have unanimously voted me a D. D.; it may, perchance, be another question for casuistry, whether the diploma of these thousands is of as much value as that one, voted by half a dozen private citizens in some dingy, dusty hall of some obscure college, in behalf of some Rev. gentleman, whom, perhaps, they never knew, save through twenty or thirty dollars to help on their small, cramped concern. But to our subject. "Doctor," says the young veteran, "will you accept half a dozen beautiful ripe peaches?" at the same time producing the delicious-looking and fragrant-smelling fruit. "O, what beautiful peaches! Why, where, and how did you

obtain them?" With a peculiarly knowing look and tone, as the peaches are laid beside me, he replies—"Ask no questions, Doctor, for conscience' sake." Another comes with the salutation—"Doctor, will you accept these two roasting ears? They are very good, and nicely cooked." "Roasting ears, my dear young friend, are great favorites with me." And still another—"Doctor, here is a big, boiled potato; dry, too; see how it laughs through a dozen cracks in its bursted skin." "Much obliged; very fond of a good potato."

Though personally I have pulled no roasting ears, shaken no apple tree, plucked no peaches, nor turned up a single potato hill, yet will the inferences be irresistible—these things have been taken and eaten—the owners uncompensated—and in our camp there may be no impartial judge of the right or wrong in the matter.

WILLIAMSPORT, MD., Sept. 22d.

The above was written during our few days' quiet, camping near Great Falls, Potomac; yet before it could be closed or mailed, orders came to pack up and be off at once. Instead of allowing us our desired Sabbath exercises, we were hurried away early on Sabbath, Sept. 14th; since which not an hour's rest or leisure has been allowed. My portfolio was then folded in the haversack, and for *nine* days has not been taken out or opened. Of course, you received no letter last week. An inference might fairly be drawn that our generals have come to the conclusion. Our old 13th Regiment has turned into *legs*,—it has been leg—leg—leg. Marching through, beyond, about, to the right and left of all the late battle-fields, in addition to an unmeasured amount of miscellaneous tramping. Our ban-

ner might have appropriately inscribed upon it—FLYING DUTCHMAN, or WANDERING JEW. Our frequent change of base, flank movements, and strategic operations have, however, lent their aid to drive the marauding rebel army out of Maryland, whereof we are glad.

An effort to describe, even briefly, our movements for the past nine days, would be interesting, at least to myself, and perhaps to your readers, but cannot be now attempted; the result would fill your paper, and much more than exhaust the brief space now allotted for writing. Another week may afford a little more leisure, when a few items and incidents from the late bloody battle-fields of South Mountain and Antietam, may be furnished. Through these dreadful scenes—all pictured on the eye, and engraved on the memory—a special and gracious Providence has safely guided us.

In the mean time we are near Williamsport, where we encamped for several weeks during our three months' tour in 1861. The scenes are familiar, and cause us to feel somewhat at home. Vigor of body, cheery and hopeful spirits, with a sound, and, we hope, increasing religious influence, characterize our regiment.

Downsville, Md., September 30, 1862.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.—An old, familiar, boyish doggerel, which, at the time, was considered not only as very expressive, but also as bordering on the sublime, ran thus:—

"I saw a jay-bird on a limb,
HE looked at ME, and I looked at HIM."

For the past week and more, though on a much more extensive scale, the counterpart of this juvenile rhyme has been reenacted. The secesh have been looking at us, and we have been looking at them, across the classic and beautiful, though now almost waterless Potomac. The barbarous custom of picket-shooting has, in the mean time, been but little practised. Our sentinels line one side of the river, theirs, the other—and these often within ready and accurate shooting, even speaking distance, yet but little saltpetre ignited. The river is so low at present, that it can be forded in a hundred different places, yet each sentry seems content to keep his own side. *They look at us, and we look at them.*

The great battle of Antietam settled nothing definitely. In it the rebels were neither repulsed nor defeated, though evidently worsted. After the close of the battle, they maintained their ground for more than twenty-four hours, and then quietly withdrew across the river, without an attempt on our part to follow, or gun fired after them, until clean gone, without leaving behind them even a baggage wagon. An attempt to follow them across the river, some days after the battle, resulted to us in serious disaster.

How long we may thus continue quietly to look at each other, does not as yet appear—may be, as last year, from September till April. Ere that, the hope might be cherished that the rebel army would become thoroughly starved out. Yet this process, has already been so frequently tried, and so often asserted as almost accomplished in the case of these ragamuffins, that the future of it seems rather problematical; seeing those ragged rangers of General Lee still live and are ready to fight.

In the mean time, we are endeavoring to take as much creature comfort, with mental and spiritual enjoyment, out of the

present lull of arms, as our condition and surroundings will admit. We are encamped in the midst of a fine farming section, and are hence enabled to increase our table comforts, at no very exorbitant price, with bread, milk and butter.

INCIDENT OF ANTIETAM BATTLE FIELD.—For two days after the awful strife of Wednesday, the 17th, our regiment was posted in the very centre of the great battle-field. A full opportunity was thus afforded me for looking over that vast Golgotha—that modern Aceldama—a real field of blood. It stretched over an extent of broken ground at least three miles in length by one and a half in breadth. Over all that wide-extended territory lay promiscuously scattered the dying and the dead, friend and foe intermingled—rifles, muskets, bayonets, scabbards, cartouch-boxes, haversacks—all manner of clothing—coats, hats, caps, shoes, blankets—stains and pools of blood—hundreds on hundreds of fine horses mutilated and torn—caissons, saddles and harness unstinted and unnumbered. Scenes of carnage were here multiplied which I had no where seen equalled or excelled, save on some portions of Malvern Hills, on the peninsula, where heaps of the slain were piled together.

By Friday forenoon, all the wounded, which could readily be found, had been collected into extemporized hospitals—houses, barns, sheds, school-houses, churches, etc., or carried away altogether from the battle-field. Scarcely any extended effort had as yet been made to bury the dead, who, by this time, had become black, swollen and offensive. On the afternoon of Friday, while walking through a beautiful open wood, in which, as seen by the uniforms of the dead, a New York regiment and the rebels had met in fierce and deadly encounter, I stopped for a moment to gaze on a group of seven or eight Union and rebel

soldiers, lying close together, and all seemingly still in death. One of these, a rebel, as known by his dress, and in appearance about twenty-one years of age, had something about him more life-like than the others. Interested in his appearance, I went near and discovered that he was still breathing; felt his pulse and found it regular and firm. Though so sadly and strangely familiar with mutilations of every possible form, with sudden deaths, as well as great tenacity of life, yet did this case excite not only my deepest curiosity, but downright astonishment. Life, for days together, under such conditions, had never before been witnessed. A union of soul and body for so long, with such a wound, had not been supposed possible. A Minnie ball had struck the young man on the right temple, just in the edge of the hair, and passed directly through the head, coming out on the opposite side, nearly in the same position on the left temple. A hole had been made through the head sufficiently large to have pushed the forefinger along the course of the bullet.

The poor fellow was evidently lying in the precise position in which he fell, three days previously. A handful of brains had oozed out from the ghastly wound. I called on two men, in citizen's dress, who at the time were near, and a straggling soldier, for help to remove him to an old church or school-house, not far distant. We spread a blanket, laid him on it, and each one taking a corner, carried him to the old, waste, lone building, all riddled with shell and ball during the late battle,—pulled two benches together, took an old broom for a pillow, and laid him on the hard bed. With water from my canteen, the blood and gore were washed from his head and face; water was poured on his parched lips and into his mouth. In a few minutes he so revived as to be able to speak faintly.

By this time our regiment was in motion, aud lest its course and future position might be missed, I was compelled hastily to rejoin it—for in the marchings and countermarchings, the frequent changes in position of a hundred thousand men, on and near a field of battle, should one lose his regiment, he might readily spend a whole half day in fruitless efforts again to find it. That night we encamped between Sharpsburgh and the Potomac. The next day, Saturday, we were ordered to Williamsport, twelve miles distant, and our way led back across the battle-field. When opposite the old building, I ran aside, while the column moved on, to look again after the poor young rebel. Just as left, the previous day, he lay, no one seemingly having been there. He was still alive, and breathing more freely. At once recognizing my voice, he answered intelligently a few brief questions. Notwithstanding an effort to refrain, as his head and face were again bathed, tears would flow down to mingle with the water. A piece of hard cracker, the only food at the time in my haversack, was broken fine, moistened with water, and put in his mouth, which he tried to eat. In reply to my question, "Do you think of any thing more I can now do for you?" his answer was, "Nothing, dear sir." Commending him to the care of a merciful God, in a few words of prayer, I turned away and left him, with feelings of indescribable sadness. War—cruel, unfeeling, relentless, bloody war! I inquired not for his name, his home, nor his mother—having no desire to know them. Little doubt, he would there die, unsoothed, unaided, unwept. No comforting incident in the case to write to his mother, if one were living; no cheerful memory for me to cherish concerning him. I asked not the name of the poor deluded young stranger, who came there to die so sad, so lonely a death.

DOWNESVILLE, MD., October 7th, 1862.

RED TAPE.—You have, no doubt, heard often and much concerning *red tape* in the army. This is, beyond question, one of our special and peculiar institutions, and has proved itself worthy of at least a mixed admiration. "But," says one, "I don't precisely understand the term, nor the thing intended to be designated thereby." Very probably; as the operation of *red tape* requires not only to be seen, but also felt, in order to fully comprehend its import. Americans, it is well known, have become rather famous for their facility in coining words in order to designate any new development of ever-varying humanity. The term, *Bo'hoys*, carries in it a volume of meaning; *Young America*, a whole library; and *Bunkum*, cart-loads of effective speech-making. All who have read Dickens' "Little Dorret," will remember, how that inimitable novelist presents the twists, the turns, the delays, the hinderances, pertaining to English law and justice, under the designation, "Circumlocution Office." And *red tape*, no doubt, took its origin from the usual habit of army officers and employees binding up their official papers with red tape. A practical illustration may, perhaps, convey an intelligent conception, not only as to the mode of operation by red tape, but, also, why the term is so significant and comprehensive.

After the late great battles, and the rebels all fairly pushed back across the Potomac into Virginia, it became evident that our grand army proposed to itself a rest, after such long and vigorous exercise, with consequent fatigue. Taking advantage of this lull in the strife of blood, it seeming also the most opportune for the purpose, application was made to the powers that be, that a brief leave of absence be granted me, for the purpose

of looking after a variety of business matters, and, especially, for enjoying a short season of social and Christian intercourse with friends and dear loved ones, after so long and close a confinement to camp. The request must needs go to M'Clellan's head-quarters for approval or rejection.

A document was accordingly prepared, in which were duly set forth in an effective manner, as the writer supposed, the various reasons which induced the application, and all finished up with a few flourishes and touches of rhetoric, which were considered irresistible. According to "red tape," no one is allowed to carry his application, in person, to the granting power. My precious document being ready, it was *sent*, think you, dear reader, direct to the head-quarters of Gen. M'Clellan? Nothing of the kind. Such a direct course would neither have been *red tape* nor circumlocution. As directed by *red tape* regulation, the formal and eloquent document was first carried to the Adjutant of our regiment, there to be started on its long routine of *red tape* towards the head-quarters of the army of the Potomac.

Our Adjutant—*Joe Brown*, we call him—being a plain, blunt, straight-forward, matter-of-fact sort of man, shook his head ominously, as he took in hand the prepared paper, frankly stating, that neither the penmanship, nor the size, nor folding of the sheet, was in proper form for *red tape*. The presumption as to penmanship, may have been well founded; else, Mr. Printer, your typo may be a blockhead; for, in transferring my letters into print, he not unfrequently produces words of which your correspondent never dreamed. Our Adjutant, however, being a warm friend, and very obliging withal, caused the clerk to transcribe the document in round, bold, well-flourished pen-

manship, and upon paper having the proper size for *red tape*, folded according to regulation, put into the prescribed envelope, tied with *red tape*, and then carried to our regimental head-quarters for approval or disapproval.

Our Colonel, by far too open-hearted and generous ever to refuse a request to a friend, wrote upon the proper folding, "Approved, and respectfully forwarded," under which his name and official title were fitly inscribed; had the paper re-folded, tied with *red tape*, and carried, by an orderly, to the head-quarters of our brigade. Having acquaintance and some favor in said locality, our good Brigadier turned a fold of the sheet and wrote thereon, "Approved, and respectfully forwarded," with name and officials underneath. An orderly carried it thence to division head-quarters.

Its introduction to our Division General, must have been in an evil hour. No special or favorable influence from the petitioner could have preceded the orderly. Some untoward circumstance may, at the time, have vexed the worthy General, or, perchance, he may have become weary with leaves of absence requested. Be all these as they may, a new fold of the paper was made, and the endorsement commenced with that unfortunate little bit of Latinized English, "*Dis*"—"*Dis*approved, but duly forwarded," name and officials being affixed, tied up with *red tape*, and, by an orderly, forwarded to corps head-quarters.

As the foremost sheep in a flock, when making a leap even over imaginary obstacles, is almost sure to be followed in the bound by the next one in the rear, so that ominous "*Dis*,"—being the first thing seen upon the document at corps head-quarters—no doubt had a preponderating influence in settling its destiny. A new fold was made, and, thereupon, the fatal

endorsement began with, *Dis*," having underneath both name and official dignity, was re-enveloped, tied with additional *red tape*, and, by an orderly, carried on its last stage, to the high place of the field—head-quarters army of the Potomac. *Two* "*Dis's*," according to human calculation, were likely to produce a negative, and so it unfortunately turned out. Red tape having thus conveyed the document, eloquent in appeals, to its final destination, red tape arrested there its farther progress. Whatever, under other circumstances, might have been its fate, those unfortunate "*Dis's*" had, no doubt, a strong negative influence. The last fold on the precious sheet was here made, and thereon written, "*Dis*approved, and respectfully returned, by order of General M'Clellan," re-folded, re-enveloped, and re-bound, with all its accumulation of *red tape*.

An orderly again took the concern in charge, and conveyed it back to head-quarters of Corps Commander. His orderly, carried it down to division head-quarters; his, again, down to the brigadiers; his, to the regimental, thence to the Adjutant, and by him, with a grave military salute, to the *dis*appointed writer.

Such, dear reader, is army *red tape*. The document, now in the writer's possession, notwithstanding the unfortunate "*Dis*," is, nevertheless, esteemed as of much value, having on it the autographs of so many illustrious officials in regular gradation. As a relic, it will be carefully preserved and handed down to children, accompanied with the injunction that the next generation gets it, not only as an illustration, but memento of *Red Tape*.

Do not, however, dear reader, allow yourself to cherish the impression that, from disappointment or any other cause, the writer has become an enemy to *red tape*. On the contrary, he

is a great admirer thereof. Without *red tape*, we would have no effective army. Without numerous bolts of *red tape*, various circumlocutions, checks, hinderances, restraints and coercives, the half of our officers, with multitudes of privates, would be constantly parading away from duty on furloughs and leaves of absence.

In Camp.—A restraint and constraint is thus upon me, to remain for the present in camp. In this arrangement I acquiesce without a murmur, most happy in being still at and in the Redeemer's work, which appears to progress with us in a very encouraging manner. In closing up the door to a present leave of absence, the Master, no doubt, acted best for his own glory and for good to myself. Had absence for twenty days been granted, some detriment or hinderance to His work, in camp, might, in the mean time, have happened. Of Satan's wiles, I am by no means ignorant. For that *Old Serpent*, as well as for those Southern rebels, a greater respect is cherished since entering upon camp life; *he* being more cunning and *they braver* than was formerly supposed. Rather than be circumvented in any measure by that old cunning destroyer, I had rather forego the unspeakable privilege and pleasure of visiting dear friends and children till the close of the three years, or end of the war.

Camp near Clear Spring, Md., Oct. 14th, 1862.

Novelty.—One novelty my correspondence from camp at least possesses—nearly every letter having a different heading, from some new locality. Our present camp is in the vicinity

of a comfortable-looking village, numbering some six or eight hundred inhabitants, and bearing the appellation of Clear Spring, located on the old national road, leading from Baltimore to Wheeling. This grand old highway was once the great artery of trade and travel from the Chesapeake, across the Alleghenies, to the north-west, ere railroads had advanced the world's speed to such a rapid rate. Should any one inquire more definitely concerning our whereabouts, we might be found a short distance from the Potomac, on its left bank,—*safe side*,—State of Maryland, near the north-west limit of that broad, beautiful, rich, fertile, Cumberland Valley, and at the base of a lesser range of mountains, one of the many spurs of the Appalachian chain, which renders their south-eastern slope so picturesque and inviting.

Our Coming Here.—This was sudden; it was unexpected; it was in the night, and also in a heavy rain, with vast quantities of mud. The distance from our late encampment to the present location, is about fourteen miles. Whoever imagines they could make that distance in the dark, in the rain, and in the mud, intermingled with sharp, projecting edges of limestone rock, carrying, at the same time, upon their shoulders, their house and household stuff, several days' provisions, with all their fighting implements—all this, and not feel, at halting, a little weary, even pretty well used up,—just let them come and take, in company with us, the next move we make under such conditions.

The Occasion of our Coming.—*Raids*, for discovery, curiosity, conquest, food, or plunder, have been common occurrences in most countries and all ages. The wandering Tartars,

the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns were impelled to make frequent inroads for subsistence on the fruitful plains of Europe, and, in so doing, those roving vagabonds took a wise conceit to make permanent settlements upon her rich acres. The wild, warlike, half-naked Highlander was wont, during the reign of many kings, when becoming more than usually threadbare and hungry, to descend from his misty hills, and maraud upon his more thrifty lowland neighbor. Bands of beastly Hottentots do not cease to fall upon the plodding and wealthy boors of Cape Colony, and drive away their herds into inaccessible Africa. Our red brethren, also, of the North-west, wearying with the monotony of wigwam life, eating pemmican and venison, must needs make an occasional turn-back upon civilized life, burn a score of villages, and butcher a few hundred old men, women and children. Have not, therefore, our Southern friends, whom we call rebels, thus, not only precedent and example, as well as large inducements from Northern thriftiness, to make inroads and marauding excursions? Certainly? But can it be that a band of those daring, ragged, starving rascals has been allowed to pass through the lines of the great Union army, half a million strong,—clear to their rear,—dashing around from town to town at pleasure, and at their leisure,—see their friends, take what they wished, and return to their place with comparative impunity? *Well, and, but, nevertheless, may be, although, why, yes*—but it isn't precisely according to army regulations to tell such affairs out of camp, and surely there can be no pleasure or pride to write them.

Rebel Raid to Chambersburg.—Our Confederate neighbors, it would seem, not satisfied, as we supposed they should have been, with their former raid into Maryland,—their push-

ing back at South Mountain and Antietam, thence back across the Potomac into Virginia, and then run away, as we supposed they should, into the distant recesses of the South,—did make, a few nights since, an additional and unexpected diversion back into Maryland. So soon as intelligence of their crossing was reported in our camp, twelve miles below, though dark and raining, the old 13th was ready for motion in double-quick time. Joined by a number of other regiments, with a few pieces of artillery, away we started. Our chances for overtaking and catching the daring rebels, were certainly not the most promising, we being all on foot, and tramping through rain and mud, they about two thousand, as reported, and all finely mounted, having also from twelve to twenty hours' of a start.

After running till out of wind, and no invaders visible, we were halted, and having taken possession of several mountain passes, leading from Pennsylvania through this narrow strip of Maryland, to fordings on the Potomac. Here we are using all precaution, having made every necessary arrangement to entrap and catch the plundering bandits, should they, in this direction, attempt to retrace their steps into Virginia. Our success in the catching business may, however, prove no more remarkable than that of the boy who, having nothing else to do, and in order to keep him out of mischief, was sent into a room infested with rats, with strict injunctions to catch them. After a time the father went to look after the idler, and inquired of his success. "Hush, hush, dad!" responded the hopeful, in an under-tone, and with an authoritative wave of the hand; "getting along first-rate. So soon as I catch *this one* and *two more*, I'll have *three*."

In what precise direction the invaders have gone, we are as

yet wholly uninformed. That the old Keystone State has at length been invaded, seems not only possible, but altogether probable. Now for the veteran Home Guards! Where is Governor Curtin and his famous State Militia? We are anxiously waiting, and every hour expecting to hear the thunder of their artillery mingled with the rattle of their musketry, as the bold invaders are hastily driven back into Virginia. On tip-toe we stand, in order to grab them, as they skedaddle along this way. We do not, however, much expect them to fall into our trap. "In vain," says Solomon, "is the snare set in sight of any bird." Nor do we expect to hear aught definite concerning their daring excursion—what towns they have entered, what property seized, or what railroads destroyed, until some stray Philadelphia or New York paper, a week old, finds its way to our camp, and gives us some loose and scattered accounts of their marches and safe arrival back into Virginia.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN VAN GORDER.—How slow and uncertain news from the outer world has of late reached us—may be learned from a single instance: A few days after the battle of Manasses, under General Pope, I read in a Philadelphia paper that Captain J. S. Van Gorder, of the Roundhead regiment,—one dear to me as the ties of kindred blood, a noble, generous, Christian nature could render him,—had lost an arm in that bloody strife. Not being permitted to leave camp, as desired, to hunt him up and minister to his need, I at once wrote to every person and place from whence it was hoped to obtain information as to where he had been removed. Yet no tidings came for nearly a month, and when arriving, it was but to announce that he had been dead for nearly two weeks. O, cruel war! how full of uncertainties, anxieties and disappointments!

As I stole away from the noise and bustle of the camp, and sat me down and wept, long, bitterly over the untimely death of this dear, young relative—son of a dear sister—what flood-tides of sorrow seemed to well up, flow around, and overwhelm the soul at the recollection of what countless numbers of families are already in mourning all over the land—as Rachel for her children weeping, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not! And, when trying to look forward, with anxious, prayerful, agonizing gaze, into the dark future, in order to discern an end to these sore bereavements and great sorrows, dimness comes over the vision, and a melancholy foreboding whispers, "The end is not yet." How long, O Lord, shall our beloved land thus continue to be so vast a Golgotha, so great an Aceldama, so wide-extended a field of blood!

PHILEMONT, VA., Nov. 5th, 1862.

GORDIAN KNOT CUT.—That your readers have not heard from me for a week or two past, was not occasioned because we had advanced so far into the enemy's country that no written memorials could be sent back; not because your correspondent was sick, or in the hands of the Secesh; nor yet his pencil broken, nor his pen dried, with no more themes of interest from camp-life of which to speak, nor the writer become unwilling to communicate. Well? You heard, some weeks since, that, instead of enjoying a visit to his friends, *Red Tape* kept an unwilling agent confined to his duties in camp. How, therefore, he could honorably leave, might have puzzled a head wise as Solomon's. Classic readers will remember that the skill of

certain ancient heathen experimenters succeeded in tying such a knot, that human ingenuity, after long and varied efforts, failed to untie. Honor and emolument were at length to be the reward of him who should unloose the famous cord-binding. A quite celebrated man-killer, called Alexander, at length came that way, and with his sword speedily unloosed the puzzle, and claimed the rewards. So, notwithstanding the meshes of red tape, the writer, in accordance with strict military law, has been absent from camp over ten days. In a word, our good Brigadier *cut* the red tape, and dismissed an agent *on business* for the Brigade.

Our Regiment, after nearly six months' delay, had received four months' pay. The families of the soldiers greatly needed the money. Means for transmission seemed both limited and uncertain. This letter-writer was the one fixed upon who must go to Pittsburg, carry the various packages of money, inquire after the welfare of dwellers at home; also deliver and carry back hundreds of friendly messages. Very desirous was he to go on his own errands, and make his own visits; yet was this business, with its attendant responsibilities and anxieties, by no means coveted. The General was appealed to. My duty was, he said, to go. A pass on *business*, not leave of absence, was accordingly furnished. With a large haversack, filled with envelopes containing in the aggregate about fifteen thousand dollars, I was soon without the lines, within the cars at Hagerstown, and without delay in Pittsburg. My reception there amounted almost to an ovation. If the gladness to see, and the blessings showered upon the head of this visitor from camp, did in many instances secretly mean the *money*, no disposition was felt thereat to chide honest human nature.

Northern Prosperity.—The appearance of things through Pennsylvania, in Pittsburg, and Philadelphia, was certainly very remarkable, strangely gratifying, and, in no ordinary degree, encouraging. No sooner beyond the lines of the army, than all appearance of war disappeared. The farming interests of the old Keystone State every where gave marks of unwonted thriftiness. The railroad engines puffed, and snorted, and screamed in a manner indicating that the track must be cleared for trains of unusual length, and with more than ordinary burdens. In the cities, the streets were thronged with such multitudes, as gave no evidence that Pennsylvania had sent a hundred and fifty thousand of her stalwart sons to the battle-field. The noisy peal of ten thousand workshops, the sound of the trowel and the hammer upon many new structures in process of erection; plethoric warehouses; stores, rich to gorgeousness, and on the increase,—all giving at least external evidence that this greatest war of modern times, and supported entirely from the nation's internal resources, had nevertheless brought with it universal prosperity to Pennsylvania, and also to all her Northern sisters. What a marvel is here! Something new under the sun! A nation, from internal resources alone, carrying on for over eighteen months the most gigantic war of modern times, ever increasing in its magnitude, yet all this while growing richer and more prosperous!

That Bonnet.—And the *ladies!*—they never looked more handsome, never appeared happier, and surely never dressed finer and more fashionably,—the war, notwithstanding. Having been so long in camp and on battle-fields, where ladies do not congregate, no notice, in consequence, could be taken of fashion's changes. One of these, at first view, not only arrested my

marked attention, but also occasioned some amusement—the *Bonnet*—the ladies' *new* Bonnet. Among my first calls upon reaching civilized society, was on a family of dear and intimate friends, where dwelt a young lady of fashion and taste in such matters. She was out making calls—presently came in. Brief salutations over, my first question, looking at the head-covering, was, "Is that *the Bonnet?*" Instantly comprehending the drift of the query, and sympathizing with my ignorance, such supplies not being among the things furnished to soldiers, with a graceful waive of the head and peculiar naïveté, the reply was, "*This is the Bonnet;*" at the same time turning entirely round, in order to give a full view of the wonderful structure. Milliners are certainly great characters, and in consequence receive great patronage. Great are they both at invention and in execution. Were they in the army, promotion for them would be speedy and honorable. The skill which conceived and executed *that* bonnet, with its high and gracefully projecting scoop, or swoop, or curve, or may be Hogarth's line of beauty, in connection with its base of showy flowers resting upon the forehead,—could project and build a machine which would speedily blow the rebels as high as a kite.

Back to Camp—in Motion.—Getting back to Hagerstown on the evening of October the 30th, where my horse had been left, it was there ascertained that our Regiment, with its Division which was camped at Hancock when leaving, forty miles above Harper's Ferry, had moved down again to Clear Spring, then to Williamsport, and thence to Downsville. Setting out for the latter place, eight miles from Hagerstown, on the afternoon of the 31st, it was soon ascertained that the Division had moved the same morning, at daybreak, for some point on the Potomac

below Harper's Ferry. Unable to overtake it that night, shelter was found in a Maryland farm-house; and the Regiment rejoined early next morning—all again in motion. Hailed cordially by friends, and glad to be back. Eventide found us encamped at Berlin, a small town on the Maryland side of the Potomac, eight miles below Harper's Ferry. Here we made the banks of the old classic river vocal with our evening songs of praise. Contrary to our expectation, the same camp was held over the Sabbath; whereat we are glad. Notwithstanding the busy preparation for a speedy onward movement, a good time was had on that day appointed for rest, both in public and social worship.

Monday noon, all in motion, and a stream of living men tramping across a pontoon-bridge, once more invading Dixie. A pontoon-bridge is made by anchoring long, narrow boats up and down the stream, and near to each other, on which heavy planks are laid, thus affording a safe and convenient crossing for men and wagons. During the afternoon a rapid march was made of some dozen miles. Leesburg was on our left, with the ranges of mountains to the south-east of the Shenandoah on our right. Early Tuesday morning our rapid march was resumed; and, after making an additional twelve miles in the same general direction—south-west—we were encamped in a rich and beautiful section of country, which, from its appearance, had not hitherto been visited by the ravages of war. Being under orders to march at a moment's notice, we, however, linger as I write, this forenoon of Wednesday, November 5th. Occasional and heavy cannonading is heard far in our front. When, whither, and to what we move, time will develop.

CAMP NEAR BALTIMORE,
FAUQUIER CO., VA., NOV. 13TH, 1862.

IN DIXIE.—Since my last, about a week since, we have been marching and stopping, camping and moving—slowly, but we trust surely, advancing once again in the heart of Dixie. Skirmishing has taken place almost every day with the advance of our columns; yet nothing, which, with our numerical strength and past experience, could be called a battle. The rebels are evidently at their old and hitherto successful policy—good generalship in all ages—when hardly pressed, falling back; far back, thus compelling our army, if a battle be had, to follow them. In doing which, its strength must, at each successive advance, be in some measure diminished; as a sufficient force must needs be left, to guard each road and station in the rear; while each successive mile of advance, renders the labor of adequately supplying such a host more difficult. When and where the rebels may eventually stop again to give battle—for fight they will—how far we shall advance at present, or whether further this fall; where and how the winter may be spent; are questions frequently asked at present; yet all so seemingly indefinite, that each one gives his own, and usually a different solution.

REMOVAL OF GEN. MCCLELLAN.—The great event of the present time, in camp, is, the unexpected superseding of Gen. McClellan, by Gen. Burnside. It is an event of such present magnitude, as will no doubt cause intense effervescence in the already heated caldrons of Northern politics. Nor is it possible, during a few months' military service, so effectually to mould over American Volunteers into mere machines, as to

prevent them from discussing politics; civil and military affairs; the merits of this or that General, in camp. Heated discussions, among both officers and privates, are in consequence to be expected over this measure. Concerning the propriety, the policy, the justness, or the necessity for the present removal of Gen. McClellan, from his high command, it would be impossible for me, at present, to write with any intelligence; having in possession none of the reasons inducing such a change. From all the precedents of our Executive, before us, this may be asserted, with the fullest confidence: reasons existed, in the mind of the President, fully demanding the change, else it had not been made under the circumstances. Great pity, since the thing has at length been accomplished, it had not been done long ago.

No Detriment Feared.—No serious results need be apprehended from the present condition of things. Free discussion has ever been our national boast, and, no doubt, in some measure, our safety. The preservation of our liberties, consists, also, to some degree, in the fact that our civil rulers are changed so frequently. For any party, when defeated in an election, to say: "We'll not have this man to rule over us," becomes both treason and rebellion; of which the Southern States are now guilty, and against which assumption we have so long been fighting. Should our civil rulers, through the influence of party, adopt measures injurious to the public good, or obnoxious to the general sentiment of the community,—their tenure of office is usually so short that, without revolution or great detriment, they can soon be voted out of power.

CHANGES NECESSARY.—Changes among military rulers may become as necessary as with those that are merely civil; and where made, whether all interested approve or not, it would be treason, rebellion, mutiny, especially with the soldier, to say, "I'll not fight save under the general and officers I choose to like." It is matter for sincere gratitude we have still a civil ruler—commander-in-chief of our army and navy—with firmness sufficient, when his judgment dictates, to displace subordinates, however popular. For the ultimate crushing out of this rebellion, a restored Union, and the satisfactory settlement of difficult and conflicting theories and problems in civil government, on a more permanent basis, we have but few fears or misgivings. None should forget that we live in revolutionary times. All things are moving rapidly. Men and measures are hence often speedily changed. He who is the idol of the people to-day, may be among the least esteemed to-morrow. The unknown at present, may be famous in an hour. No special regrets may be whined over such a condition of things. Good and evil are still sadly commingled both in our civil and military affairs. Whether we desire it or not, the Lord is shaking, and sifting, and overturning; and may He continue to turn things upside down, until the *right* men fill all places of authority, whether in civil or military life, until righteousness every where prevails, and, in consequence, a permanent peace,—until He whose right it is to reign, shall have undisputed dominion over this and all lands.

The above thoughts, on the removal of General McClellan, were penned at the time in camp, and in the midst of many and fierce murmurings from both officers and privates. Two years have now elapsed, and neither disposition nor necessity exists to alter a single sentence

then written. Time and developments have fully justified the thoughts then uttered. Our Executive has also, long since, been vindicated in the removal of Little Mac, and our officers and privates reconciled to the same.

CHAPTER VII.

Burnside's Campaign.

Camp near Stafford Court House, Va.
Nov. 18, 1862.

Sabbath Desecration.—In camp near New Baltimore, Fauquier Co., from which place my last was dated, we remained quietly from Sabbath to Sabbath. On the Lord's day we arrived there, and pitched our tents. It was seemingly meet, therefore, according to military programme, that we should leave on the same day set apart by its Maker for religious rest. While making arrangements the day previously for Sabbath exercises, the members of our Christian Association united in saying, "We'll of course leave to-morrow." And so it happened, accordingly. On Saturday night, orders came to be ready for marching by six o'clock next morning. We were off at dawn, and after making a long, long, weary march, were only halted when darkness gathered thick around us. Commentators differ somewhat as to the precise distance of a Sabbath day's journey among the Jews. Granting to it the longest accredited measure, there can be no dispute; but had we been in communion with those righteous old Pharisees, we, with all our generals, would speedily have been turned out of the Synagogue.

The Devil as a Tactician.—We would not charge upon our commanding officers, who plan campaigns, that they pur-

posely arrange for military operations to be resumed upon the Sabbath, in preference to any other day of the week. Certain is it, however, that oftentimes we have more services of a purely military kind to perform on it than upon other days. Knowing that the devil is a philosopher, as well as a consummate military chieftain, the matter may be accounted for as follows. This subtile and very notable deviser, Satan, on Friday or Saturday, starts the secesh on some new enterprise, which generally results in putting us in motion by Sabbath. Sure it is, we have no Sabbath in camp—nothing to distinguish it from any other day of the week any more than in India or China, save, perhaps, a few additional hours' service occupied by inspections, together with their necessary preparatives. The leading sympathies and influences from officers, both high and low, seem to be against the Sabbath. They neither attend, nor encourage attendance, upon religious services, when attempted in the respective regiments. Exceptions to this are few—hence the more honorable.

Religion in Camp.—Those dear Christian friends at home, who have been longing and praying for the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the army, must not overlook the fact, while expecting an answer to their petitions, that it is altogether and constantly an up-hill business to accomplish any thing for Jesus in the camp. Even to maintain, among those who professed to love the Redeemer when volunteering, any evidences of piety, requires constant watchfulness and continued effort. Our Missionaries write, and no doubt with crushing truthfulness, not only of the deadening influences of Heathenism, but of the consequent difficulties of introducing the gospel. But what are the abominations of savages and heathens compared with the

wickedness of our army? Each one, out of a great majority of our armies, *knows* and practises daily more wickedness than a hundred of the worst Hindoos in India. They tremble at an oath, and would shudder to take the name of an idol god in vain—profanity is the *vulgar* tongue of our camps. How a righteous God can give success, in arms, to such masses of pollution seems difficult to comprehend.

Having over eighteen months' experience of this, no Sabbath influence, deadening tendencies, and demoralizing sympathies, in this unnatural condition of life, to crowd out the gospel, efforts are still continued, and by the blessing of God, crowned with success, to maintain religious services of some kind each day. Every evening, during the past eight months, unless prevented by storm or military service, has a meeting been held in our regiment for the worship of God. No abatement, either in numbers or influence is yet manifest, but an evident increase in both. My practice is to preach, address, or lecture briefly, at the opening of each meeting; then a voluntary service; each one desiring, engages in speaking, singing or prayer. On Sabbath evening, we have always regular public service. My custom at present is, to lecture, on some evening during the week, upon a selected passage of Scripture, which portion constitutes the lesson for our Bible classes on the following Sabbath. A practice which, from its apparent good with us, can be commended to the attention of all pastors.

Soldier's Gifts.—Although discarding the idea of organizing a distinct Church in camp, yet through the operation of our Christian Association, does continued and varied experience prompt us to introduce, so far as possible, all the active appliances of a well-organized congregation. Some time since, it was proposed to raise a collection for benevolent purposes. This was

done, one evening last week, and the collection amounted to over eighty dollars. The proceeds have not yet been distributed, but, by arrangement, are to be devoted to such objects as all can agree upon, such as the American Bible Society. Various other liberal contributions have also been made, during the past season, by the regiment. For a widow whose son, a member of our regiment, was killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, one hundred and fifty dollars were contributed; for another, forty; and for a widow whose husband was killed in the same battle, fifty dollars have just been raised. These do credit both to the heads and hearts of the donors. Should its mention here be accounted boasting, no fault will be found thereat. One object in writing thereof is, to stir up others to love and good works; and, also that an assurance may be cherished by the reader, that benevolence, as well as other Christian graces, may live and grow in the uncongenial soil of camp-life.

A Long March.—Although our recent march was commenced, yet was it by no means ended on the Sabbath. Monday found us early on the road, and halting time late in the evening. Tuesday (to-day) off at dawn, with a rapid march till past noon. No military secret will probably be revealed by telling where we are now encamped; and, as I write leaning against a tree, in the afternoon, the number of troops coming here not being given, and the object not known. War is a great prompter to the study of geography. If the reader will take a map of Virginia, and look at Warrenton, near from where we started on Sabbath morning, and where we are now encamped, Tuesday afternoon, near Stafford Court House, and adjacent to the rail-road from Acquia creek to Fredericksburg, some estimation can be formed of the distance which the old 13th, now 102d regiment, have trudged in two days and a half.

My own locomotion during this long march has been peculiarly felicitous. During many, long, wearying tramps, the past Summer, my manner was, to go on foot with the boys. While yet in Maryland, a month and more ago, a good horse was purchased, in order to take matters more easily. No sooner, however, were we across into Virginia, than Satan afflicted me, through the horse, by giving the animal a very sore foot. This need not be marvelled at, seeing he gave many sore boils to good old Job. The long march was made, personally, as formerly, on foot, accompanied with much additional weariness from leading and coaxing the poor animal after me.

The Country.—From the neighborhood of Warrenton and Manasses Junction to Fredericksburg, the region is less hilly than was supposed; being no more than what is usually termed undulating. The soil thin, but, kindly and evidently, capable of ready and great improvement under skilful and industrious farming. Iron ore, of the richest quality, cropped out in many places over which we marched. Broken fragments of quartz rock lie scattered over the ground every where; thus indicating a primitive formation, and gold bearing region. In various places, through this section, gold has been found, and efforts at crushing the quartz made; but, not proving very remunerative, were generally abandoned previously to the rebellion—wholly, now. Where we last encamped, was a stone-quarry, from which, we were told, were drawn some of the material for the new Capitol in Washington. So many are the elements of national wealth, in this region lying along the Potomac, and also so near our nation's seat of Government.

Timber.—Timber, is neither abundant nor good. Scrubby

pine and red cedar predominating; though, on the flats, and along the water-courses, various species of oak and hickory, with walnut, ash, etc., grow to fair proportions. Every where the chinkapin, a dwarfish, brambly species of chestnut, abounds. It bears a bur and nut similar, though much smaller, to that of our magnificent chestnut trees, of Pennsylvania. *Persimmon* trees are also numerous through all the old fields, along the fence-courses, and, occasionally, in the woods. Nearly all, in our course, were covered with fruit, rich in appearance as the orange. For any that may be ignorant of this celebrated Southern tree, with its fruit, a brief description is here appended. The tree, when growing in the open field, assumes a very pleasing shape to the eye. It grows to the height of thirty, forty, or even fifty feet. The fruit grows to the size of a small apple, and quite as plentifully on the branches, as on that best of fruit-bearing trees. It is a stone-bearing fruit; several kernels, like those of a cherry, being in each. Before ripening, the fruit, like the apple, is deep green; and if, in this condition, one be chewed, so astringent are they, that, despite all efforts to the contrary, the mouth, presently, assumes the shape of one when about to whistle. They do not, thoroughly, ripen until after a number of heavy frosts; after which, they become soft and pulpy, and turn in color to a rich yellow. Unlike most other fruits, when ripe, they still adhere to the limbs with such tenacity that no amount of shaking will separate. All the leaves have now fallen off the trees, and the limbs still hanging full of those gold-colored persimmons, cause them to have a beautiful and picturesque appearance. In the absence, it may be, of all other fruit, we consider them really very palatable. The soldiers run after them with great avidi-

ty, scramble up the trees and break off the branches, or, too often take a quicker yet vandal plan—cut them down.

A common wild grape, also, much abounds through the woods. The pods still adhere to the vines; and, although the berries are somewhat dried with the frosts and sun, are pleasant to the taste. These, also, the soldiers gather and voraciously devour. Any thing, indeed, is eagerly sought after, which may divert the palate for a short time from its routine of grub, grub, grub; coffee and crackers, with salt pork or beef.

Farming.—The farming interests of the section under review, appears wretched in the extreme. Evidently, the old dilapidated farms had been pretty fairly tilled out before the opening of the rebellion; and, wherever the contending armies have gone, the desolation has become almost complete. Fences burned, and fields thrown into commons. Very few horses, cattle, sheep, hogs or fowls, are to be found; and, wherever discovered, they are at once appropriated by our straggling soldiers. Once or twice I saw our soldiers catch some turkeys and chickens, and then offer the wretched-looking owners a fair price in good Federal money, greenbacks or postage currency. In every instance they were utterly refused, with the assertion, "Such money was worth nothing whatever." So ignorant and infatuated are those poor rebels. The soldiers, of course, took the turkeys and chickens along. Many of the old farm-houses are tenantless. What has become of the miserable owners seams an utter puzzle to understand. The families which have remained, and by whose sorry-looking tenements our columns passed, peered out at us with timid and sinister looks. With some of them I conversed, and would still ask the question, "How do you expect to get through the coming winter?" The

men were sullen as baited bulls. The women, gazing at me with looks, in which were commingled fear, rage and sadness, would generally answer, "The Lord only knows!" The Lord, certainly, does know; and, unless He interpose, many of them will surely perish. Righteous art Thou, in all Thy ways, O Lord. The towering pride of old Virginia, is being fearfully humbled. Some slave-women and children were seen gazing curiously upon our grand cavalcade. But two or three able-bodied colored men did I see in two days' march. One of these was accosted by a soldier from our regiment, "Wouldn't you like to go along, and have a gun?" His voice seemed to tremble, as he answered, "O, I couldn't leave de pore children!" Poor fellow, the ties which bound him to his children, were stronger than his evident desire for freedom. His redemption, however, draweth nigh.

Mouth of Acquia Creek, on Potomac,
Nov. 25th, 1862.

More Sabbath-Breaking.—In our camp, from which my last was dated—near Stafford Court House—we remained quietly from Tuesday noon till Sabbath morning. No orders had come for any additional movements at the time of our usual worship, Saturday evening. We then made one more definite arrangement for various Sabbath exercises. At the same time, a number of our young men spoke out and said: "No doubt we shall move to-morrow; seeing it will be Sabbath." We, nevertheless, went to sleep under the hopeful impression, that, for once at least, both the boys and Satan would be deceived. Not so, however. At midnight orders came for our regiment

alone, out of the division, to move down early on Sabbath morning to the mouth of Acquia Creek, on the Potomac—ten miles from our then encampment.

The sacred day of rest was, of course, entirely consumed in this movement. When arriving on the banks of this beautiful, and now more than ever, classic Potomac, a heavy, chilling wind was blowing. A city had to be built to shelter the men from the frosty air. By the time this was accomplished it was after dark; the Sabbath all occupied in military service. Not content to sleep without an attempt to worship; a number of the more zealous gathered a brush pile, and made a cheerful fire, around which the brethren gathered, and to whom I preached briefly from the words, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Clever, well-meaning Uncle Abe has issued a proclamation for the better observance of the Sabbath, and a restraint of wickedness in the army. Intentions good, no doubt, yet is the language of the President's manifesto so entirely indefinite that scarcely the least attention is likely to be given thereto. Common law will not answer in the army. Its officers and privates, as a whole, are entirely too wicked to be much influenced by well meant generalities in Presidential Proclamations, or vague and powerless Congressional enactments, as to morality. In order to meet the case, all want positive enactments, as God gave to ancient Israel, with specific penalties, surely to be executed for each violation.

Acquia Creek—knowing ones pronounce it by placing a strong accent upon the second syllable—is a small stream emptying itself into the Potomac on the Virginia side, about forty miles below Washington. It became somewhat famous, during last winter, as the place where the rebels erected a num-

ber of batteries, and, for a series of months, kept the Potomac pretty effectually blockaded, thus cutting off nearly all water communication with the Capital. A railroad fifteen miles in length, connects this point with Fredericksburg; and thence to Richmond, sixty miles farther. This route has of late years become quite a favorite one for travellers from North to South, going down in steamboats from Washington to Acquia Creek.

This railroad was in the possession of our troops when Gen. Burnside came from North Carolina last summer to co-operate with Gen. Pope, and landed his troops at this point. Afterwards, when directed to abandon this region and join General Pope, then near Culpepper, Burnside ordered every thing to be destroyed which might in any way aid the military operations of the rebels. The railroad pier, extending far out into the river, the temporary buildings on the wharf, together with the cars, the engines, and the bridges along the road, were all burnt, and the track itself torn up.

Two weeks since, when Burnside, now Commander-in-Chief, marched from Warrenton to the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, by Acquia Creek, and the ruined railroad presented the only feasible route along which to convey provisions in quantities sufficient for such a host. Modern skill, energy, and speed in construction, are truly marvellous. Fifteen days ago, this railroad was, as seen, an utter desolation; yet for seven days past have trains of cars been carrying along it, and distributing to the various camps, within reach, enormous quantities of beef, pork, crackers, oats, corn, and hay, together with every variety of army supplies. The engineer corps of the army had materials brought from a distance, and re-constructed the long dock, erected temporary depots, re-built the bridges, re-laid the track, brought four large engines from the North, with a sufficient

number of cars, got them on the track, and in running order—all within a week.

So soon as work was commenced at Acquia Creek, our regiment was detached, and sent to that locality, with instructions to take a general military supervision of the place and its connections; to brush away any marauding secesh, who might chance to interfere, to guard the railroad, and protect public property. The place is one naturally of much beauty. Here the graceful Potomac opens out to nearly a mile in width; the expanded mouth of Acquia Creek, the banks of more than ordinary height, and these formed into high mounds or peaks; and the river at present covered with vessels of every description—all contribute to render the place quite attractive. Yet, strange to relate, not a solitary house is within sight. Nor does it appear that any have lately been destroyed by the ravages of war. When Virginia becomes regenerated, as she will after the war, a beautiful and thriving town will soon rise here.

A New City Built.—As the service upon which we were sent must, from present appearance, be required all winter, our boys took it into their heads, and quite naturally, too, that this was to be their location, and these their duties for months to come. Our camp-ground was on an open space fronting the river. Plans were speedily set on foot for building winter quarters. The rebel regiments, which spent last winter here, had, as they are wont to do, built themselves very comfortable and convenient habitations—log houses, shingled roofs, floors, windows, and brick chimneys. These, however, were not in a location to suit our present purpose. In order to avoid the range of the gun-boats from the river, their quarters had been built nearly a mile back behind the hills. The materials of these, now desolate

rebel structures, seemed the most inviting within reach for the erection of a new city close by the river. Away went our boys, in long files, like ants to a sugar drawer, and, without compunction, long rows of secesh cabins were torn down, and carried, piecemeal, that long distance upon their shoulders. While some carried, others builded. Busy as beavers did they thus labor for a whole week, working often far into the night. Scarcely did a more active or enlivening scene meet the gaze of the astonished Æneas as he peered over the hill at Dido's Phœnician colony.

By Saturday last the new city was well-nigh completed. And, certainly, a curious, interesting, and somewhat grotesque appearance it presented. Scarcely any two structures in the whole category resembled each other; some, even, were without resemblance. Each man, or squad, built his house according to his material, his fancy, or, perhaps, his conceptions of convenience and beauty—all manifesting in their operations an untrammelled democracy. Some of them were really neat and tasteful externally, and very comfortable within. Others were sorry, shabby concerns; while others, again, seemed entirely shapeless. There does seem to be in the human mind some faint conceptions of the beautiful with respect both to modes of dress and shapes of buildings. With many, moreover, there exists a cherished belief that in each of these there is perfection ultimately to be reached. Surely, however, from the many outlandish fashions, with their comfortless buildings all over the country, perfection is still far off.

Scientific Chimney.—In the meantime, your correspondent remained content with his little, old, wedge tent. But as the nights were somewhat cold, and the winds along the river, chilly,

it came into his mind to construct, and that on purely scientific principles, a flue, which, when made according to true science, should have a draft, that would draw out, not only all the smoke, but with it also every unhealthy vapor. From the centre of the ground-floor a small trench was dug to the outside, and covered, leaving both ends open. When completed, a fire, made from pine knots rich with tar and turpentine, was put in the opening inside. As much smoke would be evolved, a grand success was in consequence about to be exhibited. The currents of air most unfortunately, however, seemed at the time to have taken some dudgeon at science, as they persisted in drawing the smoke the wrong way. The little tent was presently filled with a dense cloud. My hat was seized, and with great vigor fanned across the opening, under the vain impression, that, should the smoke but once get a start in the right direction, it could not fail so to continue. It not only refused, but lifted itself around me in still thicker volumes. Fairly beaten, and with closed and smarting eyes, the tent was speedily abandoned. Seated on the ground at a respectful distance, and with some disappointment, the smoke was watched as it rolled out from the opening in the canvass, curled up in thick and graceful wreaths. The vexation was not so much at the present prospective lack of fire, but that professional science should be thus so set at naught.

A City Burnt.—On Sabbath afternoon, two dilapidated regiments from New York were sent down to take our place, and we ordered back to our brigade—for the reason, no doubt, that such an effective regiment as the old 13th, could not be spared from active field service. Our boys, in consequence, felt a little disappointment in not being allowed to inhabit, even for a

few days, the city they had, with so much labor, built. This feeling was also aggravated, by various squads of the newcomers passing along the streets, and boasting, so as to be heard, what fine winter-quarters our regiment had built for them. When the city was about being abandoned early on Monday morning, by some untoward accident, in the haste of preparation for starting, flames were seen to burst out from a number of the newly-built houses. Nearly all the material being seasoned, the weather for some days dry, the city, like ancient Jerusalem, compactly built together, a breeze at the time blowing; and, as a result. the entire city was in a few minutes in flames. Grand was the conflagration, and worthy of an artist's pencil.

CAMP, ST. GEORGE'S COUNTY, VIRGINIA,
December 10th, 1862.

TWO FAMOUS CHARACTERS.—As chroniclers of great battles are wont to say, "It would be impossible to mention by name all who have distinguished themselves," so neither, as you will bear me witness, has there been any attempt, in my numerous letters from camp, to mention individuals by name who have done honor to the service. In so doing a large list must be made, as almost every name would press for insertion. There are, however, two characters attached to our regiment, whose long, brave, constant, uninterrupted manly bearing, it might seem invidious longer to pass over in silence. Volunteering into the regiment at its first organization, now nineteen long months,—during all that time, they have shown no tendency to desert, nor even asked for a furlough or leave of ab-

sence. They have never been off duty; never missed a roll-call; never offered a complaint; never have seemed to doubt of ultimate success; always cheery and ready to lend a helping hand at any difficult service. Far different, also, from many in their respective companies, they have never yet so far disgraced themselves, as to violate the law of God, wholesome army regulations, together with all rules of decency and gentlemanly bearing, by uttering a vulgarity, swearing a profane oath, playing cards or getting drunk. Their characters, it may be truly said, are now known and read of all. But who, who are they? Let us hear the names of such true gentlemen and model characters, such brave soldiers and unbending patriots:—Two Dogs.

Smile, reader, if you will; but don't snarl or turn up the nose. These two characters are far more worthy to have an honorable chronicle, than many a biped with whom they associate. Although the truth of Master Dick's song is familiar to each ragged urchin in every city, village, and hamlet in the land,—

> "*That* in that town a dog was found,
> As *many* dogs there be,
> Both puppy, mongrel, whelp and hound,
> And curs of low degree."

True, it may not be possible to say of either as of one brought into fame by Caledonia's bard:—

> "His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
> Showed he was none o' Scotland's dogs,
> But whalpit some where far abroad,
> Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

Yet are they none of your ordinary whelps or curs, though to the manor born, and without name or fame. By native strength of character, and living in revolutionary times, they have raised themselves above the common swarm of mongrels. As the biography of many a Brigadier should, in charitable silence, be brief, so of our two heroes nothing shall be written until fairly ushered upon the stage of active military life.

Once, upon a dark night, in the city of Pittsburg, the Niagara fire-engine was being boisterously hurried along a narrow street, in order to extinguish some rising flame or imagined combustion. Out of a dark alley came a young puppy, evidently much alarmed at the clamor, and by his vigorous barking, seeming vainly to imagine he could put a stop to such a noisy tumult. A rather natural result followed. The engine ran over puppy's leg and broke it. Though noisy, and sometimes charged with rowdyism, yet are members of fire companies not devoid of kindly sympathies. The loud howlings of puppy over his injury, soon brought one of the boys to his relief, by whom he was carried to the engine-house, and the leg splintered, which in time healed. Puppy soon became a favorite with the boys, got JACK as a cognomon, grew up beside the engine, and eventually became a large, fine-looking, tri-colored mastiff. Jack was always in high glee when the fire-bell sounded, ran with the shouting company, and rendered all the assistance possible.

Ere long the times changed. The rebellion broke out, and many of the Niagara engine boys were enlisting. Jack listened with all due attention to the various discussions held thereat in the engine-house, and soon got it into his doggish head that

something unusual was in the wind. As he walked about in a dignified manner, all the while

> "His gourie tail, wi' upward curl,
> Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swurl,"

and with an occasional bow-wow—all of which signified, that if any big fire was to be extinguished, Jack was one to help. Starting-time came, and sure enough, Jack was amongst the first to enter the cars. Although he did not take the oath of allegiance, yet none the less true has he proved himself. He became enrolled in company A, which leads the regiment. Jack leads the company, thus being always ahead, whether on parade, the march, or battle-field. A slanderous report was indeed put into circulation, that at the fearful battle of Malvern Hills, when shot and shell, canister and Minnie began to fall thick and fast, Jack skedaddled, and rejoined his company after the fray was over. This is, however, by many flatly denied, so that Jack claims the benefit of the demurrer. His broken bone not having been set according to science, the leg, in consequence, remains crooked. It hence often gets hurt,—whereat Jack will hold it up for inspection or sympathy, in a manner quite creditable to any limping soldier in one of our numerous hospitals.

The other dog is a curious-looking specimen of the canine. One must be more skilled in doggery than the writer, to define his species. Spaniel, cur, terrier, and water-dog all seem blended in one. He is, however,

> "A rhyming, ranting, roving billie."

His partial friends do, indeed, boast him of high degree; yet sure all who meet him must admit,

> "That though he *be* of high degree,
> The feint a pride, no pride has he."

Volunteering in the regiment while encamped in the city of York, Pa., in May, 1861, he is, in accordance, surnamed YORK. He is enrolled in company B, which occupies the extreme left or rear of the regiment. Should Jack at any time approach the rear, every hair on York's body is at once on end. Should York approach the right, Jack sends him back according to true military style and authority.

York's reasoning faculties seem to operate slowly. He is accustomed to bound away, and bring back in his mouth whatever missile any one of the boys may throw from them, whether falling upon land or water. With live game he has but little acquaintance. The other day a rabbit was started, and was seen by York at a certain point. Thither he bounded with wonderful agility; then he stopped and snuffed and snorted to find the rabbit as he would a block or stone—seeming wholly oblivious, that although the rabbit was actually in that spot when he started in pursuit, it might not perchance be in the same spot when he arrived. Marvellous stories are told by the boys concerning the experience and knowledge in military affairs acquired by these dogs; all of which, if written, would fill a volume, and put to shame many a Brigadier.

Another dog we had whose name is still cherished, and whose memory should not be allowed to perish without a word. On account of many graces, both mental and bodily, it received the appellation of "Beauty." Along into the battle of Malvern, on

the peninsula, went Beauty, but came not out. Some would have it, that Beauty was taken prisoner, but as the name never appeared among the list of captured, this seems impossible. The majority have it, that Beauty was torn to pieces by a bursting shell. Poor Beauty bleaches not alone, unburied, from our regiment, upon those blood-stained hills of Malvern. Should these two veterans not meet the fate of Beauty, and be allowed to return with the living to Pittsburg, a bright brass collar, with appended silver medal, will, no doubt, be voted to each, and be worn by their dogships the remainder of life.

Reader, these two dogs give evidence of thinking as quickly, and reasoning as accurately as yourself. What is it, then, which separates you from them so widely, marking a distinction lasting as eternity? They have no conscience, no moral sense, no remorse for the past, no hope or dread of the future. All these you possess, and in their daily exercise they argue you accountable—a being, the consequences of whose actions are not to cease, as will those of Jack and York. Yet, perchance, these dogs are acting in a manner much more rational than yourself. Daily they do honor to every faculty their Maker has given them, while it may be both you and those who proudly boast themselves as the owners of the dog, are daily and recklessly dishonoring, by misimprovement, each power of body and faculty of soul bestowed for high aims and holy purposes.

Two years have now elapsed since the above chronicle was made of our two camp friends. These two eventful years have made rapid and fearful changes among the human members of our regiment, as well as of the whole army. Nor have our canine companions been exceptions to war's rapid mutations. Eighteen months since, poor York sank under a complication of injuries, diseases and exposures—died

in camp, was buried with appropriate military honors by the members of his company, while a board at the spot duly chronicles the event.

Jack still survives, through multiplied dangers and vicissitudes, maintaining his honorable position in the field and active service. A correspondent has lately written the following notice of Jack, copied into nearly all the papers in the country.

"A Remarkable Dog.—Nearly every company, certainly every regiment, in the service, has a pet of some kind or other. It matters not whether the object of their affection be dog, cat, possum, cow or horse, whatever it be, the brute is loved by all, and woe be to the outsider who dares to insult or injure one of these pets. More personal encounters have been brought on between soldiers about some pet animal, than in any other way. Occasionally these pets become great heroes, in their way, and then they become general favorites with the whole army. I have before me a photograph of one of this kind, known as dog "Jack." As his history is not devoid of interest, I give it here. "Jack" served a regular term with Niagara Fire Insurance Engine Company, in Pittsburg, Pa., before the war broke out, and when volunteers were called to put down this rebellion, several members of Niagara Company entered the service in the One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Jack, no doubt prompted by patriotic impulses, came into the field with some of his old friends, and he can to-day produce as clean a record as any other dog. He was at the siege of Yorktown, battle of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, battle of the Pickets, Malvern Hill, (where he was wounded,) first and second Fredericksburg; was captured at Salem Church, after which he was exchanged and returned to the regiment, and in the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19th, he was again taken prisoner by the enemy, early in the morning, while on duty at division head-quarters, but was recaptured again when Sheridan made that famous advance, at 4 P. M. "Jack" now runs on three legs, but in other respects he is as agile as ever, and wears his honors as meekly as becometh a good dog."

Battle-Field of Fredericksburg, 2 Miles below the City, and South of the Rappahannock, Dec. 13th, 1862.

Another Battle-Field.—Our last sketch left us in Winter encampment, six miles south-east from that little, old, aristocratic Fredericksburg. Other matters, however, beside writing the biographies of either dogs or men, soon ensued. At day-break, on Thursday morning the 11th, our former camp was abandoned; where, for a week, and under the disadvantages of rain, snow, freezing, high winds, and inadequate shelter, we had been trying, with but moderate success, to make ourselves comfortable. Our front file was turned into the road leading to Fredericksburg. The freezing of the previous night had been so severe, that even the deep mud-holes bore, unyielding, the tread of foot, horse, artillery and baggage-trains. The road was soon worn to a glassy smoothness. The sun rose clear and cloudless. The day was calm and beautiful. Two hours' march brought us upon the high bluffs, which range along the beautiful Rappahannock, within full view of, and two miles below the little, staid, old city.

Grand Living Panorama.—The view, which here met our vision was, beyond all precedent in our campaigning, grand and exciting. Of the many gorgeous military displays witnessed, during the past year and nine months, this was certainly the most extensive and imposing. A beautifully cultivated plain, about half a mile wide, and a number of miles in length, lies along the river, from the city to our left, as we approached. The bluffs, in the rear of this plain, rise to a height of from fifty to a hundred feet. All the various camps, which covered the country for miles back, had been broken up the same morning. On our arrival upon the rising ground, various divisions

of the grand army were already massed upon the plain, while numerous columns, beside our own, were pouring over these little ranges of hills, and taking position in front of the river. Trains of artillery, miles in length, were moving forward and taking their assigned places. Files of cavalry, stretching out of sight, skirted the whole. Two poontoon bridges were erecting opposite our approach; two farther up the river, and opposite the city; and two more still higher up. The rebels, by a brisk fire, were disputing these constructions. A large number of our batteries, planted close to the river, and farther back upon the bluffs, were keeping up a continuous and tremendous cannonade, in order to drive back the rebels, and protect the pontoons. The rebel sharp-shooters persisted in firing from the windows and roofs of the houses in Fredericksburg, upon our bridge-builders, by which quite a number of them were killed and wounded. Our Commanders, becoming at length weary with such an uncivil sort of process, ordered our batteries to open upon the city. When arriving within sight, although two miles distant, we could see house after house literally knocked to pieces by our artillery, which fully commanded the place, a number of them being already on fire. What has become of the ten thousand inhabitants, seems an unravelled rebel mystery; but, a still more difficult problem for the future to solve will be, what is to become of them during the winter.

As this mighty host was marshalled upon the hills and plains of the Rappahannock, it seemed proud in the greatness of its strength. Never did army tread the earth in better condition, or more splendidly equipped. The feeble have been weeded out of almost every regiment, by death, discharges, and filling our many hospitals. The previous week had been very cold, but bracing; thus making keen the appetites of the soldiers, who

had plenty of the best provisions. With few exceptions, the almost countless host was exulting in fine physical health, clad in substantial and comfortable clothing, and armed with the most approved instruments of modern destruction.

Across the river, and upon the adjacent ranges of hills, could be traced the rebel line of defence—forts, batteries and rifle-pits. Cheers from various regiments, brigades and divisions, were constantly going up, as some new movement or incident gave more than ordinary interest. Dense volumes of sulphurous smoke would occasionally hide some portions of the grand panorama from view, and again be wafted away, revealing all to sight. By sun-down, the two bridges opposite to us were completed, and the advance column at once commenced crossing. About the time the head of it reached the middle of the river, a shout went up from the marshalled host arranged upon the banks and ready to cross, which could be heard for miles. A few brigades crossed and took possession of the opposite shore without any special opposition; the vast bulk of our grand division were ordered to occupy their position on the plain and await the morning.

Sleeping under Difficulties.—Wearied with the day's exercise and excitement, all were soon stretched upon the cold, frozen ground, in order, if possible, to obtain sleep and rest. The night was clear and very frosty. A friend from Pittsburg, having a son in our regiment, is at present on a visit with us. On this occasion, he was invited to share my hospitality till the morning. An India rubber-cloth and woollen blanket, spread on the frozen ground, constituted the bed, and two similar pieces the covering. Between these we crept, and essayed that very important item in a man's history, *sleep*. Accustomed

now to sleep under almost any condition, the writer was presently oblivious of so near a vicinity to the rebel legions. But not so the good friend. Awaked by his vigorous twists and turns, from side to side, "Any thing the matter?" was queried. "*The matter?* Nearly froze to death." "Never mind it, was responded, lie close; hasn't Solomon affirmed, that where two lie together they have heat?" "Solomon was mistaken." At the same time, with a vigorous effort, his knees were brought to his chin, and his body worked as nearly into the shape of a ball as possible. It wouldn't all do. About midnight, according to that sorry notice which sometimes steals its way into print, "He deserted my bed"—board, there was none—in order to struggle for life in some more promising place. Morning light found him still living, and with legs and arms making vigorous motions in order to shake heat into them, and cherishing, moreover, a most decided impression, that if poetry did exist in this thing of soldiering, he "couldn't see it."

Across the Rappahannock.—Early on Friday morning, we moved across the pretty little river, and took position upon the opposite plain. Nearly all this day was spent in bringing across the various columns, and forming them into lines-of-battle. On Saturday morning, a tremendous cannonade was opened all along the lines, extending four or five miles, and continued, with little intermission, throughout the day. At times it was awfully grand. The rebel position is one of great strength, and but very little impression seemed to be made thereon by all our enormous bombardment. One of our batteries—six pieces—used up six wagon-loads of ammunition, and perhaps therewith did injury to six rebels. The rebel artillery practice was not very effective. Although we were within full

range of their pieces, and on the open plain, and our regiment for a long while a target for their gunners, yet not a man in it was hurt. A few attempts were made with infantry upon their lines, but with very limited success. Our loss, though considerable, was, nevertheless, very inconsiderable, when the amount of troops engaged is remembered.

On Sabbath morning our brigade, being in an exposed position, was ordered to lie down and remain quiet. And we lay on the cold ground from Sabbath morning till this Monday morning. On this account, no religious service was allowed. It was a strange and quiet Sabbath. No firing or fighting,—the contending legions silently and grimly looking at each other. At 4 o'clock this morning, we were ordered to relieve the troops in the front line, and, when coming here, were ordered to get down into an old muddy ditch, which the owner of the land had dug, long since, in order to drain off the water, and from the neighborhood of which delectable place, I now write, towards evening.

CAMP BELOW FALMOUTH, NORTH SIDE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK,
Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 16th, 1862.

Our Regiment remained quietly hid away in its muddy ditch yesterday until darkness came on; when we, together with all the troops, which had gone over the river, noiselessly, orderly, and speedily recrossed to the north side. By three in the morning, all were over, the pontoon bridges were taken up: an unobstructed river runs between us and the rebels: we are safe. It looks marvellously like a skedaddle. It may be strategy. Time will develop.

SELF-PRESERVATION.—The phrensy of soldiers rushing during an engagement to glory or to death has, as our boys amusingly affirm, *been played out.* Our battle-worn veterans go into danger when ordered, remain as a stern duty so long as directed, and leave as soon as honor and duty allow. Camp followers, and one third of our armies may now be classed under that category, keep behind the range of shell and Minnie.

At pictures in Frank Leslie, Harper's Weekly, *et id omne genus*, of officers with drawn swords riding *before* their men into battle, our boys shout with mocking irony; *all played out.* Regimental officers and all others, who can, go into battle *on foot;* while Generals and their aids keep as far in the rear as duty will permit.

JOE.—An original, comic contraband—a real Ethiopean, called JOE, may be cited as a fair specimen of cautious bravery. No one suspects Joe of actual cowardice. On the contrary, were he enrolled in a colored Regiment, drilled and led to battle, would no doubt fight as bravely as have so many of his brave, but long despised countrymen. Joe attached himself to our Regiment at Yorktown, on its retreat from the Peninsula under McClellan. He soon became foreman to a mess of our officers in the business of preparing coffee, bean soup, salt pork and hard tack. Joe followed with his viands as near to the battle field of Fredericksburg as seemed to himself safe. The mess, however, saw nothing of Joe or his eatables for twenty-four hours after crossing the river to battle; by which time each member had become voraciously hungry. Being under fire all the while, none of them could be allowed to the rear for refreshments. At eventide it became my duty to recross the river with some of our wounded, and on starting received earnest and oft-repeated injunctions, that, if Joe were any where seen, to

hurry him up, as all were nearly starved. When some third of a mile to the river, and descending the steep bluff to the pontoon bridge, the outlines of Joe were undoubtedly seen, and so close under the steep bank as not to be endangered by a random shell.

"Hallo, Joe, your mess is almost starved—not a bite since yesterday, nor even a cup of coffee."

"Is'e de meat and crackers ready, responds Joe, and de coffee boiling so long he's most dry."

"But why don't you take them up to the officers at once, Joe?"

The shades of evening were then upon us, and a vigorous cannonading going on between our batteries and the rebel earth-works. Shells were screaming and crossing each other's pathway in all directions, while each one, as it burst, made a brilliant flash with fiery streamers to all points. Showing all the white of his Ethiopean orbits as they were turned in the direction of the battle, his finger pointing, Joe responded with much emphasis, "Is'e de coffee and all ready long ago, sure; but Is'e not gwan up dar whar *so many big stars are bustin.*"

Joe's military judgment and consequent action a few hours afterwards were not so full of common sense; yet on a par with many a reporter and editor who persist in uttering oracles on such matters.

At the middle of the same night our Division of the grand army, quietly, yet speedily as possible, fell back from before the rebel works, recrossed the river and by the break of day the poontoons were lifted; allowing the Rappahannock once more to flow between us and the army. Joe, in the mean time, instead of taking the coffee and crackers to his mess, had lain down beneath the bluff and gone to sleep. During the recrossing of

the immense column in the night, Joe was once waked;—got up, looked at the dim outline of the moving mass, vigorously scratched his woolly pate, and philosophized as to the probable occasion. That the grand army of the Potomac had been repulsed and compelled to fall back thus stealthily at the dead of night, never entered that thick cranium of the philosophic Joe. "It was strategy." "Or the rebels had perhaps gotten around on the other side of the river and our men were hurrying over to meet them, in which case I'se already on de safe side." In any case Joe felt secure, quietly laid down and again went to sleep. Waking at dawn, this master of camp culinary got up to look about and again philosophize as to the actual state of affairs. It was not long before his real condition flashed upon poor Joe. The army had disappeared, the pontoons were lifted, and he was on the *wrong* side of the river. Joe's philosophy all evaporated in a moment. With frantic yells and fierce gesticulations for help, he rushed down to the edge of the little river. A daring young officer who remained with a picket guard shot across in a skiff, and rescued Joe from his perilous position. Often afterwards while in camp, was the comic African called upon for his army experience. Giving this in his own laughable way, Joe never failed to acknowledge, that in military *strategy* he might be somewhat deficient.

Camp five miles south-east from Fredericksburg, Virginia, December 24th, 1862.

Another Repulse.—Our re-crossing the river has proved to be a fair back-out from before the rebels. Concerning this, when closing my last, some doubt was entertained. The hope

was cherished, that it might be but a piece of strategy. Sure it was, that in the left grand division of the army, so far as I could ascertain, and understand the feelings of the soldiers, none dreamed that we were under any compulsion to retire. Defeated we certainly were not; at least all seemed entirely ignorant of any such transaction. Repulsed we were not. All felt confident in the ability to drive the rebels from their position; and when actually re-crossing the river, at the dead of night, the impression seemed general that it was merely to go farther down, and again cross, in order to flank the enemy.

Since, however, we have come back, near to one of our old camps, and remained quietly for more than a week without any signs of farther aggressive movements, the impression has become firmly seated that, at least in the estimation of our generals, we were compelled to turn back. All this is having a most depressing influence on our soldiers. They are not mere machines, but intelligent American citizens. So far as conversant with the feelings of the privates in our army, their confident opinion still is, that the fault, if fault there be, rests not with them, that at any time past, and now, they are abundantly able and willing to meet and crush out the power of rebellion in a day. Their hopes and desires being so long deferred, they are hence becoming querulous, uneasy, discontented and homesick.

Chaplains' Labors Needed.—At no previous time has my mission in camp, as chaplain, appeared more important, nor a stronger desire felt to fill its mission aright. If any sinking and misgivings in my own heart have been felt, sure it is, those around me have not been allowed to make the discovery. In every available way, my effort is to encourage both the officers

and privates. Urging upon them the consideration that these are the Lord's doings; that though He may cast down, yet will He not destroy; that our cause being just, must in the end prevail; that God is showing "the battle is not always to the strong;" that He is calling us, by seeming reverses, to repentance and forsaking of sin; that, when these ends have been effectually accomplished, then will the victory be speedy and certain. And in accordance with these thoughts, I preached, on Sabbath evening last, from God's promise to rebellious-afflicted Israel: "I will give him the valley of Achor (trouble) for a door of hope."

Solemnities of the Late Battle-Field.—On that Sabbath, during the continuance of the late battle, as nearly all our left grand division lay motionless upon the ground, the whole day, waiting for the moving of the waters,—as I passed along various lines, very many more Bibles and Testaments were seen in the hands of the soldiers, and attentively read, than at any former period. The Lord's Spirit seemed to have sent a feeling of seriousness. Quite a number in our own regiment, whose minds had formerly been interested in religious things, yet, in the turmoils and wickedness of camp, appeared to have forgotten, had their minds on that occasion so seriously affected, that since our return here, they have not only earnestly conversed of the matter, but anxiously attended all our subsequent religious meetings. May the Lord smile upon a day, even of small things, turn again our captivity, and bring our whole army, as well as entire nation, to such a high moral condition, that the rebels will flee away in terror before its invincible power.

WINTER QUARTERS.—We have received no orders or intimation to prepare winter quarters. A number of disappointments having already taken place in connection with this matter, the soldiers are hence slow to act; and many have contented themselves, during the past week of cold weather, with their little fireless shelter-tents. Others are busy erecting small huts and cabins of varied shapes and dimensions, though wholly uncertain as to whether they will be allowed the privilege of inhabiting them for a single night after completion.

HERMIT'S DEN.—My own present abode would do credit to a hermit, suit a recluse, or accommodate an outlaw. Rather picturesque is it withal—by no means uninviting, nor yet devoid of comfort, as they certainly contribute to make the writer feel quite at home. The place occupied by our present camp, was a tobacco, corn or potato field, some dozen years ago. When tillage ceased, an operation not uncommon in these parts, a dense growth of young pines sprung up, which are now from fifteen to twenty feet high. Through parts of it, a bird could hardly fly, or a man creep, nor see a yard before him. In one of the thickest portions, my stopping-place was assigned. With some labor, a sufficient space was cleared on which to pitch the little tent, with room in front of the open end for a fire. For ingress and egress, a winding-path was cut through the thick bushes, calling to mind the childish glee-song of "The Spider and the Fly."

PRIMITIVE CHURCH.—We have also built, or rather cut down, a church. Into another portion of the dense grove, our boys made two winding ways, and cleared off a circular space, thirty or forty feet in diameter, piling up the brush into a thick

wall. At even-tide, a cheerful fire is kindled in the centre of this space; and at the time of our regular evening sacrifice, all desiring, enter and stand in a large circle around the fire, while we worship. Could dear friends at home look in upon us on evenings, sure they would be interested, and perchance as much edified as in some gorgeous structure, on whose erection many thousands have been expended.

Christmas.—To-morrow will be Christmas. No turkey, chicken, goose, plum-pudding, or other dyspeptics, are likely to do us either good or ill. Here, however, is an inventory of good things which have been obtained from our Brigade Commissary for my Christmas dinner, and in the discussion of which an effort will be made to feel both thankful and happy: a cutting of fresh beef, salt pork, beans, coffee, sugar, and the ubiquitous cracker. May each dear absent and loved one have as sumptuous a dinner, accompanied with a healthy stomach, good digestion, and a peaceful conscience.

Camp Near Falmouth, Va., Dec. 31st, 1862.

Close of Sixty-Two.—To-day closes this most eventful of years, since Christ was born. Here in the little tent, and surrounded by this beautiful grove of pines, an effort is being made to look retrospectively, and connect the events of the three hundred and sixty-five days. After the best effort, they seem like a strange, bewildered, disturbed, though rather pleasing dream. The multiplying, crowding, exciting, dangerous, and ever-varying scenes, which memory now attempts to grasp.

must, however, have been realities; through all which the Lord has led me. To erect here an Ebenezer, and write upon it, in good Saxon English, "Thus far hath the Lord helped me," would seem but an act of simple duty; yet, unless the promptings of some undiscovered selfishness—the wellings up of a grateful heart.

Reckoning Time.—As to whether a month, a year, or an age has intervened since last New Year's, our own consciousness could not decide with accuracy. This can be precisely known to any one, only by the hand boards—the circles, which God has wisely given us whereby to mark the passage of that mysterious thing, we call Time. The lost in hell, may, in their agony, suppose a day to be a thousand years, as they have probably no means, by which to count the hours, as they slowly, painfully, and eternally roll on. The redeemed in heaven, may, in their glory, reckon a thousand years but a single day; having no care, perhaps no means to mark the progress of a happy, unending existence of light, and joy, and peace. Here, we are compelled to look at our watches, our clocks, or our dials in order to ascertain the correct hour of day—look in our almanac for the day in the year—to the waxing and waning moon for the passing of months; and to the advancing and receding seasons for the count of years.

Unknown Future.—Another of our *largest* annals—for the day is an annal, the week an annal, the month a ring—has surely gone, and its record entered on high. To count up, and write its incidents at present, will not be attempted. My weekly letters will have sufficed to furnish a faint idea of the doings, and condition of things with us, during the past

months. As to the future, let it take care of itself. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Were the proffer made, by a power competent to grant, that the veil from the annual, on which we enter, should be lifted, so as to see all things respecting myself clearly in the future, as well as of others in whose well-being there is a deep concern—though curiosity might strongly prompt the lifting; yet would reason and self-interest unite in saying; "Oh, no—keep the future hidden till it comes."

Rebellion Unbroken.—Our progress, in crushing the rebellion, has certainly not been characterized by great rapidity. The relative positions, and conditions, with respect to the army of the Potomac, and the opposing rebel forces, seem to differ but little from those of last year. All would seem to begin anew, and again to be gone over. None among us can tell—not even our good uncle Abe; that sorely puzzled, pestered, and bewildered President;—nor our brave, yet repulsed Gen. Burnside—and of to-morrow. The earnest wish of all here is, for a speedy fulfilment of that fallacious promise or prophecy of Gen. McClellan's: "The war will be short, but bloody."

"Tired of Camp Life?—Do you inquire? Yes, dear reader, tired, very tired; and yet not tired. Weary, indeed, with this savage manner of life—with these inadequate shelters, rugged fare, and scanty comforts—weary with this uncertainty of abode, of condition, and of life—weary for home, and children, and friends, and church, and all endearments of civilized life—weary with camps, where not a single element exists favorable to the religion of Jesus—tired of this unceasing turmoil; this noise; these drums, vigils, these parades, inspec-

tions, marches, battles, bloodshed, deaths, mutilations, sufferings, sorrows, sins, pollutions—And?—Not weary; not tired; nor at all desirous to be freed from this service. The Lord's work is to be done, and plenty of it here. Never in a like period, has so much evidence of blessing on ministerial labor been granted, as upon those of the past year; and at no time more than now. Never remember of greater happiness, and real enjoyment in the Master's service. Here on the 31st day December, 1862, in a very contracted cloth house—a heavy shower of rain pattering thereon, and some through, one end of the abode open, a fire burning on the ground in front, seated on the ground and writing upon the cover of a cracker box—call it boasting—your correspondent challenges the world to produce a happier, more contented, and joyous subject of God's government this side of Jordon, than himself. Whether the close of the year, on which we enter to-morrow, shall find him a member of the Church militant or triumphant gives no uneasiness.

HALF GONE IN A YEAR.—The thousand men in our Regiment, who went on parade in Tennally, last New Year, have been reduced about one half—a very small reduction compared with most. About two hundred have been killed or mutilated in the various battles through which we have passed. Some have died by the way—some become enfeebled, and been discharged—others sick and away in various hospitals, or at home—some resigned—some taken on the gun-boats, some to drive wagon, ambulances, signal corps, etc. Though thus reduced, yet was the regiment never, perhaps, in so good condition. Those remaining are veterans. Very little doubt, that the five hundred, thus weeded out, would give effective battle to quite as

many rebels as the entire thousand would have done a year since.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,
January 9th, 1863.

NEW YEAR'S SALUTATION.—That thing, we call TIME, is a strange enigma. Sometimes the imagination tries to look at it, as an endlessly flowing stream, passing by objects stationary; having also upon its surface sufficient floating material to indicate the rapidity of the current. At another time that thinking existence, of which the imagination forms an out-growth, is supposed to be on that river, and moving down with its current, here quietly gliding along between even banks and over smooth bottom; then on a ripple, yonder a sudden bend, now growing into rapids, with their rushing, foaming, dashing waters, and once again becoming calm and tranquil. These ever restless thoughts once more try to look at and examine time, as if travelling upon a long journey, while place after place, and object after object is successively passed—a hill here gone over; now a mountain, down again into a valley, across the river,—on and on—anon, casting a glance back into the fading scenes of things passed by; and again trying to look forward into the future, in order to distinguish objects yet far ahead. Once again, *time* is looked upon as a seemingly interminable line, and a mission given to pass along and mark the same, a measuring reed being given, consisting of seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years. Yet does the question return with renewed interest, and perplexity, "What is Time?"

WHAT IS TIME?—At that period of life, when the celebrated New England primer was in high estimation, as being a great book, the answer to the question would have been, "*Time* is a vigorous-looking old man, with a long lock of hair over his forehead, a sharp scythe thrown vigorously back with both arms, the legs bent, the back curved, the head braced—all indicating, not only a vigorous stroke, but onward movement; and with the shuddering doggerel as an epigram:

"Time cuts down all,
Both great and small."

The old man, it must be admitted, if still viewed under this figure, has been quite successful in his mowing operation the past year; and moreover exhibits not the slightest weariness nor disposition to halt in entering upon the business of the New Year. One would have thought that our old friend or enemy, as he may be variously looked at, ought to have been satisfied with the exploits of the past, and in consequence taken a little rest, yet do his joints seem to be iron and his sinews brass.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.—Whether we speak wisely or foolishly, in calling the former days better than these, will be manifested as their multiplying events are summed up. Away we go, however, as our Latin Classics had it, into *medias res* of 1863. And whether it be accounted fickleness, a lack of solid friendship for the past, or a desire for something new, we can cheerfully say,

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

Of one thing at least we may be confident: the incoming period will be greater than its predecessor—fuller of stirring, important, and decisive events. Jesus is revolutionizing the globe, and each successive annual not only brings nearer, but with accelerated speed, His reign of peace and love.

Christian Association.—Our Christian Association was never in more active nor seemingly in a more useful condition. During the past two weeks of inexpressibly beautiful winter weather our evening meetings have been unusually large and full of interest. In our Church, walled in by thick pine bushes, a cheerful fire burning in the centre, the clear, lovely moon and starry host looking down smilingly upon us; how near, often, we feel to heaven. On the last evening of the old year our address or sermon was in connection with the past and the present;—on New Year's evening, upon our fears and hopes, our joys and sorrows, our duties and responsibilities with the future.

We are this week following the programme proposed for the week of prayer; and thus far, with much pleasure, evident profit, and increasing interest. The blessed results of this prayer week will not end with the incoming year. Our five or six Bible classes are also revived and increased with the pleasant weather, and regularly held, with no doubt as to the good thus accomplished.

The two following months were in a remarkable degree free from incidents to occupy the pen,—dull, dreary, monotonous, camp life. Burnside's *Mud Campaign* lacked incident sufficient to put the pen in motion. Burnside's removal, and Hooker's appointment to the chief

command, caused scarcely a ripple on the placid surface of our camp existence. The soldiers for the time being seemed to have lost all confidence in generals, and thus cared little who commanded them. My pen lacked the energy and inspiration necessary for sketches from camp during the months of January and February.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hooker's Command.

JANUARY—JULY, 1863.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA.,
March 6th, 1863.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.—But few instances worthy of note have transpired within the lines of this *standing* army since my last. One at least considered worthy of commemoration, and in connection with which it has long been esteemed a patriotic duty to expend a large amount both of bombast and gunpowder— *Washington's Birth-Day*. This year it happened upon the Sabbath. Had we been at home, Monday would most likely have been selected on which to ooze out this birth-day patriotism. As no Sabbath is allowed us in camp, the actual birthday was observed. During the entire day a pitiless and furious eastern snow-storm beat upon our exposed condition, piling, in the mean time, heavy drifts in and around our fragile dwelling-places. The effort of each one in camp was in appearance to squeeze through the day with what grains of comfort could be gathered under the conditions, letting birth-days and death-days take care of themselves. My over-veneration for the great Pater Patriæ must have been very sadly at fault; for, during the entire forenoon, not the slightest consciousness or memory existed that an annual return of the day had come, on which

was born into this sinful world a man child, who was afterwards christened George Washington. A dim impression there was that it was the Lord's day, and that a furious snow-storm was debarring out-door religious exercises.

About noon, when the storm was at its height, we were all startled by a heavy cannonade, which commenced upon our left, and soon extended far along the lines. It seemed as though a great battle were opening. The rebels must have taken advantage of the storm suddenly to cross the river. What greatly strengthened this impression was, that presently a brisk cannonade also commenced along the rebel lines. Our suspense and excitement were, however, ere long quieted by an undisturbed soldier, who lay in his tent and counted the number of shots. *Thirty-four* along the Union lines—*Thirteen* among the rebels. "*Salute*," he shouted, "Washington's birth-day." Ah, yes, how stupid not to have remembered. The excitement at once vanished, if not the veneration, Federals and Confederates both shooting at the memory of Washington! Fortunate, no doubt, that the old gentleman is dead. If living, he might be exposed to both fires. Better, perhaps, for us at present to go moderately about garnishing the tombs of our national prophets. To remedy their errors we are now fighting. At the good they accomplished we sincerely rejoice. Over their mistakes, now bearing such bitter fruits, we feel too sad to hold boisterous jubilations on their birth-days. The flames of this rebellion may yet consume all the seeming good our fathers accomplished.

Boyhood of Washington.—Over these hills and vales, now covered by our various camps, Washington roamed, sported, and hunted, from his fourth to his sixteenth year. The record is not before me; but, if remembered, history records that in his

young days he threw a stone across the Rappahannock. Unless the river was wider then than now, the feat was certainly not very remarkable. Almost any one of our active school boys could do the same. Some of our boys assert that they have found the identical cherry tree the truth-telling lad so hacked with his little axe. At least an aged cherry tree, with various scars upon it, has been seen. The tomb of Washington's mother shines upon us from the opposite side of the river. But whether a beautiful or costly structure, cannot be decided at this distance.

Weather.—Here, within the past two weeks, have been crowded together all kinds of weather known to the calendar, with a few varieties not seemingly as yet described. Snow—hard, fleecy, in large flakes, and tempests. Rain—in mists, drops, showers, and torrents. Temperature—chilly, cold, mild, and warm. And *mud?*—in acres. fields, farms, a country of mud and of depths unknown. These quantities of mud seem also to possess more sense than the rebels. Not the slightest aversion to us Northern folk: seem rather to favor union: not even opposed to consolidation,—it adheres—*sticks.* To make any general movement, during the present condition of the elements above head and under foot, would be an impossibility.

Health.—Not so good among the various regiments as during the earlier part of the winter. Rain, snow, mud, damps, exposure, inadequate shelter, as is common under all such conditions, have rendered many unfit for service. Our regimental hospitals are all fairly filled. Various types of diarrhœa are the prevailing ailments. But few fatal cases. Altogether the army is in good condition; well fed, well clothed, well armed, well

drilled, and ready whenever ordered to perform most effective service.

Books.—When lately in Pittsburg, the friends of our soldiers furnished me with two hundred dollars, to be invested in books for the use of our regiment. All this, also, without any solicitation. Many liberal offers, in addition, by various persons, were declined at the time; sufficient for one invoice having been received. Think of this, croakers, misers, and traitors! With this sum a choice selection of reading matter was made. Not merely the literature suitable for children's reading, which is unfortunately the usual kind sent to our soldiers, but several hundred volumes of well-bound books of ordinary size; the choicest moral and religious literature of our day—books for *men to read;* as such are happily found in our regiment.

All these books were packed in one large box, and by Adams' Express generously forwarded to Washington free of charge. Yet it consumed three weeks, with every known effort to get it from Washington to our camp. Arrive, however, it did two days since. Would that the generous donors had been in my tent during these two past days! Doubly repaid would they all have been for their generous outlay. A constant stream of men has all the while been coming and going. Our boys, for some time past, have been entirely destitute, and were in consequence literally hungering and thirsting after something to read. How glad, how satisfied did many go away to their little tents, bearing in the hand some choice book! Nor has the distribution been confined to our own regiment. Our pioneer corps, and members from various other regiments in our immediate vicinity, hearing of the important arrival, have come asking a share, and none have been sent away empty. The large amount of good

which will be thus effected by the contents of this box, cannot now be reckoned. For this, we must wait till the books of record are opened at the final judgment.

Mode of Distribution.—When a box or parcel has been opened, each one coming for a book is addressed in substance: "There is the collection; take your choice. You get it on the soldier's honor. When you have read it, let your messmates, if desired, have its perusal also. When all are done, return it, and get another, should any be on hand. When ordered on a march, and you have a book, be sure and carry it with you to the next stopping-place." But few books are lost by wilful carelessness; some, of course, go by the chances and accidents of war. All soon wear out with the best care in the ruggedness of camp life. Friends must not, therefore, think us wasteful or extravagant, when fresh supplies are often asked for.

Camp near Falmouth, Va.,
March 20, 1863.

Monotony.—Camp life, such as we have been compelled to endure for months past, becomes to the American soldier very heavy and monotonous. Our boys seem not only waiting, but anxious for something to turn up.

Picket Duty.—Although at this season and in immediate front of the enemy, picket duty is a very exposed, fatiguing, and sometimes dangerous service, yet, when ordered thereto, our Regiment starts off with readiness and even satisfaction.

Once in about every two weeks our entire Regiment is ordered away on this business; and does not again return to their camp until after the expiration of three days and nights. The place assigned for guarding is several miles from camp, on the line of the Rappahannock. A certain distance, say a mile, is allotted the regiment close along the margin of the river. About one-third of the whole number are on duty at once. These are stationed within sight and easy speaking distance of each other; so that no one can pass through without being challenged. Thus for three days and nights is the station incessantly guarded until relieved by another regiment. Each extreme is joined by other regiments on similar duty, thus, lining the river for long miles together.

Rebel Pickets.—The opposite bank, and for a similar distance, is lined in like manner, with rebel pickets. The Rappahannock being here narrow, deep and sluggish, the sentinels of each army are not only in constant sight of each other, but within easy speaking distance. No amount of military law, solemn injunctions to silence, nor fear of each other, can prevent more or less intercourse between the sentinels on the opposing lines. This would be more than human. This smuggled intercourse, gotten up on their own responsibility, is not, however, belligerent, treasonable, nor to give forbidden information to the enemy. All is of a social friendly character. Nor need this be marvelled at. Brave soldiers, however belligerent, when meeting off the battle field, are ever wont to feel and act friendly towards each other. And after the fiercest conflicts, when peace is restored, no matter who has conquered, all history shows that the so lately hostile parties have been wont to join, with the greatest cordiality, in all the arts of peace and social life. So also will the

soldiers of these hostile armies, when the power of this rebellion has been thoroughly broken, but not till then, live together in greater amity than formerly.

CONTRABAND TRADE.—When weary with the silent tread of his beat, and watching the same operation across the river, the Federal soldier will speak over; "Got any late Richmond papers to exchange?" "Yes," says Reb.; "but how do the thing?" "Never mind," says Fed.; "it can be done." So ere long he has a miniature sail-vessel constructed, such as, when boys, we were wont to make and place on little ponds of water. In this some late Union paper is placed, the little sail properly adjusted, when, with favoring wind, across it goes into Dixie. Its cargo is replaced by some Richmond Journal, prow turned, the sail readjusted, and back it comes to the sender.

Not only in papers, but in other commodities is trade briskly carried on. "Got any coffee to spare?" says Reb. "Plenty," says Fed.: "you got any tobacco?" "Lots," says Reb.: "let's swap." "Agreed," says Yank. The tiny vessel is presently freighted with a pound or two of coffee, and started on its hazardous voyage, with anxious gaze from both lines of pickets; yet in due time it reaches the opposite shore, where it is speedily unladen, refreighted with a quid pro quo in tobacco, and soon after joyfully welcomed to the Federal lines.

For this little seemingly contraband trade, neither line of pickets thought of doing injury to the other. To have taken advantage of the bartering operation to have shot at or injured each other, would have been looked upon by the other party as downright murder. Yet in a few days or weeks these same men may meet each other in fierce encounter upon the battle

field, mutually killing and mutilating with all the skill and energy of their being. How barbarous a thing is war!

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VIRGINIA,
April 2d, 1863.

CHAPLAINS.—"*The Chaplain service is about played out*"—"*Has proved a failure.*" Not unfrequently have the veritable reporters of the New York *Herald* transmitted such reports to that *truth-loving* sheet. Other papers, of more veracious pretensions, copy and circulate. "The Chaplain service has about proved a failure," says Major-General O. O. Howard, while making a speech in the Hall of Congress, at a late meeting of the U. S. Christian Commission. Verily, these naughty chaplains are sorely beset and needy.

The New York branch of the Christian Commission, in an appeal to the public soon after, quotes General Howard's assertion, leaving out, however, the slightly modifying word "about" or "almost," making the good General affirm, without any qualification, "that the chaplaincy had proved a failure." On this presumption, the Christian community was urged to send three hundred of the ablest pastors from the churches North on a three months' tour, in order to perform the great work of converting the army, which the chaplains, by their failure, had left undone. It was not to be thought a marvel, if chaplains, who were struggling on under many embarrassments and discouragements, should feel aggrieved and even indignant under such unprovoked, and, as they believed, unjust aspersions. Having a long and wide acquaintance with chaplains, their peculiar and

difficult work, their trials, the cold shoulder given to them by the Government, the undisguised opposition from ungodly and drunken officers, and now the injustice from those who were supposed to be friends,—the following communication was at the time sent to the press:—

"PAUL, THOU ART PERMITTED TO SPEAK FOR THYSELF." was accorded to a minister of Christ, even by a heathen officer. The vast majority of the four or five hundred chaplains in our armies, who are now laboring to do good in the midst of every discouragement, and under the most crushing conditions, choose rather, no doubt, to toil on in silence, under such wholesale accusations. Your correspondent, however, feels a little more belligerent—has become accustomed to warfare, and hence feels disposed to kick against these pricks.

Such goadings as come from the reporters of the New York *Herald*, and like sheets, are not worth a kick. Some of the influences operating on the mind of General Howard, inducing him to make such a declaration, are not unknown here in camp. It is also devoutly to be hoped that neither the U. S. Christian Commission, nor any other association desirous of benefiting our army, and in whose labors and success we so much rejoice, will attempt to press themselves into importance by disparaging the labors of others, equally laborious, self-denying, and desirous of doing good as themselves.

FAILURES.—"*Chaplain service a failure?*" Well, dear General Howard, it is not the only failure since the opening of this rebellion. Last summer our little army of Generals undertook to lead our big army of soldiers into Richmond, and under their guidance, it proved not almost, but a *total failure*,

and in which disastrous failure, General Howard lost an arm. Surely, he should speak modestly about others' failures. Last December, much the same army of officers, with their commands,—the speech-making General along, made an assault upon the rebel lines, behind Fredericksburg, and didn't *almost fail*, but altogether. Now, as some conclusions ought to be drawn from all these failures, as premises; therefore,

Resolved, That all the chaplains had better go home, and send their grandmothers to preach to the soldiers.

Resolved, That all our generals ought at once to retire into private life, and give the command of our armies to their wives and daughters, in order hereafter to insure success.

SLANDER.—Were I, in a public speech, to assert, that our army officers, as a whole, have proved, and are still proving, a failure—that they are a drunken, swearing, gambling, rowdy set—that they have little heart in the war, and small desire to see it soon and successfully ended—that to the vast majority of them the presence of a faithful chaplain is a great annoyance—that they embrace every possible means, and take advantage of their high official stations, to weaken the chaplain's hands, retard his labors, and, if possible, drive him from the army,—such speaking might be looked upon as sinning against those in high places, and unbecoming a meek and worthless chaplain.

CHAPLAINS' MEETING.—A number of delegates from the Christian Commission are now laboring with success in this section of the army. By suggestion, a meeting of Chaplains, from the 6th Army Corps, was held, at 2 P. M., on Monday, March the 30th, in order to consult with, and more effectively co-operate with each other and with these brethren. Ten chap-

lains came together, with three delegates. The meeting was held in the corner of a miserable, old, dilapidated shed-roofed building, called White Oak Church. The exercises were exceedingly interesting, fraternal and profitable. Among various items of business transacted, was the following:—

WHEREAS, We, the Chaplains of the 6th Army Corps, having met to consult with a number of delegates from the U. S. Christian Commission;—therefore,

Resolved, That we cordially welcome these brethren to this great work of the Lord, and promise them all the information respecting our peculiar work, and encouragement in their efforts, within our power.

Resolved, That we reject the imputations, so widely circulated, that the chaplain service has proved a failure, and hereby invite the attention of these and all other Christian friends who may visit the army, to our difficult work.

These resolutions, endorsing the U. S. Christian Commission, were penned by the author, and their adoption by the Chaplain's meeting, urged, under the full impression that the good and earnest men who were there completing its organization, were laboring under a misapprehension as to Chaplains and their work. Nor, in urging the passage of the resolutions, and every where commending the great work, of the Christian Commission, was the duty relinquished of earnestly protesting against the injustice done by General Howard and the Committee in New York, until they made the amende honorable.

Time, and the workings of the various elements for good to our soldiers, soon brought the anticipated results. The Commission advanced in the increasing greatness and beneficence of its work, yet neither superseded nor injured the Chaplain's office or work. Chaplains were excited to scrutiny, increased energy and zeal in their peculiar and most difficult work. The friction at the commencement, only tended

to brighten both. Discussion, debate and examination were elicited, all tending to good.

The New York Committee of the Christian Commission, soon after having published, on the authority of General O. O. Howard, that the Chaplain service was a failure, issued another address *to the Chaplains of the U. S. Army*, in which, among other friendly things, they say,— "We address you in the spirit of fraternal respect and confidence, tendering to you severally our co-operation, and soliciting your aid in a work too heavy for all the gospel agencies hitherto employed. It will give us pleasure to facilitate and supplement your self-denying labors."

General Howard, having his attention directed to the cruel injustice done to chaplains by himself, or the doing of some ignorant or inaccurate reporter, did, in another speech made a year thereafter, in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, thus refer to the matter:—

"A year ago, I made the remark, that the chaplaincy, as a system, was defective. Well, I want to explain myself on that point. I know very many chaplains who are working constantly for the cause of Christ. I know that a chaplain in a regiment is a man to whom all the rest of the men look; and if he be a good man, they love him and trust him: they give him their money, they go to him in trouble, they go to him in confidence, and he is the man of the regiment. But all I have to say is, that I often mourn that in my command there are so few of them."

The most happy, cordial, and profitable co-operation at present exists between Chaplains and delegates of the Christian Commission; Chaplains receiving delegates with the utmost cordiality, and through their experience and position, introducing them at once to the great work. Delegates, fresh from home, with their books, their papers, letters, their first love and zeal enlivening, cheering, and helping on the good work, or opening up where as yet unstarted. Some gruffy chaplain may still demur and look with suspicion on any and all outside aids and influences; as may also some young delegate, so full of zeal and *himself*, so persuaded that his mission, within six weeks, is to convert the entire army,—as not only to ignore chaplains, but all other

agencies save his own. These, however, at present, scarcely create a ripple upon that blended and deeply-flowing river of beneficence into our army, our navy, and among our freedmen, from chaplain service, from the U. S. Christian and Sanitary Commissions, with many other sources of spontaneous charity.

For more than a month after the disastrous battles of Chancellorville and Salem Heights, the army occupied its old position during the winter. General Lee's movement towards Maryland and Pennsylvania, in June, forced it, at length, to break up and leave those long-occupied banks of the Rappahannock. Long, long, wearying marches ensued, during which General Hooker was superseded by General Meade. Early in July, the two mighty hosts again met in fearful shock of battle, at Gettysburg, and there slaughtered each other till both grew weary. The enemy, unbroken, though worsted, sullenly retired from the battle-field, our own too much exhausted speedily to follow. A week after, they were once more confronted, near the old duel-ground of Antietam, but from prudence, irresolution or fear, were not assaulted. So quietly were they permitted to re-cross the Potomac, that but a few hundred stragglers were picked up. Slowly, wearily, and in different directions, we crossed again into Virginia. During all these sultry, depressing marches and battles, no camp sketches were penned—other work, to their utmost stretch, occupied the physical, intellectual and moral being.

Camp near Falmouth, Va., April 15th, 1863.

Visit of Uncle Abe and Mrs. Abe.—Since my last, a vast amount of military service has been performed by our great army of the Potomac;—not in the line of breaking rebel heads, nor assaulting any of their strongholds, but in active preparation for these laudable ends. Inspections and drills, with reviews by company, regiment, brigade, division and corps, are the daily business.

Uncle Abe and Mrs. Abe were down, lately, for a number of days together; and, what showings off were here and there! Some of these reviews were certainly very magnificent and imposing. Taken altogether, their equal has, perhaps, never before been witnessed on this Western Continent. Well might the plainly dressed President look proudly and with a gratified air upon such a family of stalwart warrior sons. Whatever of timber grew upon this undulating ground, occupied by our vast encampments, has all been cut down for fire-wood and other military purposes, so that an unobstructed view can be had for miles together. On a pleasant day of last week, stretching far over these bared hills and dales, every spot seemed alive and in motion with the martial tread of armed men, moving with measured steps, to enlivening strains of music from a hundred military bands. Artillery, by the hundred, cavalry, by the thousand, and infantry, without number.

Grand Military Review.—When all were ready, the President and suite, with Gen. Hooker and staff, took position on an elevated piece of ground, and the mighty host began to file in review before and past them. On and on came the grand cavalcade, by companies, by regiments, brigades, divisions and corps, headed, each, by their respective commanders. From whence came all these men? would often suggest itself—whence are they fed, clothed and armed, in this barren place? Surely, the resources of our glorious country must be inexhaustible.

As a result, from long practice and drill, the various military evolutions were performed in perfect order and precision. The uniforms of the soldiers seemed generally new, and their arms glittered in the sunlight. All looked new, save the standards of many regiments. Not a few of these were soiled and blood-

stained, some riddled with holes, and, occasionally, torn into tatters, by bullets and exploding shells, on many a fiercely fought battle-field. Yet, were these old, worn, and seemingly worthless things, borne aloft, at the head of their regiments, with greater pride than had they been new and of the most costly fabric emblazoned with gems and gold.

GEN. HOOKER.—Gen. Hooker has certainly performed wonders, during his brief command. The army, when he took it, was defeated, discouraged, querulous, and, to some degree, demoralized. The contrast is now remarkable, and both gratifying and encouraging. One sensible order after another has been quietly issued and *enforced*, until a very high degree of efficiency, in order, drill and promptness, has been attained. Not only this, but the soldiers seem universally to have the fullest confidence in Gen. Hooker, and, also, in themselves. My own opinion is, that no previous commander of this army possessed the ability to effect such results in so short a time. These things all augur well. What the result will be, time and coming events will unfold. Gen. Hooker has not, as yet, fought a great battle, nor, as commander-in-chief, conducted an active campaign. Should the Lord grant him wisdom to execute these as successfully as the things noticed, we are safe, and the rebellion will soon be greatly compressed.

WEATHER.—For some days past the weather has been beautiful, being dry and clear; hence, the roads became hard and even dusty. But, last night, a fierce rain-storm began to beat upon our frail tabernacles, and so heavily does it continue, that, as I write, this evening, scarcely any spot can be found where the paper will not be wet by the rain beating through the can-

vas. Any move now would be difficult. The general rule, during the past season, has been, that when a storm commences, from any given direction, it continues about three days and nights.

RELIGION.—As the season again seems to draw near when armies go out to battle, our religious services, which we continue every available evening, have, of late, become larger, and evidently more interesting. We have, not unfrequently, with us, good and practical assistance in our exercises from members out of other regiments and corps. As our dear soldiers may soon again be going to scenes of danger, bloodshed and death, our earnest hope and prayer is, that God is fitting them for these things by an effusion of His Holy Spirit.

RAPPAHANNOCK, 2 Miles below Fredericksburg, May-day, 1863.

WINTER-QUARTERS ABANDONED.—Three days since, we finally broke up our old encampment, deserted our dear, little, dingy city, occupied, as an earthly habitation, since last December, and were soon again on the banks of the Rappahannock. Here, for three days and nights, we have been engaged in those showy, exciting, yet little dangerous episodes of war, called *skirmishes*. Occasional artillery duels have also taken place across the little river between the rebel batteries and our own. In these, hundreds of shells fly, scream, snort and burst, through the air, yet, as there is far more noise than injury, we all enjoy the pastime hugely. Why we thus delay so long in these sports

before engaging in the real tug of war, does not, as yet, seem fully apparent. All, however, seem satisfied that every thing goes on well.

Deep Religious Feeling.—To myself, the most comforting circumstance of all has been, that, notwithstanding the many excitements, the enemy's lines and intrenchments full in view, the booming of their cannon rolling over the hills and through the valleys, their shells occasionally screaming over or bursting near us, yet, on each of these evenings just past, have we held, immediately in front of our lines, large and deeply interesting religious meetings; full of comfort and strengthening influences, beyond doubt, to many a brave heart.

Prayer-meeting under Fire of the Enemy.—At the time of our last meeting a number of shells from the enemy screamed over us, and several exploded or tore up the ground near us, yet there was not the least apparent excitement or distraction in the large meeting, but all went on as usual to the close. The occasion suggested a text from which I briefly preached: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Camp near Falmouth, May 13th, 1863.

A Baptism of Blood.—In my last there was mentioned a series of interesting and precious meetings for prayer, and worship, on the banks of the Rappahannock, below Fredericksburg, while for several days skirmishing with the enemy continued, and we awaited the real tug of war. Many, who joined

in these exercises, I am fully persuaded, received from them a baptism of the Spirit to prepare for scenes of self-devotion, manly courage, bloodshed, and death, so soon to be passed through. Of those, who so lately joined in these religious exercises, not a few have already stood at the bar of God in their final account; more are languishing in various hospitals; prisoners with the enemy, or their condition to us unknown. A loneliness of feeling is experienced, while writing, as of one bereft of children. In vain are loved and familiar forms, of over two years' daily intercourse, now looked for in our sadly diminished tent city. Fully the *half* of our regiment, which crossed the river previously to the late battles, have been either killed, wounded or missing.

New Scenes.—To write of all the interesting, exciting, and crowding events, which were compressed within two days and three nights, would be impossible within the limits of a single communication. Yet may a brief notice of our movements as a regiment with its connections, be not only expected, but prove interesting, and tend to give the reader some conception of this desperate warfare.

Sixth Army Corps.—Our Corps—the 6th—was not with Hooker, at Chancellorsville, but crossed the river two miles below Fredericksburg, on Saturday evening, May 2d. After marching, countermarching, and skirmishes all night, we found ourselves on Sabbath morning at dawn in the rear of that famous old city, the now deserted Fredericksburg; and in the immediate front of those formidable rebel works, from whence Burnside was so disastrously repulsed last December. Our regiment, in company with another, was ordered forward to try their works and strength.

but found them, after a brief and bloody struggle, too formidable for our inadequate numbers, and hence awaited reinforcements.

Fairy Scenes—Sabbath Morning.—As the sun of that beautiful Sabbath morning arose in its glorious beauty; and as final preparations were being made for a desperate and determined assault upon the rebel works, I rode back through the old city, and found it almost wholly deserted of its inhabitants; the doors and windows all open. The desolute quietness was almost painful. Passing on the lower skirts of the city, a long and beautifully shaded gravel carriage-way was seen, leading to a fine old and retired mansion. Riding along it to the dwelling, a strange poetic, and fairy-like scene presented itself. The grounds and gardens were beautifully laid out and adorned with a great variety of ornamental trees and shrubbery, all now budding into leaf and bloom. Through the branches of these, hundred of birds were carolling forth their morning songs——joyous as though no war had ever desolated our sin-cursed earth. Woodbines, honeysuckles, and roses, in their May freshness twined over the arbors, colonnades, and porticos; yet was there no sound of human voice or footsteps. Had superstition been a ruling feeling, it might have been taken for a place enchanted. The front door of the capacious old mansion stood open. I entered, and the sound of my footsteps and voice echoed strangely through the empty halls. The so late proud and luxuriant occupants all gone. Poor Virginia. The far-reaching terrors of this great revolution are as yet scarcely realized by any.

On the old stone steps I sat me down and tried to realize that it was the Sabbath—read a chapter, sang a psalm, and offered

up a prayer for the speedy approach of peace founded upon righteousness. Rapid and wonderful are the changes that war often brings. Ere the sun had well passed his meridian, this quiet grandeur and solemn silence were all gone. This old mansion became a large hospital. The halls within were filled, and the grass plots without were covered with wounded, mutilated, and dying men.

Assault.—About 11 A. M., all was in readiness for a final and desperate assault upon the rebel strongholds. A scene of terrible grandeur immediately ensued, which has seldom been equalled in the excitements, the horrors, and the achievements of war. An open field, some fifty rods across, lay between our now marshalled and devoted columns, and the rebel works. This ground rises gradually at an elevation of some eight or ten degrees, till it reaches the front line of rebel intrenchments, or rifle pits. Behind, and more abruptly rising above this, is a second line of earthen defences; and finally on the top of the ridge, their intrenched batteries. Our regiment was on the left, and supporting the assaulting column. At the signal to move, the soldiers raised a general cheer, and started off at *double quick*, up and across the open ground. In an instant the whole rebel works were in a blaze of fire, with a cloud of smoke, and from them a rain of leaden death was poured upon our advancing columns, and the earth strewn with the wounded and the dying, even as grass before the scythe of the mower. Yet on they pressed at a brisk run, with fixed bayonets, and none waiting to fire a gun. The flag of each regiment was proudly carried in front by its sturdy standard-bearer. When one of these fell, the emblem was snatched up by another, and still borne on. Still onward pressed the columns, each seemingly

intent to be ahead, and enter first the rebel works. Every yard of advance was strewn with the fallen. It was a moment of unutterable excitement. A life-time seemed compressed into a few minutes.

Storming St. Mary's Heights. The first line of earth-works was reached. Our soldiers, now, without any special attention to military order, the stronger having gotten ahead, scrambled, as a flock of sheep, up and over the embankment, and bounded into the ditch, bayoneting or capturing its rebel occupants. Then with a shout the second line above was similarly carried in triumph; and finally, accompanied with tremendous cheers from the whole corps, the upper tier of works, with their batteries, which had made such havoc in our ranks, were taken at the point of the bayonet. As soon as the old stars and stripes were seen to wave over the highest rampart, both officers and privates seemed wrought up to the highest possible human excitement. The feelings of many seemed too deep and strong even for cheers, yet scarcely an eye was dry.

Field of Slaughter.—I rode on horseback with our regiment till the last works were stormed, and the firing ceased. Then giving my horse in charge of a wounded soldier, I turned back over the field of mutilation and death. What a price at which to purchase a few earthen ditches! Such a scene no poet could describe, no pencil delineate, no pen give any adequate conception. Such horrors must be seen in order to be realized. For hours I busied myself in bringing into a right position this arm broken and bent under the fallen body; straightening that mangled leg; binding up the fractured head; tying a handkerchief or canteen cord above some jetting artery;

turning into a more easy position this poor fellow, whose fountain of life was fast oozing out from a fatal wound; and all the while speaking such words of comfort, direction, and encouragement, as the occasion and case suggested. During the morning I had obtained two bottles of wine from Mrs. Harris and Beck, of Philadelphia, at the Lacy House, across the river. Having these in my pockets, a few spoonfuls were poured into the mouths of those seeming most faint; thus over twenty were refreshed before all was gone. So calmly did many of our dear young men lie in their last sleep, that not a few were taken hold of, in order to arouse and assist, before becoming convinced that they were dead.

This daring, bloody and successful assault upon the rebel works the most prominent point of which was called St. Mary's Heights, was made about 11 A. M., on Sabbath! What a business for God's holy day of rest! May our merciful Redeemer in all coming time deliver us from another such Sabbath.

No Rest.—Our already exhausted troops were not allowed to occupy the captured heights and exult over their dear-bought victory even for five minutes; but were hurried on after the retreating enemy, who had taken the plank road leading to Chancellorsville distant about ten miles. There, Hooker's and Lee's armies were, at the same time, engaged in a fierce and bloody struggle. We leave for military critics to determine the propriety of a single corps without succor, connections, or reserves hurrying up in the rear of a sagacious and determined enemy at least 100,000 strong. The pursuit was continued three or four miles. The rebels halting, the mean while, on each rising ground or hill-top to throw shells into our advancing columns.

Gathering the Fragments.—I remained upon the battle field of the forenoon some three hours until the ambulance corps and stretcher-bearers made their appearance, when our wounded were gradually gathered up as sheaves after reapers, and conveyed to empty houses in the desolate old city. The slain were also gathered into groups for a rude and hasty burial. These things accomplished, my horse was mounted, the course of our Division followed, and overtaken about three miles advanced, at 5 P. M. It was being formed in order of battle for another terrible struggle, fierce and bloody as any of the war. As since ascertained from General Lee's despatches, having repulsed and silenced the ill-starred Hooker at Chancellorsville, he was at this time largely re-enforcing the enemy in our front, who were occupying a strong position called Salem Heights. A low range of hills crossed at right angles the plank road on which we advanced. A forest of pine trees with a dense under-growth covered these hills. Sheltered in and by these woods the rebels took position to the right and left of the road. Our approach was across open farms.

Battle of Salem Heights.—Our regiment with its connection was on the right, and ordered up with directions, by a flank movement, to brush the rebels out of the thick woods. This effort, however, proved somewhat like the Russian soldier, who in close conflict had seized a stalwart Tartar. "Captain," he shouted, "I've caught a Tartar." "Then bring him along." "Yes, but, Captain, *he won't let me.*"

Soon these hitherto quiet woods rolled up dense volumes of sulphurous smoke, and seemed almost rent asunder by the crack, and crash, and rattle of small arms. Our regiment penetrated into the thick woods; and there, almost commingling

with the rebels, each poured continuous and deadly volleys into each other. We remained in the bloody struggle for an hour and twenty minutes, till the men had exhausted nearly all their ammunition; some of them having fired as much as fifty times. Being at length relieved by other regiments, we fell back into the open field; yet left in the woods, O, so many dear friends, yet unburied, for aught we know, among the pine and cedar bushes,—we not being able to return in order to claim our dead; while a number are missing about whose real condition we are yet ignorant.

Wearied with Slaughter.—As darkness approached, by seeming mutual consent, the work of slaughter ceased; when friend and foe, equally exhausted, threw themselves upon the ground to sleep in close proximity to each other,—all expecting to renew the havoc of death by the light of another morning. Monday came, however, and we lay much in the same position nearly all day, without a renewal of the struggle. Ominous signs, however, to one familiar with battle movements, betokened throughout the day that the rebels were being largely reinforced: Lee's despatches since reveal the fact that half the rebel army was then gathering round our single corps for its certain destruction or sure capture. Towards evening a sudden and furious assault was made upon our centre, yet repelled with immense slaughter. At dark a retrograde movement—*retreat*—commenced, in order, if possible,, to recross the river. The road to Fredericksburg, along which we advanced, as well as the heights which had been taken with such bloodshed, were now effectually re-occupied by the rebels. But one way of escape was left, and that across a rough country to Banks' Ford, five miles above Fredericksburg, where a pontoon bridge had

been erected. When the order to fall back was given, our regiment was in the extreme front, next the enemy. By some oversight of drunken generals, cowardly aids, or ignorant orderlies, we received no notice of the fact, nor any orders to fall back, and of course still maintained our position against the enemy. All the rest of the corps fell back at 9 P. M., while our regiment, at 11 P. M., was closely beset in the front, on the left, and in the rear by large masses of the rebels.

PERILOUS SITUATION.—The first distinct intimation and conception we obtained of our strange and perilous position was from a rebel prisoner. A jolly, original son of Erin, belonging to the 62d New York, while near us with his company on picket, chanced to capture a rebel picket, who proved to be a countryman of his own from a Mississippi regiment, and abounding also in waggish naïveté and jolly independence. Not being able to find his own company, which by the way was all captured, our New York friend, with his prisoner, attached himself to our regiment. No sooner were these two, already cronies, seated upon the ground in the rear, than did they begin to compare notes and banter each other in that inimitable style peculiar to the sons of Erin. "Ye may thank yer stars," says Reb., "that I didn't chance to see yes first." "An' what if ye had," says Union, "can't I shoot twice for your wonst, any day?" Ere long, however, it was definitely settled that each of them was a clever fellow, and that it was altogether an accident that one should have taken the other prisoner. Reb. began to feel quite at home and became sympathetic. "An' sure," he ejaculates, "isn't it the greater the pithy, that the North and the South should have gone to fightin' in this way? Hadn't they been such fools, they could have thrashed all creation."

All this while he was quietly hitching himself round behind a large stump, and getting it between himself and the direction of his fellow rebels. "An' what are you being after doin'?" says his captor. "Bein' after? an' sure, ain't Anderson's whole division jist beyond yes there, in the woods, an' only waitin' for moonlight to make the charge upon ye." He was assured that we were not in special dread of Anderson and his division. "An' whither ye be afeared of him or no, I tell ye that in abo uttin minutes ye'll be standin' on the hottest piece of ground ye iver occupied." An evident fear of fellow rebel bullets in the darkness caused him to reveal so much.

Council of War.—Wisely considering, as of yore, that it was lawful to be taught by an enemy, additional skirmishers were sent out, who soon discovered abundance of rebels, yet not even a company of our own troops. An impromptu council of war was at once held, by which our New York friend was directed to take his prisoner and endeavor to regain his own regiment. This, we afterwards learned, he accomplished for himself, but not with his captive. As the two trudged along in the dark, reb. suddenly, stumbled and fell, refusing, against all urgency of his captor, to rise. The use of the bayonet was quietly hinted, as a stimulus, but to no purpose. "Sure," he ejaculated, "ain't my neck broke altogether, an' my ankle out of joint. If I walk a step farther, ye must carry me." The near approach of the rebels induced our friend of the 62d to hasten on alone, leaving his prisoner, soon, no doubt, with rejointed neck and ankle, to join his rebel companions and entertain them with his adventures.

Council Adjourned.—Our council of war was terminated in a summary manner, by the rapid approach of an overwhelming rebel force; whose long lines, as they approached through the darkness of midnight, seemed like dim rows of spectres. When within easy range, a heavy volley of musketry was poured upon us, and, at the same time, a general shout, cheer, scream or yell, went up from the rebel ranks. This strange, curious, unearthly sound, seems peculiar to Johnny Reb. The nearest transfer into print may be by "Ki-*yi*—ki-*yi*—ki-*yi*," with a vigorous screech on the "*yi*." This, uttered in the darkness of night, amid the crash of fire-arms, and by a flushed and determined enemy, who, at the time, must have been thirty to our one, had, it must be confessed, somewhat of terror connected therewith.

We all seemed suddenly to feel the force and propriety of that soldierly epigram:

> "That, he who fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day."

A retreat was determined on. The rebels being in strong force in front, in our rear, and upon our left, but one possible way of escape was left, and that seemingly almost hopeless, through a cedar swamp, woods, and under-brush, over logs, fences, and ditches—across fields, hills, and valleys, several miles to the Rappahannock, where a pontoon-bridge was said to be constructed, but just where, none of us knew. Off we started, keeping as well together, and in as good order as the darkness and numerous obstructions, together with the shouts and volleys of a fast-pursuing enemy, would admit. Being myself mounted, it seemed a matter of special doubt whether a horse could, by any possibility, get through the way we were forced to go. As we struggled through the cedar swamp, several of

my young friends, who were floundering along on foot, assured me that if I expected to get away, I must dismount, and abandon the horse. To this the generous animal seemed to have a decided objection. Getting into the spirit of the affair, she leaped over logs, fences, and ditches, in a manner which would have done credit to a fox hunter. After a retreat, worthy of Xenophen's descriptive pen, we rejoined our corps ere it crossed the river, some time between midnight and the dawn.

JACK A PRISONER.—Several times, during our retreat, *Jack*, our regimental dog, came alongside of my horse, turned up his curious doggish eyes, the shining of which could be seen, notwithstanding the darkness; whine in a distressed and peculiarly uneasy manner—then ran backwards and forwards, to right and left, came back near me, and repeated his uneasy gestures and noise, as much as to say—"Chaplain, my doggish head can't exactly comprehend the present state of affairs; something out of joint about all this business. Can't you enlighten this old soldier?"

Poor Jack, however, with all his uneasiness, soon got sadly at fault—wandered in the dark with a squad of the men, and was taken prisoner. With his fellow-prisoners to Richmond, Jack was, however, ere long paroled or exchanged; got safely to Annapolis; thence to his old home and haunts in Pittsburg, and finally back in front to the regiment; where he assumed his former position with as much familiarity and dignity as though he had never been a captive.

BIBLE AND KNAPSACK.—During the rugged and forced *retirement* from the battle-field of Salem Heights, our boys, in the darkness, divested themselves of almost every incumbrance, save

their guns; knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, all went, in order to get through the swamps and ditches, over the fences, and through the thick woods. When seemingly beyond the reach of the enemy, and huddling along a narrow road down the steep bank of the Rappahannock, my horse being pressed on all sides by a thick mass of our men, the darkness, however, being so great one could not be distinguished from his fellow, the boys commenced, in an under-tone, to talk over their mishaps, their losses, their adventures, and narrow escapes. "My knapsack, haversack, and canteen, all gone," says one. "And mine," "and mine," "and mine," chime in others. "And my cap in company," adds another. "Glad to get *myself* away," responds his fellow. "Why," says one, addressing by name a well-known soldier, "you have your knapsack along,—how's that?" "My Bible was in," responded the sturdy young veteran, as he trudged along in the darkness, "else would it have been thrown away a dozen times."

Dear, precious, blessed Bible, would that every soldier prized thee so well! Did every soldier in our armies so love his Bible, this rebellion would long since have been put down.

CHAPTER IX.

Meade's Campaigns in Virginia.

JULY—MAY.

WARRENTON, VA., July 28th, 1864.

FORTY-FIVE DAYS' MARCH.—During the past forty-five days, since finally breaking up our old camp at Falmouth, it may be literally, without figure of speech, asserted, no time has been allowed for writing. What of marchings and countermarchings —marches under burning suns and amid clouds of dust— marches in the darkness of the night with torrents of rain and continents of mud, looking after the sick, the wounded, the dying and the dead; more than the moments of an ordinary existence seem to have been occupied. During all this time hardly ever two days or nights in one place or same position. If any uncertain time was allowed for rest or sleep, the weary body was thrown down on the road or beside it, in the open fields or woods, and generally without any attempted shelter. Concerning us, of late, the poet could truthfully sing,

"War and chase,
Give little chance for resting-place."

Miscellaneously have we perambulated through various counties in Virginia, thence across into, here and there, through much of Maryland; then a short round, into dear old Pennsylvania,

back again and round about through Maryland; and now once more recrossed that Rubicon of a Potomac; and after more than a week of wandering by night and by day through valleys and over mountains, into gaps and gorges, across fields and through the woods in search of, or by endeavors to head Gen. Lee in his retreat, we are at length halted near Warrenton.

GETTYSBURG AN EPISODE.—That harvest of death and mutilation at Gettysburg, the gleanings of which the benevolent have been so industriously and kindly gathering up, and binding, constitutes, after all, but an episode in this late campaign. The Herculean labors and untold fatigues uncomplainingly endured by the soldiers, are not likely ever fully to be written. Those, having never seen nor felt, could hardly be made to understand these by any labored description. An intelligent legal friend from Pennsylvania, who added himself to our regiment, and spent a week while lately in Maryland—marched, ate, slept in camp—when leaving us at the Potomac on recrossing into Virginia, declared, that his week's experience had been worth a life-time's reading—otherwise, even by the most laborious and accurate descriptions, he would have remained in almost total ignorance of the strange reality.

THE MARCH.—Those, who have most carefully noted, estimate that during this time, besides the fighting, together with other multiplied duties and toils, our 6th corps—and this is an average of others—has marched three hundred and fifty miles. *Marched?* What is comprehended in the march of a great army under the burning suns of July? Will our rugged farmers, who sweat in the harvest field, or tradesmen who daily put forth strong muscular effort at their ordinary business,

believe me when assuring them, that were the strongest from among their number for the first time to be arrayed with what each soldier daily and for long hours and many miles carries—knapsack, haversack, gun, ammunition box, canteen, tin cup, coffee boiler with various other et cetera, weighing in all about as much as a bushel of wheat—and he thus accoutered started at the middle of a hot July day, on a dusty road, amid a thick and smothering crowd of men, horses, mules, and wagons; in less than a mile he would fall prostrate to the earth and perhaps never rise again. It has, however, taken two years of terrible practice to inure these iron men to undergo this wonderful physical endurance. Nor must it be forgotten, that in the hardening process, two out of three have sunk under the toil and exposure, and have disappeared from the army.

Mode of Marching.—Our mode of marching for many days, during the late campaign, has been after the following fashion. Stretched out in a single road and in close marching order, the army of the Potomac with its infantry, cavalry, artillery, ambulances, and wagon trains, would extend a distance of forty miles; so where the front may now be, it would, in ordinary marches, take several days for the rear to reach. In order to facilitate matters, keep the army more compact, and be able to act more speedily in concert, as lately at Gettysburg, several columns usually start together on different roads leading in the same general direction. Not only this, but of late it has been usual for the artillery, ambulances and wagons to take the road, and if a turnpike or wide thoroughfare, wagons and artillery go abreast, and the infantry column take a course in the vicinity and parallel with the road—through fields and woods, down into deep glens and hollows, up steep bluffs and

over high hills, through unbridged marshes, ponds and creeks. Along such a course it is often quite as easy for the footman as for us who are on horseback.

Interesting.—The eye never wearies in its interest with ever-varying scenes constantly presenting themselves on these marches. Long miles of artillery—a cannon with its six horses followed by its caisson and its six horses, and others and others—strings of neat two-horse ambulances reaching out of sight, and army wagons without seeming number or end—with those on foot; great streams of living men, which those remaining stationary sometimes imagine will never all pass. A strange fascination has it, at least to the writer, often on the march when getting on some eminence and looking forward for miles at that dark column, four abreast, winding down into valleys; up over hills, across fields, orchards and meadows—away, away, and hiding itself in some dense woods far off. Looking back, the same curious bewitching vision meets the eye. A vast living moving anaconda, encircling and seemingly about to crush the earth within its folds. At a mile's distance the motion of the column cannot readily be discerned; but fixing the eye on a stationary object in close proximity, you at once discern that it actually lives and moves.

Blackberries.—What say our Northern gardeners, small fruit raisers, farmers, hucksters, and market women, to a proposal for furnishing the entire Potomac army, officer and private, say sixty thousand, with a gallon of large, fresh, delicious blackberries, amounting in the aggregate to at least two thousand barrels. Well, this seeming unattainable commissary feat has been actually accomplished; and that in the most

easy and systematic manner—each one has gathered his own gallon. "But how and where could such a multitude find room and the berries? In a blackberry patch, of course. But how big was it? A whole section of country—thousands of acres—a large number of farms along the southeast spurs of the Blue Ridge, and in the vicinity of Ashby's, Manassas and Chester Gaps, have by some process, (whether of good farming or not, our thrifty yeomen of the North can judge,) been converted into a vast blackberry patch, consisting of both upright bushes and creeping vines. On the arrival and encampment of our weary, jaded, and foot-sore army, these vast acres were fairly black with large delicious berries. Such a God-send in addition to army grub—an unexpected, refreshing, joyous luxury! All distinctions were speedily forgotten; swords, cannon and bayonets, were for the time laid aside in order to cultivate the arts of peace. General and private, each for himself, went to picking berries. An interesting, curious, and exciting scene was it, to see a whole country side—hill and dale, field and wood, covered with men all intent upon one object—picking berries. The tribes of Israel, gathering manna around their encampment, could hardly have presented a sight more full of interest. After eating to satisfaction, hats, caps, haversacks, handkerchiefs, pockets, tin-cups, coffee-boilers, and even camp kettles, were brought into requisition and filled for *domestic* purposes. Better this, as a hygiene to our army, than all the calomel, quinine, pills and plasters, in Christendom.

The noise about Lawton, New Rochelle, and such like blackberries may as well cease; as, in this matter, the Old Dominion excels. Seeing this grand old State will be pretty well depopulated by the time the war ends, we propose, for the future peace of the country, that its entire area be converted

into a huge blackberry patch—that our ambitious fruit-growers form a company, build a railroad from the extreme North through this section for the express purpose of transporting blackberries, and thus be able to supply annually each of the twenty millions in the free States with, at least, a gallon.

Cold Bathing.—Here, the writer came well nigh receiving his discharge from chaplain service—a long furlough from earthly duties. After halting here, felt greatly in need and very desirous of some purifying process. Though excessively hot, mounted and rode some distance from camp, where one of those glorious springs was chanced upon, which occasionally flow out from the mountain bases of old Virginia—a great volume of clear, cold, sparkling water, welled up beneath the shade of some fine old trees. Was soon in the welling waters, and for a long while rolled, and splashed, and dipped, and floundered in the cold, delicious element. Was reminded at length that too much of the good thing might prove injurious—dressed and rode back to camp, feeling occasional chills. At sun-down sudden pain in the chest and stomach—cramps, awful pain with suffocation; congestive chill; limbs paralyzed; life hiding itself away in a small space of the body around the heart—kind surgeons and friends anxious and doubtful—all the stimulants within reach poured into and applied externally to the body. Sleep at length came—awoke about midnight with clothes and blankets wet with perspiration—*well*. Breakfasted next morning as usual with no apparent ill effects. The episode is mentioned to warn Hydropathists, with all other theorists, that too much may be made of a good thing—and also, that God may suddenly chastise His creatures for their ignorance and imprudence.

Warrenton.—This place, with its present condition and connections, is no doubt a fair sample of all the large towns in Eastern Virginia. It is the seat of justice for Fauquier County, and located beautifully on the summit of an elevated ridge of land. Before the war it must have been a place of very considerable attractions. The principal street consists of fine old Virginia mansions, detached from each other, with pleasant grass-plots in front, and, what is not common in this region, both sides of the streets lined with fine old shade trees. In *Dixie* estimation, a wealthy, refined, exceedingly aristocratic, —thorough F. F. V. place,—secesh to the core.

Riding through this place, a short time since, I chanced to meet an intelligent-looking old gentleman, a rebel resident, and felt constrained to accost him, and if possible have a free and friendly conversation. The military salute was accordingly given, and by him in a seemingly friendly manner returned. My connection with the army was stated, accompanied by a request that, leaving out for the present Union and Confederate, wars and revolutions, we would have a social chat about Warrenton and its conditions, past and present. "No objections, at all," was his reply. "Please dismount!" Seated on the edge of the side-walk, under the shade of a large elm, we had together a long and free communion. From this, more real insight was obtained with respect to the actual condition of things—the thorough and entire revolution which has already taken place—the breaking up and scattering of all the old elements of Southern society, than could otherwise have been gained by long personal observation.

My first question was about the *Churches*. "We had, he said, pointing to the building of each as named, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal and Catholic—all respectable

congregations. All preaching stopped many months ago—the ministers are starved out and gone; the congregations wholly scattered, and the houses of worship taken for hospitals, guard-houses or barracks."

"How do the remaining inhabitants continue to live—how do they obtain food or any thing with which to buy?" "Look," he continued, "at the different classes of houses. As you observe, nearly every good house is inhabited—the wife, children and family are here; but the men are gone into the Confederate army, are in some way connected with the government, or fled away at your late approach—very many never to return, for many are already dead.

"The inferior houses and negro quarters are nearly all empty. There is not a store, grocery, mechanic-shop, or any place of business, open in and around Warrenton. The storekeepers, grocers, mechanics and laborers, had their business all broken up by the war; and are driven away, the men into the Southern army, and their families, the Lord knows where; I do not. As to the negroes, you know perhaps better where they are gone than I could tell you. This better class of families, the remnants of which are still here, nearly every one owns or did own a farm in the adjacent country. From these they have contrived to live till the coming of your army a few weeks since; now, however, every resource seems taken away. I have a farm, he said, pointing to a place about a mile distant: till lately I managed to keep a few slaves and do a little farming. When your army camped here the last of July, I had four work oxen, three colts—horses all pressed into the Southern army—so many cows, sheep, pigs and poultry, with forty acres corn coming into ear; now there is not a slave, a domestic animal, a fowl, or an ear of corn left—all taken by your

soldiers—and this is about the condition of all the other families here. So long as the Union army remains here, we may contrive to live; but when it is away, I have no conception how the people, who will be left, can obtain food to sustain life during the coming winter." With thanks to my old Secesh friend for our freedom in converse, and hopes expressed for the dawning of better times upon him and his, we parted.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, FAUQUIER CO., VA.

Our camp was lately moved a few miles west from Warrenton, and we are now in the immediate vicinity of this old, fashionable, and justly celebrated summer retreat and watering-place—*the White Sulphur Springs.* Here, in years gone by, and up to the breaking out of the present rebellion, assembled annually, on the arrival of hot weather, the chivalry, the nobility, and the literati of the South, commingled with an occasional copperhead from the North, in order not only to drink of these waters, but to concoct, arrange, and consolidate schemes of treason—here to decide upon and mature plans for operating in the next Congress for cajoling, brow-beating, leading, driving, or bullying Northern Representatives into their nefarious measures. These Springs are in Fauquier county, seven miles south-west from Warrenton, and near the main road from that place to Culpeper.

These waters are so impregnated with sulphur as to be scented at some distance, and the impression given that their source must be *far beneath.*

The principal hotel, judging from its charred ruins and re-

maining brick walls, must have been a massive, elegant, and commodious building, furnishing accommodations for several hundred visitors. A year since, and during the skirmish preceding the second battle of Bull Run, this building was set on fire by the contending forces, and entirely consumed.

Books.—An arrival extraordinary, some days since, in the shape of a box about twenty inches square, and packed with a choice selection of books, proved a real Godsend, and was to us a source of much rejoicing. They were *books*—not tracts, or pamphlets, periodicals, or *little* volumes for children's reading—but *books*, handsomely bound, varying in value from a quarter to a dollar and a quarter. Good friends, who make liberal provision for reading matter to the army, seem often to make a mistake with respect to what is sent. This has generally been *small* reading matter; so much so, that the same matter has once and again been distributed to the same regiment. Such have lost their interest for power and good. Here may be excepted weekly religious newspapers, (not old numbers,) which are always in place. It should be remembered that we have *men* in the army—educated, reading, thinking men—many of whom have been more than two years deprived of access to a library. Let individual friends, who may read this, and have a book they would wish a husband, son, brother, or friend in camp to read, yet no box in which to send, wrap the same in a strong paper, leaving one end open, direct it as a letter, paying the postage, which will be a trifle, and in almost every instance it will reach the soldier safely and speedily.

Literary Classes in Camp.—Whether a new feature of camp life and exercises or not, at least to myself both pleasing

and interesting has been the organization, not long since, of a large class, for the study of English grammar, and also a similar one for recitations in Latin. Our class in grammar already numbers thirty, and is still increasing. Some experience has been mine in the capacity of teacher, but never before in connection with a class so full of pleasing interest. At 1, P. M., each day, save the Sabbath, when not interfered with by military duties, the class assembles—all stalwart men, officers and privates, veteran soldiers from a dozen fiercely contested battle-fields—all eager for the acquisition of knowledge—squat themselves on the ground near my little shelter tent, and shaded by a clump of young chestnuts. Between one and two hours are spent at a *sitting*. All the sciences and branches of knowledge having the most remote connection or bearing upon grammar, and some even without any, are introduced as helps in our mutual efforts to give and receive instruction. By the time this rebellion is settled, we promise the good friends at home an alumni of grammarians, competent to fill the position of County Superintendent of Public Schools, or any other position where useful and accurate knowledge is requisite.

At 4, P. M., we have a class of half a dozen in Latin—some of whom, my hope is, will yet preach the gospel of Christ. Every thing which can interest, and profitably occupy spare time in camp, proves an unspeakable blessing. True yet as when first written—

> "Satan finds some mischief still,
> For idle hands to do."

REGIMENTAL BIBLE-CLASS.—About 3, P. M., on Sabbath, the shade of some friendly tree is sought to shield us from a

scorching August sun. The writer seats himself upon a stone, stump, or more generally squats upon the ground, *a la Turk*,—a mode of sitting now felt to be quite comfortable. Around him assembles a large class, officers and privates, all grown men, who likewise squat on the ground. A chapter or two in the Bible is read *verse about*, a brief and running comment on the whole passage is given,—and then, beginning at some point in the circle, a question on the passage is asked of each, going entirely around. These questions often elicit others from various members, thus giving life and interest to the whole exercises. Our soldiers, who, in any measure, love to read God's book, need the whole Bible, and by all means this should be a reference Bible. No more acceptable or profitable present could be sent by mail to a friend in camp than a small reference Bible—thin, so as to be carried in the side-pocket of his blouse.

Division Worship.—On Saturday afternoon last I received, through an Orderly, from General A. P. Howe, our division commander, a request to call some time during the evening at head-quarters. Having no conception of the business when calling, yet was I most agreeably surprised on being thus accosted by our General: "Chaplain, to-morrow morning (Sabbath) we are to have a special review and general inspection of the whole division, in connection with the artillery. Would it not be well, at its close, to have a brief religious service?" "Certainly, General, and exceedingly glad to hear from you the suggestion. When shall it be, and how?" "I will mass the troops together, and you will lead us in prayer,—sufficient to begin with. No caviller can reasonably object to this, for the Lord knows we all need to be prayed for badly enough."

Accordingly, at the close of the review and inspection, the

entire division—thirteen regiments—was brought into solid mass, closely flanked by three batteries of artillery—a magnificent sight. The soldiers all in their best attire, with burnished, glittering armor,—officers, also, all in holiday costume—a forest of bayonets, and a sea of faces. Seated on horseback in the centre, so as to be seen, and, if possible, heard, I endeavored to raise the voice loud enough, so as to reach over the assembled thousands, while confessing our sins, and invoking the Lord's pardoning mercy and unmerited blessings.

Military Execution.—Although familiar with scenes of wholesale slaughter, instantaneous death, with all possible forms of human mutilation, yet inexpressibly sad is it, almost even to trembling and sickness, to witness calm, quiet, and deliberate preparations being made to shoot a soldier,—the grave dug, an empty coffin carried and laid beside it, a whole division formed in hollow square around these; an angle of the square opening to let in an open wagon bringing the doomed man, and as it enters the lines all the bands striking up a solemn dirge—the wagon at the grave, the condemned taken out, tied hand and foot with eyes bandaged, and seated upon the coffin; a file of ten soldiers within a few paces with aimed rifles, at the word "Fire!" riddle the body with bullets, and in a moment dismiss the trembling spirit into the presence of its God. The division march past for each soldier to gaze upon the ghastly body,—when all have passed, placed in the coffin, lowered into the earth, and covered up. Such is a military execution; such was witnessed in the Sixth Corps on Saturday last; crime, *desertion*—a military offence so grave, that unless thus sternly checked, our army might soon be disbanded.

White Sulphur Springs, Virginia,
September, 1863.

Drunkenness in the Army.—As a dream comes from a multitude of thoughts, even so has the above heading from the enormous quantities of bad whiskey now daily guzzled in the various camps by our officers. In writing this, it is not forgotten, that the charge made by Joseph against his brethren, on their first visit to Egypt for corn, was not an enviable one:—"Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land are ye come." To write with any freedom on the suggested theme, may not unlikely subject the venturesome epistolary to a similar charge, from certain quarters: "Ye are spying out and exposing the nakedness of the land." In such a case, the extenuating plea will be: "He has no pleasure in the deed, being himself attached to the army, and jealous for its honor and good name." Much of the reality, moreover, will remain unwritten, and nothing set down in malice—done, in order to assist in arresting, if possible, the alarming evil.

Had the pastors of our various churches any adequate conception as to the present enormity of the evil, they would surely cry aloud, and spare not, until some remedy be found. Did Christian, loyal, country-loving citizens know of the unblushing drunkenness among so many officers in the army, and the seeming danger of all being ingulfed in a common drunken ruin, they would, with united and sleepless importunity, besiege Congress, the President, Secretary of War, Commander-in-chief, Quartermaster General, etc., to unite in closing up, at once, each and every official flood-gate through which such immense quantities of bad whiskey now flow into the army.

How Obtained.—"But how," some one may ask, "is so large an amount of intoxicating drink obtained, to create such an amount of drunkenness? Did not Congress, some years since, abolish whiskey rations in the army?" Perhaps so; yet certain it is that, by some authority, whiskey rations are occasionally issued to every soldier, and whiskey, without stint, is at all times officially furnished to commissioned officers. By an army regulation, commissioned officers can purchase from the Brigade Commissary, by personal application or by written order, for his own use, at Government prices, whatever provisions may be on hand, after rations have been furnished the private soldiers. A Brigade Commissary would hear less complaint from officers for lack of bread, meat, coffee and sugar, than of whiskey. It must be always on hand. Our Brigade Commissariats have thus become extensive retail whiskey establishments; all furnished by the Government. A barrel often issued by the canteen—about three pints, at fifty cents—just as fast as the Commissary's clerk can measure it.

Results.—The results are fast becoming most deplorable. Our American character is proverbially excitable, and without due restraint may readily run into any extreme. The *ennui* of camp life to the volunteer officer becomes often hard to endure. The excitement from strong drink, thus so easily obtained and always on hand, soon becomes a ready and frequent resort. The ruinous habit of having whiskey almost invariably produced, when one officer calls upon another,—impolite, almost an insult, otherwise—the moral restraints of home, family, and social life all wanting, it need hardly be wondered at, that from former sobriety, frequent drunkenness ensues as a ready consequence. Of late, I tremble for any young friend, who gets an

advancement from the ranks to the possession of a commission. Those at home who may have a husband, son, or brother thus promoted, had better put on sackcloth and keep a long fast in dread of his near and utter ruin. The vortex seems so overwhelming that he who escapes must be well favored of Heaven.

Beastly—no; I beg the beasts' pardon; *manly* drunkenness, among the officers, has become unblushing, and no apparent effort or even thought of any accountability. A few days since, a regiment of our brigade, having completed its first year of service, must needs have a celebration over the event; in other words, an *official drunk*. *Un*manly sports—such as climbing greasy poles and catching pigs with greased tails—were provided for the privates. A barrel of whiskey, constituted part of the official repast. Many shoulder-straps from neighboring regiments were present; and when among these the fun grew fast and furious, shoulder-strapped coats were thrown off, and the valorous knights, not with swords, but with fistiscuff, endeavored to demolish each other. Crowds of privates were looking on, and supposing that, during the melee, a fit time had come for them to pitch in, began to bear away sundry portions of the whiskey, and were finally restrained only by a strong guard, at the point of the bayonet. In efforts to gain their respective regiments on horseback, the appearance of various officers was ludicrous in the extreme; and, but for its sadness, would have caused hearty bursts of laughter from any beholder. One and another, when passing near our regimental encampment, fell off his horse like a sack of meal. One valarous rider, when opposite to where some of our horses were hitched under a large tree, insisted upon the one he rode turning thither, as to its own hitching-place. The animal knew

better, but was constrained to obey by a vigorous application of the spur. Under the insult offered to its superior knowledge, the poor beast continued restive, while its rider, in maudlin, drunken jargon, vainly attempted to persuade it he was in the right, and all the while making fruitless efforts to get his right leg over its back, in order to dismount. The animal, becoming at length indignant, started off at a brisk pace towards its own camp, whereupon the luckless rider fell to the ground, very much like a large lump of putty.

INDIAN DRUNK.—The whole thing, as related above, seemed to have been arranged for a *drunk*, much like a similar performance among a tribe of Indians, as related by a certain Captain Smith. Said Captain was taken captive by the savages, in early frontier warfare, and by them adopted in room of a brave, slain in battle. By some trading operations with the whites, the little tribe, on a certain occasion, obtained *fire water* sufficient to get *drunk*, as they, with much significance, termed it. The most deliberate preparations were accordingly made for the operation. A day was set, and, the previous evening, the young Indians tied in bundles all their tomahawks, scalping-knives, and deadly weapons, then climbing up some young trees, they drew after them the bundles, tieing them to the upper branches, and, in descending, stripped off the green bark of the trees, thus rendering them quite as difficult to ascend as a greased pole. Five staid members of the tribe were selected to remain *sober*—not to taste the fire-water, and to act as a peace police. As the Captain was a new-comer, it was graciously left to his option whether to *drunk or sober*. All things ready, the melee began by copious imbibings; and, while the drunk was coming on, the scene, as related by the Captain, was exciting and

inexpressibly ludicrous. The unsuccessful efforts of the young Indians to climb the slippery trees after their deadly weapons, was worthy any modern struggle to ascend a greasy pole. Continued libations, however, overcame one after another, till the last drinker was helplessly stretched upon the ground, and quietness prevailed till next morning, save a general grunting much like a lot of fat hogs on a hot day.

Why Write Thus?—My object in writing of this matter, is to call the attention of the voting community to its enormity, and urge them to unite in an effort to abate the shameless abomination. This may be, in a measure, accomplished by pressing the subject so earnestly and extensively upon the coming Congress, as to have a law passed, prohibiting, under penalty of certain death, the introduction of intoxicating drinks, on any pretext, into the army, hospital stores and sutlers' evasions not excepted. If good brandy, or old Bourbon, be at any time furnished by the Government for our hospitals, the suffering inmates are seldom thereby either the wiser or the better. Better have the whole thing stopped. The following item of comfort to our sick and wounded soldiers and their friends, is now going the rounds of all our daily papers, and hence it can be no slander to copy the same:—

"A commission appointed for the purpose, have just discovered that some gross frauds have been perpetrated upon the Medical Department, in the supply of liquor, etc. An examination of the single article of whiskey has shown, that the most deleterious compound known, has been furnished for medical purposes, in place of the fine, pure article contracted for. In some of the hospitals, the patients have been unable to use a drop, while

those who have used it, were made worse than by their original disease."

Not unlikely, from the bloated eyes and livid lips of many an official in our camps, that were the numerous barrels of what is termed *whiskey*, which is guzzled here, examined by a scientific committee, something *deleterious* might also be found in them.

The preceding sketch, relative to drunkenness in camp, had a pretty wide circulation in public journals, various copies of which soon found their way into camp. What a shaking among the dry bones of drunken officials! Shoulder-straps were indignant. Caucuses were held at regimental, brigade, and division head-quarters, in order to have summary action with the naughty, tell-tale Chaplain. Dismissed at once from camp, he ought to be; but just how, was the caucus point. Nothing but truth had been written, and not half of that.

The tell-tale writer was confronted, not *officially*, but by squads of *officials*, with oaths, attempted insults, threats of violence and dismissal from the service. Being a time of war, he felt constrained to fight, by distinctly assuring these "indignants," that they, together with a large portion of shoulder-straps in our army, were a disgrace to the American name and the military service; were a set of swearers, gamblers, and drunkards, keeping back, by their drunkenness and inefficiency, our armies from victory; that, were the speaker, by official influence, sent away from the army, it would be to him rather a pleasing operation, as, in that case, he would write a book, in which would be recorded all the names of the drunken actors.

The Chaplain remained in camp, and unmolested; thereafter to write such camp sketches as suited his fancy and judgment.

As an encouragement, amid this battle with official drunkenness, the privates gathered lovingly and approvingly around the Chaplain. Among others, he was visited by a squad of brave, genial, yet wayward, Catholic Irishmen, with the following salutation by their foreman: "Sure, an' aint we glad yer talkin' to these drunken fellows in

that way. Yer Riverance knows well enough, that, when we can git the crittur, we take a spree.—ye know we do; but sure an' aint we jerked up and put under guard; yet them upstart rowdies can swear and gamble and dhrink all night long, and we dar'n't say a word. But yer Riverance isn't afeerd. Give them another touching up."

Unknown to himself, money was raised by the privates, and various beautiful presents were sent, among which was a Bible, costing nearly a hundred dollars. When these were publicly presented to the Chaplain in camp, the officers most fierce in denouncing his exposures of drunkenness, were present to congratulate him.

Most firmly is it believed that, but for *bad whiskey*, our armies would long since have been not only in Richmond, but in every other stronghold in rebeldom.

"Whiskey, whiskey, bane of life,
Thou source of discontent and strife;
Could I but half thy curses tell,
The wise would wish thee safe in hell."

CULPEPER, Sept. 29th, 1863.

SATAN NOT OMNIPOTENT.—*The devil does sometimes overreach himself.* When the patient man of Uz, with a single proviso, was handed over to his tender mercies, that arch old rebel, in eager haste to effect the good man's ruin, quite overdid the business; shot aside of his mark, laid on the agony too freely. Hence Satan suffered a defeat, while Job escaped and became a hero. Although that arch old rebel has learned wisdom from former failures, and thereby materially improved in the practice of his wiles upon our race, yet great is the consolation to believe that he is neither omniscient nor omnipotent.

but liable still to make mistakes. The experiences of camp life, do, indeed, often force me with Paul to say, "I am not ignorant of his devices." With anxious observation and multiplied opportunities have I been watching these wiles of the old serpent for the ruin of our soldiers; and from these the belief is cherished that the devil does make mistakes, and not unfrequently brings injury to his own cause—*his* wrath being made to praise God.

On to Culpeper.—As recently written, drunkenness, especially among officers, was becoming shameless in our camps. Shortly after that letter was written, our old camp, near Warrenton, was broken up, and we moved forward to our present position. Our hope was that the combinations of spiritual wickedness in high places, which had there been forming, might thus in some measure be broken up; and with the new camp and new combinations, some advantage might accrue to the Lord's side. In this, for a time at least, there was a sad disappointment.

Satan Loose.—The day after our arrival, the devil, through his agents, broke loose in a manner not previously witnessed, bewildering and almost paralyzing any effort to withstand his wiles. On that day I witnessed the saddest sight of my camp experience,—a most unblushing exhibition of official depravity. A government wagon drove into camp, bringing to our Brigade Commissary two barrels of whiskey—for officers—the law not allowing its sale openly to privates. "Where the carcass is, the eagles (buzzards) are gathered together." By a strange, intemperate instinct, the tidings of this arrival flew through the brigade with electric velocity. In as short a space of time as

this is written, from forty to fifty shoulder-strapped officials were crowded round the hinder end of said wagon. Each one with canteen, stopper out, in one hand, and a greenback in the other—shouting, scrambling, and almost climbing over each other's shoulders in order to obtain their vessel full of the bad whiskey. No surprise need be excited at this crowding haste. Two barrels might not supply present demand, and he who was last might go away empty. Commissary clerk inside the wagon could not await, with such a pressure outside, the slow process of allowing the barrel to empty itself through a spigot hole. The barrel was set on end, the upper one knocked in, and canteen after canteen poured full, until all was gone in an incredibly short time. By various processes, through villanous sutlers, &c., many privates also obtained large quantities of stimulants. The result may readily be guessed. At eventide it was with some difficulty we could hold our accustomed religious service. The uproar and the swearing, the yells and screechings, the squabbles and the fights, as far around as they could assail the ear, almost drowned our voice.

In the midst of this strange medley I endeavored to exhort and encourage the soldiers of the cross in camp with the assurance, that the devil was certainly overdoing his business. Through prayer and courage we would conquer yet. Mounting my horse next day I rode to various regiments and brigades, in order to make inquiry as to their experience and impressions. "What of the Lord's work?" was the inquiry of the first chaplain met. "The devil's broke loose, sure," was his sad response. "Let us hold on, brother; the devil is overdoing this business." On to the next, with, "How is it, brother?" "Why, Satan has started all his engines of evil." "Yet let us not be cast down: the Lord of Hosts is upon our side." Thus quite a number

were visited, similar questions asked, and uniform answers returned. Now, as to results, if signs be rightly interpreted, our impressions were not misplaced, nor our hopes to be disappointed.

PAY DAY.—Shortly after this, came *pay day*, a time always to be dreaded in camp for its accompanying disorder. Yet, in the midst of our social meeting that evening, attention was called to the unwonted, the remarkable stillness in our own and all the neighboring camps. Not a dog was moving his tongue not a boisterous sound heard. "What has produced such a wonderful change, was the inquiry of one, and immediately responded to by another,—"The Lord has done it. The devil has, of late, been quite overdoing the business; even his own agents are becoming ashamed of their debasement and are holding up."

FLAG PRESENTATION.—Two days afterward followed a *flag* presentation in our regiment. Uninitiated readers are, perhaps, not aware, when reading some glowing account, not unlikely from a bribed reporter, of a sword or other presentation in the army, that, as a synonym, there might usually be substituted "*grand official drunk.*" If all the expenses of the "drunk," on such occasions come off the presenter, woe betide the pocket of the unlucky individual selected as the recipient of the present. Though ours was but the presentation of a flag to the regiment, yet was the law of custom followed, and general preparation made for the accustomed demonstrations in drinking. A double guard was placed around the head-quarters of the regiment, where a barrel of *something*, and sundry boxes, were

located—this double guard, in order to keep the common fry from intruding upon the privileges of their superiors.

The flag presentation, late in the afternoon, was a chaste, appropriate, and imposing ceremony. This over, the very large crowd of officials adjourned to the place for drinking; yet soon, and after a single course, Corps, Division and Brigade Generals with their respective staffs, together with Colonels, Majors and Surgeons from other regiments, all mounted and rode away to their respective camps, *sober*, all acting out both the gentleman and the soldier; an imposing and gratifying sight. A squad, however, of understrappers, upstart swaggerers in uniform and shoulder-straps, who could not possibly shine while great folks were present, must needs remain and carry out the accustomed "drunk."

During the afternoon, two brother Chaplains engaged to come and help us resist the devil in our wonted religious service at eventide. About sun-down, the Lord also sent an old friend and brother Chaplain from another corps. Thus reinforced and strengthened, our meeting, larger even than usual, was opened in full view and hearing of head-quarters, where the "drunk" of the young upstarts was beginning to grow fast and furious. The Lord gave an earnest boldness to the assisting brethren, and, by the good hand of our God upon us, in less than an hour the "drunk" was talked, and sung, and prayed out of countenance and into silence. The devil does sometimes overdo his work, and, for once, we have triumphed, and feel thereby greatly strengthened.

Not only this, but, as known to me, a number of officers in our own and other regiments, far, far gone in open drunkenness, have become ashamed of their course—disgusted with these debasing spectacles—have accordingly held up, and sol-

emnly declare they will *drink* no more in camp. Satan makes mistakes.

Let no one, however, suppose we are boasting as those who have put off their armor. Satan is not yet conquered. New and more cunning strategy will, no doubt, be adopted by that arch rebel leader. Other and more outlandish outbursts of wickedness in our camps may not unlikely be the consequence. Yet confident we are, that a great moral crisis now exists in our army. A holy war is going on. Sin does awfully abound; yet are the soldiers of the cross, with an earnestness not hitherto manifested, combining and strengthening for the conflict. Pray for us.

Chaplains' Meetings.—In our Sixth Corps, we have been holding Chaplains' meetings each Monday for consultation, combination of effort, and prayer. These meetings are opened with a sermon, after the usual manner of Church Courts. From twelve to twenty Chaplains are in attendance; representing nearly every evangelical denomination of our country, and from almost every Northern State. Never has it been my privilege to participate in ministerial meetings more full of heart-felt interest and abounding in cheering and soul-strengthening influences. The greatest harmony, and oneness of spirit prevail. All feel and speak of the terrible pressure of wickedness; yet, of late, that God's people are stirred up and strengthening their hands. All seem to believe we are approaching a great crisis in the army. God and Satan are contending for the mastery; yet no despondency, but, hopefulness for the ultimate triumph of righteousness.

Every day's experience and observation confirm me in the belief, that no instrumentality, save that of the regular Chap-

lain, is suited to, or able to meet these growing wants and successfully grapple with this abounding wickedness. All know that without the regular pastorate, the Church would not and could not prosper or extend itself. Even more important would it seem that regularly authorized laborers should be in every regiment. Chaplains, it is true, have and may, occasionally, prove incompetent or faithless, as also happens in the pastorate.

At our last meeting it was ascertained, upon inquiry, that in our Sixth Corps, there are thirty-seven regiments, and twenty-six Chaplains. Whether this be a fair average throughout all our armies, data sufficient are not at hand to decide. The design of this inquiry was to adopt measures in order to have regular preaching in all the regiments destitute of Chaplains, until, if possible, the proper authorities be induced to obtain for each lacking regiment, fit persons as spiritual guides. Two brethren were accordingly designated for each vacant regiment on the following Sabbath. Nor are we without hope that each regiment in our corps may, ere long, be blessed with an earnest and faithful Chaplain.

While thus magnifying our Chaplain's office, let no one suppose we thereby intend to undervalue, or would in the least lessen the importance and usefulness of any one, or all other instrumentalities operating for good on the physical and moral condition of our army. On the contrary, not a day passes without my having occasion to bless God for the existence of the United States Christian Commission;—thanking also an All-wise Providence, that He has raised up one as its President, with largeness of heart, means, skill, energy and perseverance, sufficient to conduct with such marked success, so vast and growing a means for good as the United States Christian Com-

mission. Without its beneficent and timely aid, our Chaplain service would by no means be so successful. Her delegates come to us fresh from our homes and Christian friends, and, by their presence and aid, cheer us in our toil. The reading matter, so liberally furnished, puts weapons into our hands with which to combat the enemy. And her numerous stores of comforts and delicacies, always at our command when within reach, assist us much in comforting and cheering both the souls and bodies of the feeble, the sick and the wounded.

WARRENTON AGAIN, Oct. 27.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT A NEW GAME.—This grand Army of the Potomac seems to have entered upon a new system of tactics, which does not appear to have been laid down in the books on military evolutions. This new science, play, or pastime may be designated "*Chasing and being chased—running after and being run after.*" Our school-boy days and pastimes seem to be living over again. A play we had, though its name be scarcely now remembered,—*base*, perhaps,—and carried on something after this fashion: Those to be engaged were separated, by alternate choice, into two bands. When divided, they took positions at the distance of a good healthy run apart. One company then sent forward, as a scout, its most expert runner, who walked leisurely up near to the operating base of the opposing party. On a sudden, some of their best footmen bounded forward in order to capture the scout. His business was now to regain his own base without being overtaken. Should one of the pursuers be able, in the race, to

touch him with the hand, he was their prisoner. If, however, he reached his own squad untouched, his companions at once bounded forward to capture his pursuers. It was now their turn to be chased; for, if overtaken before reaching their own goal, they were prisoners. Thus went on the alternate chase and being chased, the fun becoming more mixed and excited until all of one side were captured, when, of course, the game ended. Boyhood days have come back. The old game of *base* played over again by grown men and great generals! Nor has this manhood's chase and chasing, any less than boyhood's, been wanting in its excitements and pleasures,—bating the enormous fatigue of three days and nights being chased, and about the same time chasing.

About the 9th of October, General Lee began to make ominous demonstrations about the fordings and crossing of the Rapidan; when, for reasons, the east side of the Rappahannock was decided to be the proper position for the Army of the Potomac. So all of Saturday night and all of Sabbath streams of wagons, ambulances, artillery, cavalry, and infantry poured across the pontoon bridges and through the fordings, till, by sun-down of Sabbath, not even a straggler remained on the west side of said little Rappahannock River.

On Monday morning, the conclusion seemed to be that, in the progress of their game of *base*, we had now been chased far enough, and must, in consequence, chase awhile. So all the forenoon of Monday, unencumbered by wagons or baggage, the grand army recrossed the river in half a dozen columns, and, early in the afternoon, was in full battle array on the west side of the river. And such a magnificent array for actual battle has not heretofore been seen. This was owing to the peculiarity of the ground, allowing the whole to be taken in at

a glance. This section of country much resembles a western prairie, save some additions of timber. So open is it that when the army was formed into three or four lines of battle, one some fifty rods in rear of the other, and stretching for miles to the right and left, that, in this same grand order of battle, a forward movement was ordered; it was awfully grand, terribly sublime. The whole face of the country bristling with bayonets, and in motion with men and horses; and, notwithstanding the difficulty of the movement, the utmost order and precision observed in the advance. With this majesty of movement, an advance was made all the afternoon back towards Culpepper. At sun-down we were halted in the same order. When shrouded by darkness, efforts were made for sleeping upon the cold, damp ground; but the order soon passed along, "Fall in." "Where and what now? each asked of his fellow. It was now our turn to run, and be chased. Back we started; and during all that dark, dreary night the same living streams poured back to the east side of the Rappahannock, and by the following dawn all were again across, save our own and another regiment, which were left to act as rear guard to hurry forward stragglers, defend the engineers as they lifted the pontoon bridges, and, when the last man was across, burn the railroad bridge across the river,—all of which service was accomplished in approved military style and in an hour's time. Yet was not our race ended. After destroying all we could not take along, —burning every thing that would take fire—away we started towards Washington. On, on we tramped all of Tuesday without halting. On and on we trudged all of Tuesday night, till, near the break of day, we were halted long enough for a brief rest and to make coffee. Then up and on; on past that almost fabulous place, Manassas Junction, on over the old battle-fields,

across Bull Run, up through Centreville, and on to Chantilly, where General Kearney was killed last year. We had now run far enough—made a long run, and did it well; here halted, and soon had strong earthen breast-works thrown up between us and the rebels.

So soon, however, as a little rested, it was fairly the rebels' turn to run, and we to chase. Out from behind our breast-works we sallied; and, after making good time in pursuit for two days and nights till arriving at this locality, we have been quietly taking breath for a short time. Our present camp is over a mile west from Warrenton, on the precise ground we occupied when arriving here the latter part of July. We await another race; yet whose turn next to be chased deponent saith not.

Old Battle-Fields.—Strange feelings take possession of the thoughtful mind when approaching to and traversing the place where some great battle has been fought. For such visits and mental exercises our frequent condition during the past season has been strongly propitious. Nearly three years have we been on our attempted journey from Washington to Richmond,—a distance which by railroad we might travel in almost as many hours. Had Bunyan's sojourner made no more rapid progress towards his desired city, he might, perchance, have been on his pilgrimage till now. Had that marvellous dreamer in Bedford jail accompanied us in our ever-varying efforts to reach the Confederate capital, allegory and similitude might have been laid aside, and the world furnished with a huge volume of fact stranger than fiction. During our numerous and varied forwards and backwards—advances and retreats—rights and lefts—ups and downs—stops and starts—hithers and

thithers—an opportunity has been afforded leisurely to visit and revisit nearly every important battle-field of the Potomac army.

Already, in this war of magnificent dimensions, a dozen fields of slaughter have been left to history, greater, as to the number of combatants, than Waterloo, and with even more killed or mutilated, on each of them, than upon that far-famed field of blood. So common, so fresh, so strangely familiar have become these vast localities of slaughter, that, for the present, much of that wonted reverence, and even profit, is wanting while passing over them. Fifty years hence, our grandchildren will come on pilgrimage and tread, with sacred awe and holy reverence, these places where every sod is a soldier's sepulchre. Such feelings are almost unknown to him whose feet, as he traverses, are yet defiled with gore, whose nostrils are filled with stench, whose eyes are averted from ghastly corses, and in whose ears the tumult of battle yet rings.

We are now traversing and camping upon by far the largest battle area ever measured in the world's history of carnage. The eastern part of Virginia, with portions of Maryland and Pennsylvania, comprising ten thousand miles, widening to a hundred miles on every side,—from the northwest boundary of the Shenandoah Valley to the James River, from the Chesapeake to the Rapidan,—has been converted, during the past three years, into a grand amphitheatre for a tournament at arms,—a magnificent duel,—and, as a result, has become a great charnel-house, a vast Golgotha, a wide-spread Aceldama, a literal field of blood. Fields, forests, hills, valleys, meadows, orchards, gardens, over all this wide-extended region, with scarcely an exempted spot, have already been occupied as a camping ground by either friend or foe.

During our late strategic movements,—our hide-and-go-seek, —our retreating and pursuing,—the general course led us twice over the battle-scenes of Bull Run. Not as many evidences of the fierce and bloody struggles which there took place remain as might be supposed. A luxuriant growth of grass and weeds, without flock or herd to graze thereon, covered all that great battle region when traversed by us. The debris from the various clashings together of fiercely-contending hosts, scattered over a wide region in the vicinity of Bull Run, could not generally be discovered until struck against by your foot or that of your horse. Even the little mounds, called graves, scattered, without order, over hill and dale, were generally hid from sight by the summer vegetation, now becoming sear by autumn frosts. So shallow had the holes and trenches been dug for the reception of the slain, that, when our artillery wheels cut across the soft ground, and the ponderous trains of army wagons sunk into it in their passage, many of the mouldering bodies were reached; when fragments of broken bones and rotten flesh were dragged up after the wheels. Here and there, also, lay, scattered about, the various bones of the human body; not as seen by the prophet at the grave's mouth, for they seemed never to have been honored with a burial. These were picked up by our soldiers, while on the march, and curiously examined,—many, in their ignorance of anatomy, wondering to what part of the body such a one belonged. The whole scene was thus, long since, graphically described, by one of the finest word-painters that ever wielded a pen:—

"The knot grass fettered there the hand
Which once could burst an iron band.
Beneath the broad and ample bone
That buckled heart to fear unknown,

A feeble and a timorous guest,
The field-hare, framed her lowly nest;
There the slow blind worm left his slime
On the fleet limbs that mocked at time;
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
Still wreathed with chaplet, flushed and full,—
For heathbell, with her purple bloom,
Supplied the bonnet and the plume."

Yes,—

"They have fought their last battles, they sleep their last sleep,
No sound shall awake them to glory again."

Brandy Station, Va., Nov. 17th, 1863.

A new Army Movement.—Early on Saturday morning Nov. 7th, our quiet camp near Warrenton was broken up, and we again in motion. A grand exciting thing it is for a great army, on sudden orders to break up its cantonments and get into motion. Several hundred small cities, as each regiment constitutes within itself a distinct city, broken up, dissolved, disappearing within the space of a few minutes. Houses, tents, shelters of all imaginable shapes and sizes—many even without any apparent shape, size or convenience, unroofed. The canvass covering of the privates' little shelter folded and strapped upon the top of the already crowded knapsack; those of the line officers lashed upon half-worn out rickety mules, whose drooping ears seem to constitute half of their lean bodies. The tents of staff officers go into wagons. The camp accommoda-

tions of a few days, weeks or months are thrown away. All seems inextricable disorder, pell-mell and confusion. The bugle sounds the *march*, the commanding officer shouts "*fall in*," when as if by some magician's wand, order comes from out this bustling chaos. The regiment is at once in ranks of military order, four deep, and trudging away, away; each soldier looking, for all the world, like some old picture of Bunyan's Pilgrim, with a huge pack upon his back.

Deserted Camp.—Imagination can hardly picture a scene of more entire desertion and desolation than a camp of a few weeks' occupancy, even an hour after it has been abandoned. The ruins of Tyre, Babylon or Ninevah, can scarcely surpass it in completeness of desolation, and in the loneliness of feeling produced upon the solitary beholder. Save a few fires here and there still smouldering, it might readily be imagined that ages had passed since human footsteps trod there, though so lately the scene of busy crowded life and activities.

Another Bloody Battle.—By the middle of the afternoon, on the same day, the camp was broken near Warrenton : having marched nearly fifteen miles, we arrived in the immediate vicinity of Rappahannock Station, the point where the railroad from Washington to Richmond crosses the little river of the same name. The ground in the vicinity was all familiar, as we had encamped here for ten days during the earlier part of the fall. Our 6th Corps, after its long march, was at once and somewhat unexpectedly in a fierce struggle with the enemy. It was brief, bloody, decisive, and for our arms, one of the most brilliant achievements of this fiercely contested war. The rebels were in possession of the earthworks close along the bank of the

river, which we had occupied a month previously. These they had in the mean time greatly strengthened, so that each of the two thousand rebels by which they were now occupied, was protected even more than breast high by redoubts and breast-works. At the assaulting foe they could take sure and deadly aim, while naught but the tops of their own heads were exposed. How these formidable works were stormed with so little bloodshed seems yet a mystery. The rebels must have been taken in some measure by surprise. They no doubt felt secure, never even dreaming that an assault would be attempted on their formidable position over the open and rising ground directly in front. According to the ordinary fierceness of the present warfare, from their strength and position, they ought to have killed a thousand of our troops, and wounded three or four thousand more. Only about one hundred were killed, and three hundred wounded.

Yet how strange this language, "*only one hundred killed!*" Cruel war does greatly transform both our language and our sensibilities. "Only one hundred killed!" Only one hundred noble young men in the flower of manhood swept together into eternity. Only a hundred homes and home circles thus quickly thrown into inconsolable sadness and irreparable grief. Were one hundred young men belonging to our fire companies crushed to death in a moment, under the ruins of some burning building, what a thrill of horror would pervade the whole city; yea, the entire community! Each daily paper throughout the country, for a number of issues thereafter, would be filled with sickening details of the awful, the appalling calamity. When however, "only one hundred killed in the battle of the Rappahannock," is read by millions next morning, no other emotion is

excited thereby save perhaps that of joy—a kind of pleasing breakfast repast.

Scenes on the Battle Field.—Early next morning (Sabbath) I passed entirely over the scene of last evening's bloody struggle. All quiet now. The wounded had been sent away during the night, and the sixteen hundred prisoners conveyed far to the rear. The dead were being collected into groups in order to be covered up in trenches then digging by their living comrades. All were buried just as they fell—uncoffined and shrouded in their bloody garments—perhaps the fittest burial for the brave soldier. At one place within the enemy's works were collected and laid side by side for interment, THIRTY from the 6th Maine Regiment. All noble-looking young men; still, calm, bloody, dead. They came from that far off north-east, to sleep their last long sleep on the quiet banks of this lonely river. Nearly every one of these had received the death wound in the face, the neck, or upper portion of the breast, as they marched directly up to the muzzles of the rebel rifles.

New Marches and Duties.—On the day after the battle, we were marched some miles down the river to Kelly's Ford, in the vicinity of which we did picket duty for several days and nights. Returning from thence, the battle ground of Saturday was again passed over, the river re-crossed and out to this place, *Brandy Station*; a name, no doubt, full of euphony to our too many lovers of strong drink. From whence the name, has not yet been ascertained, whether from some F. F. V., who bore the rather dubious surname of *Brandy*, or from the large quantities of said beverage drank at this locality while the railroad was being constructed. Said locality is six miles

east from Culpeper. Here is the once beautiful domain of John Minor Botts, a well known Virginia Statesman, who has been trying to retain his loyalty during all this protracted struggle. So often during the past three years has this section been made a camping ground both by Union and Confederate, together with a number of skirmishes and cavalry deeds, that the bare ground is about all which now remains. Our boys have to trudge a long distance, ere they can find old rails, or any kind of wood, with which to light a camp fire.

Grave of an Executed Rebel.—Close beside our regimental encampment is a clump of young pines, in which is a large newly made rebel grave, at the head of which is a pine board, bearing in pencil the following inscription: "Jordan Harris, Co. F., 47th N. C. Troops. Executed for desertion about noon, November the 1st, 1863, aged 49 years." Poor soldier, alone and quietly he sleeps undisturbed more by dreams of escape from rebel tyranny, or yearnings for home and family.

Little Things.—*Little* things make up life—occasion its ills, fretfulness, uneasiness, estrangements,—make up its comforts, joys and friendships. *Big* things we can manage; seize, and make properly behave themselves. Little ones elude the search and the grasp, yet still remain to torture. The Egyptians could defend their land from inroads of humanity, yet were the locusts, the flies and the lice, too much for their weapons of war. Little things have been annoying the writer. His mansion has been invaded and his goods destroyed by a numerous and cunning enemy; nor has he been able, with the willing assistance of well armed and trained friends, fully to expel the plundering marauders.

Field Mice.—Good farming no doubt tends much to lessen the number of these pests to husbandry. The rugged ploughshare of Burns was a stern, destructive reality to little mousie, with her snugly built nest and well-laid schemes, of which the poet sung in such pathetic and exquisite strains. Unfortunately for my interests, no ploughshare these three years has disturbed the surface of these old Virginia fields. Mousie, thus undisturbed so long in her domestic arrangements, has multiplied to an astonishing degree. Grandames rejoicing in their descendants, perhaps, to the tenth generation. Were they all turned into golden mice, such as those sent back with the ark by the Philistines, Secretary Chase might at once resume specie payments, nor issue greenbacks more.

Having no chest, vault, cupboard, shelf or table drawer, in or on which to store our simple stock of eatables, they are necessarily laid upon the ground, under the little canvass. The first night of our encampment on this old field, now covered with withered grass and running briers, a whole tribe of these insignificant plunderers burrowed along the surface of the ground into my tent. While sleeping, they ate into my little sugar sack and devoured its contents; found their way into the haversack and rummaged it; gnawed through the leather of the saddle-bags and stole the hard tack; went through the canvass of Jesse's oat-sack and made a nest therein; carried off my ration of meat, only leaving untouched a little salt, pepper and ground coffee, as not to their liking. So emboldened did they become at the success of their invasion, that when bestirring myself next morning, various squads of them seemed unwilling to leave the tent. Such impudence was not to be borne. A small stick was seized and vigorous use of said instrument commenced. But one half-grown chap was however put *hors du*

combat by the operation, all the others magically disappearing into their various burrowing places. Remaining quiet for a few moments, half a dozen little whiskered noses, each backed by a pair of small, black, round, mischievous-looking eyes, made their appearance from the entrance of as many holes beneath the canvass. Comical as well as quizzical, was their appearance. Each one seemed to ask, "Who are you?" "What great giant is this, who is trying, in such a summary manner, to disturb our independence and take away our liberties?" The rogues must have had previous practice in the *dodge*. A sudden and violent plunge was made at the nearest quiz, the stroke fell where had been the two eyes, but mousie wasn't there.

Next night, before sleeping time, all the replaced eatables were suspended by pieces of rope from the cross-pole of the little tent, causing the crowded enclosure to look like a miniature smoke-house or ogre's den. After the candle was blown out, myself rolled in a blanket on the ground floor, the former invasion with large apparent additions entered. No feast this time could be found or reached, whereat an evident and boisterous indignation meeting was held. After its adjournment various companies of the little indignants scrambled on top of me and ran across my whole length. Then they would run across and angle over me, and when wearied with this interesting operation, would collect in squads, still on top of me, in order to plan some new mischief. *Little things* make up life in camp as well as at home.

Rabbits.—The Lord would not cast out all the inhabitants of Canaan at once; seeing the tribes at their invasion were not numerous enough to occupy all the land. A reason given

for said policy was, lest wild beasts multiply and desolate the land. The hunters of Virginia seem to have long since destroyed the various races of wild beasts, which in the Indian's day were so numerous—buffaloes, deer, bears, panthers, catamounts; so that during these years of desolation through the Old Dominion, there are none of those animals left, so as to multiply and once more possess the land. Rabbits not being so easily exterminated, are an exception. Although they multiply exceedingly when unmolested, yet in years past, the slaves were wont successfully to adopt various and cunning measures for their capture and appropriation. Now, however, master and slave have alike disappeared from many a section. As a consequence, these curious, long-eared, hopping, stupid-looking creatures have for two years had almost uninterrupted occupancy of these old fields and open woods. In the mean time there has been evidently a most prolific increase. At every halting place or new camp, our soldiers, in their various rummagings for wood, water, &c., start out a rabbit from almost every little hiding nook. No sooner does Bun become alarmed, and bound out from his hiding place, than he becomes a doomed rabbit; escape next to impossible; presently he is to boil and blubber in the camp-kettle of some rapacious soldier. Away however, he scuds, followed by this and that bellowing pursuer, yet ere aware, squads of shouting men meet him in front, away he shoots to the right, where suddenly volleys of clubs and stones, commingled with yells and screams assail him. "Right about," says Bun, and darts to the left, yet only to meet accumulated volleys of yells and missiles. Panting, bewildered, paralyzed, he generally yields with a little further effort. Poor Bunnie!

Umbellate grouse, (pheasants,) quails and fox, squirrels have

also greatly increased in numbers through this region of late, for want of killers. Pheasants and quails, however, having wings, and the squirrels claws, the first, when approached by the soldier, flies away, the latter hops up the nearest tree, and thus generally escapes, as our soldiers are forbidden under heavy penalties from using their guns against any game, save rebels.

Brandy Station, Dec. 16, 1863.

Meade's and Lee's Machines Again in Motion.—It cannot now be news to you that uncles Meade and Lee have again had their big machines, called the Army of the Potomac and Army of Northern Virginia, in motion. Rather a lively time had we in said exercise. The machine of which your correspondent forms—he hardly knows what part—spoke, screw, wedge or pin,—crossed that almost fabulous stream called the Rapidan in good style. It then and there ran counter to, collided against that other rival machine, and, after some pounding, pushing and jarring, pressed it back into a region which, on Lloyd's map of Virginia, is most fitly denominated "The Wilderness,"—a region almost uninhabited, a place of bushes and briers, bogs and fens.

A Cold Bath.—The most note-worthy incident of a personal character connected with our raid into said Wilderness was an informal, unexpected, and most certainly, at the time, an uncoveted cold bath. During all the afternoon of Sabbath, November 29th, we were skirmishing with the enemy along and in the region of the plank road leading from Fredericks-

burg to Orange Court-House;—at one time cannonading, at another musketry—the rebels all the while falling back and we advancing. At dusk, and close upon the enemy, as we were pushing through a thick, swampy wood—the men scrambling on logs and other ways as best they could over a jungle-like brook—Jesse, having been ridden all day without water, determined upon a drink out of said sluggish rebel stream. No sooner, however, were her fore-feet in the water, than she began to sink, and, with consequent floundering, was presently over her back in the treacherous pool. In vain she struggled to extricate herself with her rider, who was compelled to dismount, neck deep; when, with vigorous strugglings and various efforts, assisted also by numerous friends, something like solid land was reached on the opposite side. Night was on us—clear, windy, fireless, and piercingly cold. Our regiment was soon halted in line of battle, fronting the enemy, and thus to remain during the night. My blankets, dripping wet, were wrapped around me, having every particle of clothing equally saturated from the icy stream. In this condition, tumbling upon the frozen ground, I, ere long, found myself in a grand hydropathic, wet-sheet, steam-operation, and soon thereafter in a sound sleep. On waking from which, the outer plies of the blankets were frozen into a hard crust, from which it was difficult to become extricated. Happy to say that nothing in the shape of what is usually termed *a cold* was the result.

Preparation for Battle—Solemn Hours.—All of next day we were stationary in line of battle, and in close proximity to the enemy—our regiment in front or picket line. With the long experience of our men in battles and assaults, the most inattentive, as the day wore on, could discern that

the position of the enemy was a very formidable one, and that immense slaughter must be the certain consequence of an assault, even though a successful one. Specific orders and directions were given that an assault would be made late in the afternoon, and simultaneously along the whole line, of perhaps five miles in extent. So near were we to the rebel lines that their soldiers would occasionally shout to us, as the day wore away, "Yanks, why don't you come on? We're ready." And, as our boys were gathering some rails against the chilling cold, "Yanks, don't take those rails—they're not yours." The hour passed on, nor came the arranged signal for the awful scenes of assault and slaughter to commence. Night drew on, and our regiment was ordered to the rear in order to rest.

Never have I spent a more solemn day. Our brave soldiers are not now wont to rush, like the unthinking horse, into battle. Our men here saw the danger, *yet were ready to face it.* Ere the hour set for the battle came, all my pockets and even haversack, were filled with sacred mementoes in case of death in the conflict—pocket-books, money, watches, lockets, rings, photographs. Each one as I passed by, or as he came and handed me his treasure or his keepsake, would say, in substance, "Chaplain, this is going to be a bloody business. In it the half of our regiment must no doubt fall, as we are in the front line. Of these, I may be one. God, we are sure, will spare you. Take this, and should I fall, give or send it to such and such a loved one, telling them I fell with my face to the enemy, and this is to them—my last earthly memento and pledge of love!" During many of these, perhaps, final interviews, my emotions were unutterable, being only able to grasp the brave, generous hand, and turn away.

Military Criticism.—All know the result. The meditated assault was not made. This, beyond cavil, was merciful military prudence. Whatever of criticism may be made as to the propriety of placing the Army of the Potomac in such a position, no intelligent and reflecting mind, we think, can but rejoice that the contemplated assault was not made at the time and place. Victorious or repulsed, twenty thousand, at least, of our brave soldiers would have been killed or wounded. Of the fifteen or twenty thousand wounded, the one-half, at least, must have perished in that lone wilderness, and with the severe cold, ere proper aid could have come or their removal have been effected. Even a victory under the conditions must, in a great measure, have been barren of results, as the army would have been compelled very soon to fall back on its base for supplies. The grand Army of the Potomac is happily safe, in a good position, and never in better spirits or condition.

On Tuesday evening, December 1st, at the dusk of evening, and still in front of the enemy, we held a religious service around a large brush fire which our boys had kindled in an open wood. An immense crowd assembled from our own and other regiments. Loudly, cheerily, thankfully, did we sing God's praise, and fervent acknowledgments were rendered in prayer for merciful deliverance from mutilation and death thus far bestowed. No sooner was our meeting ended, than on quick-step—almost a run—our retreat commenced, and at the dawn of the following morning, we recrossed the Rapidan, twenty miles from the place of evening prayer meeting. Soon we were again encamped on the very spot, near to Brandy Station, which we had abandoned, as hoped for ever, just a week previously.

THANKSGIVING OFFERING.—For the day appointed as a National Thanksgiving, we had, in our regiment, varied and definite arrangements for sermon, speeches, addresses, anthems sung, and a collection taken for benevolent purposes. The military powers had, however, ordered our exercises on that day differently. From early dawn until far in the night, we were on a long, long, wearying march across the Rapidan. Nor let it be thought out of place, in this connection, to refer the Christian community as well as the ungodly, to a cause which may have conduced more than any other to our again occupying this old camp, after an unsuccessful campaign.

The late Thanksgiving Day was devoted by the executive of the nation, and accepted by the people, as holy to the Lord. The hearts of thousands among our brave soldiers turned fondly, lovingly homeward, in anticipation of that day's exercises. Yet was the advance of our army ordered to *commence* at the dawn of that day, nor was a moment allowed the soldier for his thanksgiving, save under the fatigues of a long and wearying march. Also, when across the Rapidan, and immediately in front of the enemy, an advance, at early morn on the Sabbath, was ordered to a supposed bloody battle; and, until the shades of night, large portions of the army were hurried on in search of the enemy. When Sabbath night came we were halted, and never got farther against the enemy. For two days we stood, and looked stealthily at the enemy, then turned and fled when no man seemed to pursue. Was not the Lord manifestly angry with us?

Although *marched* out of our Thanksgiving exercises, yet did an unwillingness appear that the proposed offering should altogether be prevented. In accordance with this feeling, and on our return here, a week afterwards, it was proposed then to

make our Regimental Thank-offering. The objects proposed for assistance were the Orphan Asylums in and around Pittsburg, as their number of inmates were being increased by the war;—and a number of widows made such by husbands who were members of our regiment, or sons of those who were already widows, and on whom they leaned for earthly support. When the offering came together, it amounted to four hundred and thirty dollars.

BRANDY STATION, December 30th, 1863.

OLD FATHER TIME was, on Christmas, invited to stop in camp and take soldiers' fare for dinner. And what think you? The old curmudgeon snuffed at it. "Other business on hand," said the surly indefatigable; "and, moreover, I can better myself." So, with a wag of his old knowing head, a wave of his iron-gray lock, and a flourish of his great scythe, the churl was away.

Think you that this Chaplain became, at the evident slight of the "inveterate old mower," so gruffy, indignant, and out of sorts, that he couldn't dine alone, or with some friend having more leisure and geniality? Not he—rather satisfied the invitation was not accepted, as a pleasurable assurance was cherished that, for once, our old friend would find himself disappointed—he might travel till eventide and not find better fare than fell to the lot of the writer on said occasion. A little late it may seem, to wish your readers, with all the fraternity of editors, a merry Christmas. A merry one, at least, had the writer, on the afternoon of that day, and, all unsolicited, he

did, through Adams' Express, receive from kind friends boxes and packages containing all sorts of good things—delicacies, luxuries and substantials—one of these from a Christian family not a member of which has he seen in the flesh. To say that he was thankful and rejoiced, would be but a tame account of the proceedings. The feast was, moreover, held in his own house, a cozy little structure eight by six feet, the third of its kind erected this Fall—one near Warrenton, another at Rappahannock Station, and the present structure, which the boys lately finished in the best style of camp architecture.

THINGS HOPEFUL IN CAMP.—Energetic, extensive, and successful efforts are at present being made in various brigades and regiments to provide suitable places in which to hold religious services. This most praiseworthy object is largely forwarded by the efforts and liberality of the United States Christian Commission, by erecting large tents, in several prominent localities in the army, as depots for their reading matter, supplies for hospitals, and, also, in which to hold religious meetings. In addition to this, a goodly number of large awnings are being furnished, in order to cover rude structures erected by the soldiers to serve as churches during the Winter.

A VISIT FROM FRIENDS.—A short time since, we had a visit from the President of the Christian Commission, our friend and brother, G. H. Stuart, Joseph Patterson, Treasurer, together with three other Stuarts, and three other Pattersons. At 1 P. M., in the camp of our regiment, and according to previous arrangement, all these brethren were present. The day was beautiful, and a large crowd from our own and other regiments, in the open air, and with all the surroundings of camp

life, were successively addressed by four or five members of the delegation, Bro. Stuart closing, in eloquent words of counsel, direction and encouragement. It was a day to be remembered. To say that all were cheered, delighted and refreshed, would be faintly telling it. God bless these and all other Christian friends who find their way to camp, thus to cheer our toil, delight our hearts, and help to advance the Lord's work in this confessedly difficult, yet all-important field. It too often happens that when professing Christians find their way to camp, either from mock modesty or a shame of the cross, their light is hidden under a bushel while there.

The Old Year.—Now, farewell to 1863. Hasten on, Father Time, and complete your cycles. You shan't be invited to dine on New Year's, although good cheer is anticipated. Be off speedily and hasten this cruel war to a close. Bring us speedily a period of blissful, hoped-for peace.

Boliver Heights, near Harper's Ferry,
Monday, January 4th, 1864.

"Man Proposeth, but God Disposeth.—I do hereby, in the most formal manner, beg old Father Time's pardon; and, should forgiveness be granted, do faithfully promise never again to flout at or boast against said sturdy veteran. In my last, the old grudge was told, in a civil manner, to go about his business,—to bustle on with his moving; that to dinner on New Year's day he should not be invited, although bountiful provisions were already made in camp for passing out the old and ushering in the new period.

Time has had his revenge. All the houses in our new city, near Brandy Station, had been completed. Not in all our campaigning had we been so easy; with, moreover, so fair, even distinct prospect of wintering in these comfortable quarters. During the last day of the year, the rain came down as it only can in Virginia. Night stole on, and still it rained heavily; literally flooding the whole flat section of country.

At 11 P. M.,—an hour of the old year remaining,—this writer was sitting, as snugly as man well could, before a warm fire, in his little house, with rain still pattering on the canvass roof, and, without, dark as Egypt. Yet what cared he? A few notes were being indited to the past year, ere it fled away forever, when the well-known voice of our assistant adjutant general was heard without, and in front of the colonel's tent, shouting, "Pack up! *we must leave in an hour!*" Was it a dream? What nonsense!—what a strange time for my young friend to be engaging in military jests! "Pack up at once!" was repeated in earnest, emphatic tones, not to be misunderstood.

In an hour, and just as the new year came in, our cherished city was abandoned,—my own dear little home deserted, and much of my preparations for a "happy new year" left behind, no way possible offering to take them along. Still raining, and darkness to be felt. Our regiment, with the brigade, was in line, and groping its way to Brandy Station, through mud and water, which had already been worked knee-deep.

Ere the dawn the troops were packed into cars, or standing upon open ones, and away towards Washington. For three days and two nights were we confined on that dreary old baggage-car, without fire or semblance of comfort, ere all were

lodged at this dreary, forsaken, yet romantic locality, called Harper's Ferry.

On the first day of the year, as all with us will long remember, the wind commenced blowing heavily from the North, and freezing like Greenland. Many of our poor fellows had their feet frozen, their shoes having been previously filled with mud and water, with no possible opportunity for warming, drying, or change. Of all our past three years' campaigning, the four preceding days have been the most trying and terrible.

Why we were thus hurried here,—why *we* were selected, and not others,—for what we came, and how long we are to remain here, have not been submitted to this chaplain. My own decided opinion is that the devil, using, perhaps, some fancied rebel raid as an instrumentality, had a large hand in this sudden and unexpected change of base: this, no doubt, in order, if possible, to break up or thwart our religious influences, already enjoyed, as well as those more largely expected, and for which preparations were in rapid progress. Never before had we been so hopeful. Never were evidences for good in camp so numerous.

Church Building.—An ordinary camp arrangement would not suffice for our large religious meetings. A church of considerable dimensions—fifty by twenty-five feet—was accordingly planned; this to be used as church, reading-room, school-room, and lecture-hall. The Lord opened the heart of every one,—saint and sinner,—who was asked for help. All seemed to look favorably upon, and contributed even more liberally than asked towards the enterprise. Like the Israelites, in building the tabernacle, all gave themselves willingly to the work. Our brigadier general made requisition for a thousand feet of boards.

Our brigade quartermaster tendered an awning, twenty-six by thirty feet, for covering; the Christian Commission another, as large, together with a stove; our brigade wagon-master and regimental quartermaster furnished four large wagons, for a day, to haul the needed timber; large squads of soldiers volunteered to chop it; while axe-men and carpenters put it into shape and location on the ground. A sutler gave me twenty-five dollars to furnish the reading-room. Thus nobly went on the work. So far was it advanced, that we were confident of having it completed last Saturday evening, and dedicated on the first Sabbath of the year; yet all frustrated in an hour! Axe and hammer have ceased upon our *beautiful* camp structure,—for the erection was tasteful as well as commodious. Such are the uncertainties of a campaigning life. Satan has got a seeming advantage. We were, no doubt, too confident of large success from that enterprise.

Hall Town, Va., January 19th, 1864.

Present Race of Men not Degenerated.—If Washington, at Valley Forge or New Jersey, was in positions which more severely tested the stuff which men are made—then did those grandsires of ours deserve the appellation of sturdy veterans. Often do I remember, while growing up to manhood, to have given almost unpardonable offence to a dear old grandfather, who was at Valley Forge with Washington, as he inveighed against, and mourned over the imaginary physical degeneracy of the rising generation—and this by roundly asserting that among my own compeers there existed as much

courage, patriotism, real manhood and capacity for physical endurance as ever culminated in our sturdy grandpas of revolutionary fame. Little dreaming while uttering those juvenile boastings, that the trial was so near, and the test to become so terrible. Glad, however, that they have come. Our age and generation have vindicated themselves. The present race has neither retrograded nor grown more effeminate. On the contrary, so fine a physical army as ours at present never before trod the earth; and as one of the grand and elevating results of the present war, the coming generation will present physical developments and improvements never before witnessed in the world's history—a race of giants.

A NEW CITY.—A week since, our boys got intimation that, for their convenience, a new city might be erected. Six days' incessant and well-directed labor have well nigh accomplished the undertaking. When finished, it will be by far the most regular, capacious and comfortable of any hitherto erected.

At this time the writer had unexpectedly and unasked a leave of absence for sixty days sent him, in order to advance the interests of "The American Tract Society," (Boston,) the Regiment the mean while quietly inhabiting its new city.

At the expiration of the sixty days, returned to camp at Hall Town. Our Regiment at the time was much agitated about re-enlistment for an additional term of three years, which resulted in a sufficient number re-enlisting, to insure the Regiment as a veteran one a month's furlough. The month of April was accordingly spent in Pittsburgh and vicinity. At dusk on the 3d of May we re-occupied our old camp at Brandy Station, and reinaugurated our new service by a large and most interesting prayer-meeting.

CHAPTER X.

Grant's Campaign.

MAY—JULY.

SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE,
May 9th, 1864.

WILDERNESS.—On the morning of May the 4th, we, with the entire grand army of the Potomac, were in motion towards the Rapidan. The dawn was clear, warm, and beautiful. As the almost countless encampments were broken up, bands in all directions playing lively airs, banners waiving, regiments, brigades, and divisions falling into line, with the various columns moving in converging lines towards the rebel capital,—the scene, even to eyes long familiar with military displays, was one of unusual grandeur. Had Homer beheld it,—for, like Milton, that fabulous old poet must have used his eyes at some period of life,—a description even more sublime than that of Grecian armies marshalling for the siege of Troy,—would be the proud rehearsal of future ages; imposing as the concentrating of Napoleon's grand army for the invasion of Russia.

By nightfall almost the entire army, crossing, without opposition, at Germania Ford, was encamped on the opposite side of the Rapidan. Thursday morning, May the 5th, arose in all the exquisite loveliness of opening May,—tree, shrub, plant, grass, bursting into bud and flower. Numerous birds carolled forth their songs, unaffrighted by the presence of so many in-

vaders. Carnage and bloodshed could with difficulty, even by the imagination, be associated in near proximity with such a scene of peace and loveliness.

We were again early in motion, and advanced four or five miles through a region marked, and fitly so, on the maps of Virginia, *The Wilderness;* undulating with occasional swamps, —technically *sloughs*—through which, if a man attempts to walk, he sinks leg deep; some large trees, but generally a thick growth of pine, cedar, oak, and hickory, with scarcely a field or house.

About noon, the enemy were suddenly encountered, without any previous admonition of their near proximity. The locality may be traced on military maps of Virginia by the following direction: A plank road runs from Madison Court House to Fredericksburg, crossing the Rapidan at Germania Ford. Along this road our columns passed until another plank road was struck, leading from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House,—the place of intersection being some three or four miles west from Chancellorsville. Turning westward on this road two or three miles, the enemy was encountered coming down the road from Orange Court-House. A dozen or more years since, the timber had all been cut off this section, for the supply of an iron furnace in the neighborhood. A thick young growth of oak and hickory had sprung up. In these roads the confronting columns formed on each side of the road, and without delay fiercely encountered each other. This description refers specially to the second division, sixth corps. Other divisions advanced by different ways to the battle.

The location afforded few facilities for the manœuvring of artillery, and hence but little was used. Our brigade was in the front line, and advanced through the bushes until the rebel

line was discovered, and ours by them, within direct and deadly range. Suddenly these hitherto quiet woods seemed to be lifted up, shook, rent, and torn asunder. Thousands and thousands of Minnie rifles united their sharp crack and ear-piercing sound, rendering the tumult one of terrible grandeur. The mode of fighting in such cases is to form a line of battle, two men deep, one line of these about two paces behind the other. A similar line of battle is formed fifty to a hundred paces in the rear of the first, another in the rear of this, often to four or five. When the battle opens, only the first line fires, the rear file of which passes the muzzles of the guns over the shoulders of those in front. At the first order to fire, the discharge is usually made by the line simultaneously; after which, each soldier loads and fires as fast as he is able. Thus, along the whole line, often extending for miles, rolls an ever-recurring crash, crash, roar, roar. Occasionally, and without any seeming concert, a momentary cessation occurs, yet, like the lull in a hurricane, only to increase its strength. When the front line becomes exhausted, expends its ammunition, or suffers severely, the next line takes its place; or, if heavily pressed, it falls back behind the second. While the front line is engaged, the rear ones usually lie flat upon their faces, in order to avoid, in some measure, the flying bullets of the enemy,—a curious sight, at which I have often taken a hearty laugh.

The slaughter, where we were, soon seemed terrible. Our regiment was in the front line for three long, *long* hours; during which time, our colonel and Captain Drum, with a sorrowful number from the ranks, were instantly killed; while six of the officers, and over a hundred privates, were wounded, with all manner of mutilations. What awful, what sickening scenes! No, we have ceased to get sick at such sights. Here a dear

friend struck dead by a ball through the head or heart! another fallen with leg or thigh broken, and looking, resignedly, yet wistfully, to you for help away from the carnage; another dropping his gun, quickly clapping his hand upon his breast, stomach, or bowels, through which a Minnie has passed, and walking slowly to the rear to lie down and die; still another, yea, many more, with bullet holes through various fleshy parts of the body, from which the blood is freely flowing, walking back, and remarking, with a laugh, somewhat distorted with pain,—"See, the rascals have hit me." All this beneath a canopy of sulphur and a bedlam of sounds, like confusion confounded. Night at length put an end to the carnage, and left the two armies much in the same position as at the opening of the strife, our lines somewhat advanced,—both unsubdued, and still fiercely confronting each other.

Early on Friday, the 6th, the work of death was resumed; and, with various lulls, changes, and shiftings in different parts of the long, extended lines, lasted all day. Night again put an end to the struggle, leaving the contending armies substantially in the same position as on the previous evening, our own lines somewhat contracted. Never did troops support the character of American soldiers better. Not one in our own regiment, so far as my observation went, shrank for a moment from the place of danger,—whether a new recruit or a veteran.

When the strife ceased on Friday, the second day, I went back about two miles to *one* of the large depots for the wounded: *hospital*, in this wilderness, there was none. Here, about two thousand wounded had been collected. Such multiplied and accumulated suffering is not often seen. Not half the wounded from yesterday had yet been reached. All the surgeons present were exerting themselves to their utmost; the few nurses all

busy. The Sanitary and Christian Commissions had, perhaps, a dozen delegates, in all, present. These were unceasing in the distribution of their various comforts to the sufferers; but what were all these among so many? A tithe could seemingly not be reached. When coming in from the field, my strength seemed almost wholly exhausted; but, on seeing such a mass of suffering and need, it revived, and I turned in to help during that seemingly long night. To wait upon a multitude of helpless sufferers is a terrible tax, both upon the mental and bodily energies. Oh, that we had now here a thousand of the generous-hearted, kind-handed men and women from the North, who would gladly hurry into this wilderness, were it possible!

During the fore part of the night, an order came to have these wounded removed a number of miles towards Fredericksburg, and the work commenced, with all the ambulances which could be procured, yet was not completed for more than twenty-four hours. On Saturday morning, forty-seven who had died in this one locality, of the wounded during the past day and night, were laid in a row and buried in one ditch.

Reader, our Union, our liberties, our hopes for the future must be very precious. This is their price.

SPOTTSYLVANIA, May 16th, 1864.

It is now the twelfth day since this long death-struggle commenced between these two immense armies, and with the exception of yesterday, an almost unceasing strife, a rage and turmoil of bloodshed. During this period, the rebels have been pressed back, towards Richmond, some twenty miles—or rather

they have *fallen* back, as we have not, as yet, been able to drive them from any of their strong positions, and well they know how to choose such. For this, also, the country into which we have come, affords them every possible facility. Small streams, swamps, low ranges of hills, thick woods, with dense underbrush, and they on the *defensive*. Invariably do they await the attack. Our brave soldiers have to advance against them by wading through creeks and swamps, tearing through thick bushes and dense undergrowth, in which many of them have their clothes almost torn from off them,—often not discovering the enemy until their deadly fire, a few rods distant, reveals their presence and strong position. The fighting of the past ten days much more resembles the old back-woods' contests with the Indians, than modern, or what may be termed "civilized" warfare. Often, on account of thick woods, our fighting soldiers are not able to see a dozen of their comrades, or scarcely obtain a glimpse of the enemy, who, at the same time, is discharging such deadly volleys. Many, many a brave soldier has been left unburied to decay in these jungles, with no living person to tell where he lies. To fight and maintain discipline under such conditions, requires the most exalted courage and devotion. This Army of the Potomac has started for Richmond, and seems determined to go there, no matter how many enemies and other obstacles may stand in the way. All opposition must finally yield to obstinate and persevering valor.

Wounded Rebel.—During the second day of the battle in the Wilderness, and during a lull in the carnage, I was sitting on Jessie, and resting in a place where the rebel line of battle had been the previous day. Their wounded had been generally removed, while the dead lay thickly scattered in all directions

and positions. One of their wounded, which had been either overlooked or they unable or unwilling to remove him, lay near a tree where I stopped. Dismounting, I drew near him, with the familiar salutation:

"Well, friend, how are you getting along?"

Eyeing me with evident suspicion, mingled with some fierceness, he slowly responded:

"Wall, stranger, bad enough."

"Any thing I can do for you?" was inquired.

Seeing I was not about to insult or kill him outright, his tone and manner became greatly modified, while responding:

"See here, stranger! now, in the first place, I oughtn't to have been here."

Assuring him that no difference of opinion existed respecting that matter, and that this was not the time and place to have the matter discussed and settled, the question was repeated:

"What can be done for you?"

"Wall, if I could only be turned over. Both my thighs seem broken, and lying just in this one way since yesterday, has made me awful tired."

Getting outside of him, and bending down, he was directed to put his arms around me, and help himself as well as he could. We soon succeeded in getting him twisted over.

"Thar," said he; "that's better: thank ye."

"Got any water?"

"Nary a drop since yesterday."

A little was poured into his cup from my canteen.

"Could you eat a cracker?"

"Got nun."

Two were handed him, which were eyed with special interest and curiosity. By this time his fear and fierceness were both

gone, and his eyes filled with tears. A living Yankee had met him, and instead of being insulted or killed outright, he was receiving at least apparent kindness.

"Got a wife?" I queried.

"Yes, yes, and a whole lot of children, away in North Carolina; and oh, if I was only with Man.my now," meaning his wife."

Just then two of our young men came up, with an empty stretcher. I hailed them, and asked if they would not carry this wounded enemy back to our hospital?

"Certainly."

And almost as soon as said, the helpless rebel was lifted on the stretcher, and the young men in motion with it. This was too much for all the wounded man's stoicism and animosity. Breaking down altogether, he commenced crying like a baby, and could only exclaim, as he was borne away:

"Wall, now, this does beat all."

The fierceness and animosity infused into the Southern army by the leaders of this wicked rebellion, had evidently led him to expect far different treatment, should he be unfortunate enough ever to fall into the hands of these bloody Yanks. When, however, the arms shall be finally knocked out of the hands of these misguided men, they will learn that both Northern soldiers and citizens are so widely different from what they have been led to believe, that we shall henceforth have not only a lasting but a loving peace. The truth is, you could not induce our soldiers to retaliate upon the persons of helpless enemies. Though meeting them with all the sternness of death-dealing war, so long as arms are in their hands, yet so soon as helpless at their feet, they become, to these rebels, tender as to little children.

Near Spottsylvania Court House,
Saturday, May 2d, 1864.

Condition of Things in Front.—This great struggle for mastery, such as the world has scarcely ever before witnessed, has continued for sixteen days. All this while, lulls in the strife of blood have been taken, merely sufficient to refit or change position in order to a still fiercer renewal of the contest. No permanent advantage has, as yet, been gained by either combatant. Like two sturdy, well-trained pugilists, who have been scientifically pounding and bruising each other for the twentieth round, yet neither vanquished, retiring, in order to be sponged and refitted, again to enter the ring to renew the struggle; but now, with more caution than formerly, continue to spar and change position, each eagerly watching for an opportunity to strike the decisive blow.

Fierceness of the Struggle.—A visitor to the scenes of our late conflicts, might form some correct estimate of their fierceness and obstinacy from evidences remaining of the tremendous projectile forces used. The old Hougmont farm house, at Waterloo, still stands to witness, by its mutilation, that a great battle was once fought there; but, had the Hougmont stood between our armies, at some points, during their late fiercest conflicts, not a board, plank, beam, stone or brick, would have been left together. If history be now remembered, an old orchard still remains, which stood between the hostile armies at Waterloo, where the curious traveller can see, by numerous bullet marks upon the trees, how sharp must have been the contest. Had an orchard been between some of our late strifes of blood, not a limb nor a trunk, but would have been shattered to pieces. At one locality, technically termed

by our boys, "The slaughter-pen," I saw large white-oak trees splintered to fragments by shell and solid shot, as though riven by a dozen fierce thunderbolts. In the young timber, described in a previous letter, where the first two days' battles were fought, and no larger missiles used than Minnie bullets, saplings as large as an ordinary man's leg, thigh, or even body, were peeled, scarred and pierced, from the ground some eight or ten feet; many of them entirely cut off and fallen over, as though a hundred axe-men had been at them. A single small tree was pierced, on either side, by more than fifty bullets, each sufficient to have killed a man. How flesh and blood lived for five minutes amid such a hurricane of bullets seems truly a marvel; and some of these hurricanes continued for hours.

Revolting Sights.—One of the fiercest and bloodiest contests of this long struggle, took place on Wednesday and Thursday, May 11th and 12th, at the *slaughter-pen*. In this, our brigade suffered very heavy loss. On Friday morning, we were withdrawn from the locality, leaving dead men and horses thickly strewn around and unburied. On Wednesday the 18th, at dawn, after a toilsome, sleepless night, in changing position, we were brought to renew the bloody drama on this same spot. Within twelve rods of where we halted, lay twelve artillery horses, so close as to touch each other, now a mass of putrefaction. From where I stood and in front of a rebel rifle-pit, lay stretched in all positions, over fifty of our unburied soldiers, and within the pit, and lying across each other, perhaps, as many rebel dead. It seems almost incredible what a change a little less than a week had wrought, by exposure to sun and hot air. The hair and skin had fallen from the head, and the flesh from the bones, all alive with disgusting maggots. Many

of the soldiers stuffed their nostrils with green leaves. Such a scene does seem too revolting to record. Yet, how else convey any just conception of what is done and suffered here? Should any home-stayer be yet indulging in the *poetry* of war, would that this were not merely read but the sight itself seen! But, why were not these dead buried? Send on all the *undertakers* in the North to offer or perform their functions. "Let the dead bury their dead," becomes too frequently the literal language of unrelenting war. Too busy, often, are all the living in killing the living, to think of burying the slain. Nor has it always been possible, during this surging struggle, to hold the locations where our brave men fell, a sufficient time to bury them.

An Incident.—After marching and countermarching, taking our position, then assuming another, during nearly all of a long, weary night—for a *summer's* night thus spent seems very long—marching through woods, and jungles, and swamps; across creeks, and fences, and ditches, we were halted near the dawn of the 20th inst., on the place where a severe skirmish had taken place late the previous evening. The ground was gladly occupied as a couch until clear dawn. When day had risen, a dead soldier was discovered lying near, who had fallen in the previous skirmish. He had been shot through the knee, and, in the absence of a surgeon, and through his own ignorance as to how the blood might have been stanched, had evidently bled to death through a severed artery. Something specially attractive there was in that manly form, that pale face, and those blue eyes still open and looking up to heaven. An effort was made to ascertain who and whence he was; which had well nigh proved unsuccessful, until, unbottoning his vest, there was

found in an inside pocket a letter, written in a neat female hand, but a week since, and post-marked away in *Perry, Maine.* In the envelope, was also a small ambrotype of the writer. The contents revealed that the fair writer and the dead soldier had been married but a few weeks previously—and full was it of every endearing epithet and expression—closing thus: "Dear Jerry, your own Nettie is very lonely. Oh, may God spare you to come back safe, when this cruel war is over." Poor Nettie Loring; when a hastily written note from myself, with your own letter and ambrotype to dear Jerry (yet none from himself,) reaches you, if, happily or unhappily, they may, God comfort the stricken and disconsolate one. Were all such incidents, so terribly multiplying in this war, collected, what a volume of strange interest would it be to every feeling heart!

Religious Influences.—Little time there is for the ordinary worship of God; snatched occasions only for religious services. Yet during the past week, we have been enabled to hold meetings for preaching and prayer every other evening, and such meetings, we have not had since this service began. To the sound of singing at eventide, assembles, from our own and other regiments, a crowd great enough to pack a large city church, standing during service in a large dense circle. Such earnestness, too, such attention, such devotion and solemnity. Why should it not be? On several of these occasions, a number, who participated in them, ere the next meridian sun, were at the bar of God.

SOUTH OF THE PAMUNKEY RIVER, NEAR HANOVER COURT HOUSE, May 28th, 1864.

As to how we came here from Spottsylvania Court House, a volume would scarcely suffice to tell. What skirmishings and fightings—what long, long, weary marches by day and night—what countermarches, now far to the right, again away to the left—passing over hot, dusty roads, corduroy bridges and pontoons; through mud, creeks, fields, woods, swamps, and sloughs, amid moonlight and thick darkness; showers, thunder-storms, and sunshine. Much of this may never, can never be written; and were it, could not be understood by those not exercised therein. No matter; we are here on the south bank of the Pamunkey river, which we lately crossed on a pontoon bridge. Yes, here again on the *Peninsula*, although from another point than formerly approached. Again on *this Peninsula*, where, two years ago, we endured so much, suffered so terribly, and from whence we retreated so ingloriously. The future will tell whether this latter coming will prove more successful than the first.

THE COUNTRY.—Fine section through which we have passed from Spottsylvania. So many natural advantages are possessed as render it capable of becoming a garden spot of earth. Its parasite—slavery—has been long and steadily sucking out its juices, and marring its fair beauty. Still the beholder is ready to exclaim—"Grand old Virginia, mother of States and Presidents!"

STARVING OUT THE REBELS.—This nonsense we have occasionally endeavored to combat in letters for the past three years. "Starved out." Yes, so have we been assured a hundred times

over by bogus legislators, ignorant, conceited newspaper reporters, and still more senseless editors. "Rebellion is on its last legs. Its supplies nearly every one cut off. In a very brief period it will thus be forced to submit." Dear reader, hereafter don't believe a word of such stuff. The rebellion is neither starved out, nor likely to be. There is but one way of putting down the rebellion—*Fight it down.*

More corn has been planted the present season, and will be raised in Virginia alone, than will suffice not only her own inhabitants, but the whole of the rebel army, for the next two years. Wherever we have gone in this campaign, immense fields of corn well cultivated, greet the eye. It all looks well, the young stalks in many fields being already knee high. In not a few places has the forest been cleared during the past winter, and planted in corn. And, strange to say, although the rebel army preceded us, there was scarcely a farm we came to, where there was not some little out-house, or large crib, full of old corn in the ear. Around these our artillery and cavalry men would gather, like hungry crows over a carcass, and cease not till all would be carried off to feed their weary horses.

Living on Corn.—But are the inhabitants of rebeldom, as well as her soldiers, *willing* to live and fight only on corn? Not *willing*, perhaps, but *prepared*. I have taken pains to examine not a few haversacks still strapped to dead rebels where they fell in battle. In a majority of them nothing was found, save corn meal, in some fine and white, in others almost as coarse as hominy. Others had turned their meal, as best they could, into thick, hard corn-cake. A few were found containing small pieces of bacon, and others, little packages of coffee and wheat, mixed together and browned, ready to be bruised when wanted.

The patriotism of our army is not to be questioned, yet is it somewhat doubtful whether this fearful strife could be continued, were we so fed. This war has stirred up all the latent energies of rebeldom. They are dreadfully in earnest, ready for any sacrifice; and in these conditions are to be met. The only way to accomplish this is to break their military power in battle. This, with tremendous efforts, we have been endeavoring to accomplish, and with varied and hopeful success. The business is by no means finished. Friends at home must not be misled by flaming editorials and trumped-up newspaper reports. Send on the supplies and re-enforcements.

Rebel Army Demoralized?—Nothing of the kind. To-day it is as well organized, as numerous, and as inveterate as at any former period. Through the masterly tactics of Grant, and the unparalleled struggles of our soldiers, Lee has often fallen back, not unbroken, from post to post, yet has each one of these recedings rendered our work of finally beating them more difficult; carrying us still farther from our base of operations, supplies, and re-enforcements. Every one, with half a military idea, will readily believe that our losses, in killed and wounded, were much greater than the rebels. How could it be otherwise? Almost invariably we had to make the assaults upon Lee's veteran army, posted in rifle-pits, behind breastworks, and in hiding places, where one soldier was equal to two making the attack. These things are not written under any feeling of discouragement, much less to discourage others. We were never more hopeful, nor filled with greater encouragement. They are especially written to preserve the reputation of our brave generals, and still braver soldiers, should this war, of necessity, be conti-

nued far beyond the period when our ardent Northern expectation demands it to be finished.

Battle Field, Coal Harbor, Va., June 6th, 1864.

Were passing events merely written of, there would be but a repetition; a long, sickening, almost endless detail of bloodshed; of killing, of ghastly mutilation on the human body, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, not a single part of it that has not often been seen torn, lacerated, and broken in every possible manner. Even a sickly public curiosity may have at length become sated, sickened, clogged with these bloody details. Yet of what else can we write? Our duties, our daily and nightly business, are with the dead, the dying and the tortured sufferer.

And still this death struggle is waged with, if possible, increased earnestness and fury. No appearance of a termination. Each party as apparently ready for the conflict as when begun in the Wilderness a month since. Here we are in front of an old dilapidated farm and mansion called *Coal Harbor*, some ten miles east from Richmond, where the right wing of our army camped in 1862. Here we are with an unceasing cannonade and musketry roar—cutting down trees and bushes, carrying rails with fragments of demolished houses and old buildings, and piling them up for defences, digging ditches and throwing up long and parallel ridges of earth, both as means for assault and modes of defence against the missiles of the enemy. In many places these works are now pushed up within a stone's throw of the enemy. Should a soldier on either side make a

fair exhibition of head or body by day, he is pretty sure to have a Minnie-ball through the same.

Labor in Field Hospital.—A few days since I was assigned to duty by the proper authorities, as chaplain to our Division Hospital, yet with the understanding that my own Regiment could be visited each day. This hospital for seventeen regiments, is located about two miles to the rear of the front line. Here the wounded from these regiments are brought back; some able to walk, others on stretchers and in ambulances. Here they have their wounds examined and dressed and amputations performed, if found necessary. When the wounded have accumulated sufficiently, they are sent to White-House Landing, sixteen miles distant, in a long train of ambulances and army wagons.

In our Division (2d Div. 6th Corps,) we have about thirty large tents and awnings, and the ground beneath these is not unfrequently entirely covered with helpless, bleeding, mutilated, agonizing sufferers. What scenes! Some are dead ere they can be conveyed to the Hospital; some die under operation or while their wounds are being dressed; while others linger in pain for hours or days, ere the relief of death comes. A large majority are able to be conveyed away Northward.

The duties assigned me for the present, are to see that the dead are all buried, with, if possible, suitable religious ceremonies, see to the moral wants of the sufferers, and hold such religious services as may be convenient or possible in our condition.

CHARLES CITY COURT HOUSE,
June 16, 1864.

Two years ago, after a series of bloody battles, the last of which at Malvern Hill—the most decided victory to the Union arms of the war—we were huddled up at Harrison's Landing like a flock of sheep, in a rather small pen, for forty-seven mortal days, after which we retreated as quietly and as fast as we could past this old Charles City, C. H., in order to try our chances against the rebels in other localities, and perchance better auspices.

What an interval! Since last here, we have met the rebels in deadly conflict at Manasses, at Bull Run, at Centreville and Chantilly, at South Mountain and Antietam, twice at Fredericksburg, at Salem Heights and Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, at Rappahannock Station and Kelly's Ford, and lately for two days in the Wilderness, for a week a death-struggle in the slaughter pens of Spottsylvania, on the North Anna and Pamunkey, for a week in the region of Coal Harbor, and now we are here. A large circle complete; two years to make it; thirty miles yet from Richmond. If only the veterans who left Harrison Landing on the 18th of August, 1862, constituted the army which has now returned, how insignificant the number!—melted away in that score of dreadful conflicts. Brave heroes of the former Peninsular army, you have not fought and died in vain. Almost a new army is here, greater in numbers, in prowess and determination to take Richmond, with, as all believe, a greater General to lead the enterprise.

PROPERTY ABANDONED BY THE WAY.—Were things to remain just as left along our strangely winding course from Brandy Station to James River, what a scene of interest to

retrace the journey! If the way the Syrian host fled from the sound of imaginary chariot-wheels was traced by the messengers sent out, and returning with the declaration, "Lo, all the way from Samaria to Jordan was full of garments and vessels which the Syrians had cast away in their haste!" much more could our broad, tortuous course from the Rapidan to the James be traced by things cast away. Starting early in the season, and from winter quarters, nearly all the soldiers commenced the campaign with their blankets and over-coats. At present we feel confident it would be a very difficult matter to find a soldier in the whole army in possession of these two articles. It will be safe to assert that seventy-five thousand over-coats, and as many good blankets, lie strewn between this and Brandy Station. As the weather increased in warmth, and the battles in fierceness, away would go over-coat; then another effort, and away would go blanket, soldiers preferring to take the rains, the damps and the chills by night, to a burdensome load on the march and battle-field. In our marches a delicate-footed person might have walked four miles along the way-side on blankets, overcoats, and other garments. On the wide-extended battle-fields, which, in our late campaigns, have generally been in the woods, one must witness in order to have any conception what war equipments, human apparel and appendages lie scattered in every direction. Guns, bayonets and their scabbards, cartridge-boxes and cap-boxes, blankets, over-coats, shirts, drawers, socks, hats and shoes; haversacks, both full and empty, with knapsacks, tin-cups, coffee-boilers, little frying-pans, note-books, portfolios,—nothing that goes to make up the necessities of a healthful camp-life that has not been vilely cast away, carelessly abandoned, or fallen from the shoulders and hands of killed and wounded soldiers. How truthfully and

feelingly did David sing after the defeat of Israel, and death of Saul, and Jonathan on Gilboa: "There the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away.—the shield of Saul, as though it had not been anointed with oil—the weapons of war have perished!"

Our track is also marked by the rotting carcasses of perhaps ten thousand horses, and as many mules, killed in the service, or worn out, abandoned, and, as generally done, shot. Many a rude mound of earth, two feet wide and six long, called a *grave*, with bleaching bones of both friend and foe, helps also to mark our desolating pathway. A track, like the course of some resistless hurricane, whose force no opposing obstacle has been able to resist!

Having no change of apparel, the wardrobe of our soldiers is hence becoming rather dilapidated. Forty-five days of incessant, rugged service by night as well as by day, through swamp and wilderness; cutting and dragging timber, digging ditches, lying in the dust, mud, rain and sunshine; fighting battles, with long marches, have proved more than a match for the endurance of government shoes, pants and blouses. Many of our brave fellows would certainly make a ludicrous appearance in a home circle. One thing, however, is certain; though they might feel somewhat abashed in a company of fashionably dressed ladies, yet are they disturbed by no such feeling when in front of the enemy.

BATTLE-FIELD, SIX MILES SOUTH FROM PETERSBURG, VA.
June 29th, 1864.

RIFLE PITS.—Much is said and written at present concerning their structure and use. The term has become a rather

general one, designating almost any military construction, for offence or defence. The term was, perhaps, first used during the Crimean war. As the earth-works of the French and English were advancing against the Redan and Malakoff, they were accustomed, by night, to advance their pickets in front, who would dig round holes in the ground in which three or four sharp-shooters would conceal themselves, and thus be able to annoy the Russian gunners and sentinels. These holes were called *Rifle-pits.* Now, however, the term is used to designate not merely a round or square hole in the ground, but a ditch, breastwork or embankment miles in length.

Number and Extent of these Structures.—The whole country between this and the Rapidan, has been made literally a region of *Rifle-pits.* In the construction and use of these, the rebels have evidently excelled, and we have been forced to take lessons from them. Whenever and wherever we have advanced against them, we have invariably found them hidden in ditches, burrowed in pits and ensconced behind formidable earth-works. During our present campaign it has been the almost invariable practice, when in close proximity to the enemy, and before proceeding to attack, to throw up rifle-pits the whole extent of our front, often four or five miles in length. This, in general, not for use, but as a precautionary measure. Being the invading army, we are still compelled to make the assault. These rifle-pits are constructed, so that in case of any repulse or disaster, they are a ready and concerted place in which to rally and repel an advancing enemy. In various instances already, they have proved a wise precaution.

Facility of Construction.—This would altogether confound railroad builders, canal makers, ditch-diggers and shovellers generally. A section of country quiet and unbroken at eventide—by nature's arrangements and a little careless farming—will by morning-light, witness a rifle-pit from three to six miles in length, constructed through woods and jungles, over hill and dale, across field and farm; not in a direct line, but zig-zag, in order to suit, in military judgment, the nature and inclination of the ground. The next morning-light, may witness a similar structure erected as if by magic a hundred yards in front of the first, then another and another, until the enemy's works be finally reached, or the place quietly abandoned for some new scene of operations and fresh constructions of rifle-pits.

Mode of Construction.—A number of wagons filled with intrenching tools always accompanies the army. But to facilitate matters, each brigade has usually a number of mules with pannicles and these stuck full of axes, picks and shovels. There are also various pioneer corps, in which each man carries a chopping or digging tool. When a rifle-pit is to be constructed, each regiment is usually ordered to perform the labor on that portion in its own front. If no timber be available, a simple ditch is dug, say three feet wide and three feet deep, the dirt thrown in front—the side next the enemy, thus making with the ditch a protection as high as a man's shoulder, and over which he can point and rest his gun at an approaching enemy, his head only being exposed.

Should rails or small timber be available, short posts are driven into the ground close in front of where the ditch is to be dug, and a rail or small tree laid on the ground and against

the posts on the outside. As the earth is thrown over and rises, a second rail or log is laid on the first, and also against the posts, and thus continued until an inner wall of wood strongly flanked by earth on the outside, is raised to the desired height. Such a structure is much more neat and more conveniently used than a mere erection of earth. Not unfrequently have I seen houses, barns, sheds and out-houses torn down, and the fragments converted into such structures in a space of time that would astonish the uninitiated. The work is performed by detachments, each commanded by a proper officer whose duty it is to see that all the work is properly done and that each soldier does his duty. These detachments are relieved every half or whole hour, thus enabling the work to progress uninterruptedly and vigorously. Considering the amount of labor and drudgery actually performed by our army, the query may well be started; "How do our brave soldiers endure all these sleepless choppings, diggings, marches, fatigues and battles?" They do indeed seem to be made of iron.

Ipromptu Rifle-pits.—A week since, when the advance was made on Petersburgh, our regiment with others was advanced as skirmishers to within about half a mile of the city, and far within the outer works of the enemy which had been captured. On ascending a rising ground, they found the rebels in an open field, and within direct rifle range of heavy earth-works, behind which the rebels were strongly posted, and from whom volleys of Minnie bullets came singing and whistling in such a manner as to kill and wound almost at once, over twenty of our regiment. To advance with but a skirmish line, was to instant death, to fall back was against orders. All at once, fell flat on the ground which was dry and

loamy. Without pick or shovel, each soldier immediately commenced a rifle-pit on his own hook, using his bayonet, if need were, to loosen the earth and his *tin cup* for a shovel. One had no tin cup and worked away lustily with his *spoon*. The officers, for once at least, found convenient use for their swords in the construction of these hasty life-preservers. The position was held, and in a few minutes, each one had a little pit, fronted by a small bank of earth, in and behind which, as true Northern mud-sills, they lay comparatively safe from the continued shower of rebel bullets.

Dust.—Long have I been familiar with a kind of metaphorical expression, *kicking up a dust*, used when some sudden disturbance or miniature row was extemporized. No occasion for metaphors or other figures of speech here, Mr. Reader. A *real dust is kicked up*, with every step, man, horse or mule ventures to make, as well as at every rotation of a wheel. This sacred soil of Virginia, on which we are at present trying to exist, seems made of dust. If memory serves, it has not rained for a month. The weather is intensely, awfully, roastingly hot. All moisture has seemingly left the soil, and it has become much like a newly burnt bed of ashes. Wherever our immense host of men, animals, wagons, ambulances and artillery goes, the ground is at once worked into the finest dust, to the depth of from three to six inches—which rises and spreads itself like the ashes of Moses, *small dust in all the land*. As movements of infantry, artillery, cavalry, wagons, and ambulances, are constantly going on, there is, in consequence, an unceasing cloud of dust.

Every thing seems turning to dust. All things, yourself included, assuming the color of dust. You see nothing but

dust—you smell dust, you eat dust, you drink dust. Your clothes, blanket, tent, food, drink, are all permeated with dust. You walk in dust, you halt in dust, you lie down in dust, you sleep in dust, you wake in dust, you live in dust—you are emphatically *dusty*. Adding largely to our discomforts—amid heat and dust—the region affords no adequate supply of water for such a host. Long trains of horses and mules are daily seen led by their drivers for miles, in search of water for the thirsty animals. Squads of soldiers, with empty canteens, wandering every where through fields and woods, and often vainly in search of water. Quite comfortable and romantic, dear reader, this soldiering business! Yet one seeming marvel is connected with it all: these brave, noble generous union soldiers are *cheery* and *hopeful* under all these terrible discouragements.

Battle-Field near Petersburg, July 1st, 1864.

Our flank movements have, in due time, brought us upon the south side of the James river, and into a position from whence the spires of Petersburg are in full view. Soon, the old business over again, cannonading, long and loud, with, as usual, but few people hurt, or small injury thereby. Then, rifle practice, sharp, continued and bloody—hospitals, with wounded to care for and dead to bury. Here is the Potomac army at a seemingly dead stand. No more flank movements practicable. Richmond not yet captured, nor soon likely to be. Notwithstanding the fearful amount of blood, toil and treasure, with frequent change of base and locality, during the past two

months, yet has no apparent advantage been gained over Lee—scarcely an insignificant rifle-pit taken from the rebels and retained. General Grant finds it a far different matter pushing aside Western armies and capturing Vicksburg, to conquering Lee and entering Richmond. This, nevertheless, a dogged perseverence may yet accomplish; though before Petersburg, which is but an outpost of Richmond, we may be compelled to to burrow for six months to come.

Burying the Dead.—A much greater interest, attention and care, are manifested in this matter than even at the opening of this terrible war. Wherever and whenever it is practicable, the greatest respect is shown, by his surviving messmates and even by strangers, also, to the body and burial of the dead soldier. The grave; the winding-sheet, usually the only one possible, his own bloody garments entwined in his blanket; the gentleness with which he is let down into his resting place; filling up the grave; leaving it the ordinary shape above ground; marking the board to be set at the head of the grave, plainly, with name, regiment, company, state, and day of death; the little ever-green planted at the head and foot; and, often, the fast-falling tear; all proclaim that hardness of heart and bluntness of feeling have no place here.

While vainly dashing against the rebel lines and rifle-pits, at Coal Harbor, I was detailed for duty at our Division hospital, and, among other things specially mentioned, was to see to burying the dead in the most appropriate manner; having, as far as my judgment dictated, religious services in connection. An arrangement like this, so far as we know, was not thought of at the commencement of this war. Said service afforded me a more special opportunity for looking at this matter in detail.

At Coal Harbor, for ten days together, we had out of our hospital, six to ten burials daily; yet, in all that multiplied and so oft-repeated service, I did not witness in any one present the slightest indecorum.

Not only this, but a new and unwonted attention was given, by all concerned, to every particular. The graves, which were arranged in long parallel rows, were mounded in the neatest possible manner, and made as smooth as the spade and labor could render them. A young man, well skilled in all manner of lettering, is in connection with the hospital. By him a board for each grave was prepared, all made similar, with name, regiment, company, state, and day of death, all beautifully lettered thereon, in pencil. One poor fellow, who died without our being able to learn his name or any of his connections, had a beautiful wreath of flowers pencilled on his head-board, with the words in large letters, "The Unknown."

Before leaving Coal Harbor, a neat enclosure was made around the graves, and a row of young pine trees planted entirely around the enclosure. The young artist who did the lettering took a hasty sketch of the place, before leaving, which I am sending to a friend in order to be photographed.

The same care and attention has been manifested with respect to the dead, wherever our hospital has been located, in connection with battle-fields before Petersburg. The Rev. A. G. M'Auley, of Philadelphia, connected with the Christian Commission, who has had, perhaps, as extensive opportunities of noticing this matter in the army as any other, on seeing one of our burying places, a few days since, near Petersburg, expressed himself as greatly pleased with this evident increase of interest and attention to the burial of our soldier dead; remark-

ing, also, that the one looked at, was the most beautiful of the kind he had ever seen during the whole war.

Such assurance may bring a little comfort to those who have loved dead buried, far away and by strangers, beside field-hospitals and on the battle-field. It may also afford a hope to those not thus afflicted, that, when this cruel war is over, our soldiers then living are not to return home a set of hardened, unfeeling men, wholly unfitted, then and thereafter, for the duties and sympathies of a civilized life.

Lawful to be Taught by an Enemy.—This was a trite and sensible old maxim. The magnitude and difficulties connected with our present civil commotions, should render us as a people docile of teaching from all sources whence practical information may be drawn. We are, however, such a proud and conceited folk, having such an evident consciousness of our own greatness, and so glorying in our superior shrewdness, wisdom and ability, that we are quite unwilling to assume the attitude of docility and become learners at any despised shrine of knowledge, becoming especially indignant when invited to borrow from, and in certain matters become imitators of our rebel enemies.

Home Leagues.—Woman's Self-denial.—Quite a stir has been made in various places through the North, by the formation of Home Leagues among the ladies, they pledging themselves, after speeches, essays, and various patriotic deliverances, to eat nothing, wear nothing, use nothing, buy nothing, of foreign manufacture and importation while our present war-struggles continue. This covenant is, perhaps, modified in certain high places with the cautious proviso, "Unless the article

desired cannot be purchased in the home market, nor of domestic manufacture."

No one possessing any intelligent conception of Northern society, with its present conditions, ever seriously imagined that these leagues were about to become general, or exert any visible or practical influence in stopping the enormous flow of our gold and silver to foreign countries, for their gewgaws and luxuries. The few ladies who are in earnest in this matter, might as well clasp hands and wade into the Niagara river above the falls with a view to stop its current, as thus attempt to dam up the present broad and deep flow of pride, extravagance and luxury.

Southern Women.—Several favorable occasions were afforded me, during the past season, for forming a somewhat correct judgment with respect to the feelings and purposes of Southern *women* in connection with this war. Former convictions have thus been greatly strengthened, that the South stands to-day quite as much indebted for a successful prolongation of this struggle to her women, as to her generals and soldiers in the field. Fully, fiercely, terribly, malignantly, have they entered into this conflict. In many localities, I am fully persuaded that neither friend, relative nor neighbor, capable of bearing arms, would be allowed to remain at home. The females, in their zeal, would find some means to drive him away into the military service. A number of these Confederate females have declared to me, that although their present sacrifices are a seeming necessity, yet, by the *loyal* women of the South as they term them—and they are all thus terribly loyal—these sacrifices are most cheerfully borne; that could each of their former luxuries be now commanded, all would cheerfully go to the

government and army; and that they have a pride as well as principle in using a home production both of food and apparel, however coarse.

Not long since, during our numerous marchings and campings, I was called to visit on pass and military duty, a family of F. F. V.'s, from all appearance, previously to the war, the home of wealth, refinement and luxury, but now, owing to the marching over and camping thereon of our immense army, every thing was laid waste. Able-bodied slaves were all gone; a few, too old and too young for use, left as a burden; fences, cattle, crops, out-houses, all having disappeared; the old homestead, with a small yard enclosed by palings, alone remaining. The family were a dignified old gentleman, several daughters, and some female relatives, the son being in the Southern army. After the business in hand was arranged, a long and interesting conversation ensued.

When speaking of the desolation of every thing around, inquiry was made, as to how they expected to get through the coming season, "The Lord only knows, for I do not!" was the old gentleman's sad response. A daughter of some twenty summers, full of life, energy, and bubbling over with Southern and Confederate sympathies, interposed, "Oh, never fear, we'll get through somehow. We are now living, and rather comfortably too, on what, before the war, we carelessly threw away. Before this war commenced, the idea of doing what is called *work* never once entered my mind; now, I am laboring hard every day from morn to eve, and feel the better for it. We'll get along some way."

Thus it is that the Lord is strangely working a speedy and radical revolution in all the social feelings and habits of the

South, lowering pride and vanity; levelling a self-constituted aristocracy to the ordinary grade of human sympathies and duties; developing also in an unexpected and remarkable manner, the latent energies of what we have been wont to look upon as an almost effete race. More than this also, God is unloosing those that were bound, elevating the lowly, removing stumbling blocks, and placing before a long despised race, new hopes, new desires, and new prospects, with the addition of a field hitherto unseen for rewarded energy and industry.

When this war has terminated with a restored Union and permanent peace, all the *people* of the South will be found in an entirely novel condition; full of energy, zeal and self-reliance, henceforth to become vigorous, yet loving competitors to the North in all the elements of national greatness, a population which in coming years will wonderfully develop the national resources of this glorious Southern portion of our Union; making it, as it ought to be, a garden spot of the earth.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21, 1864.

The strange mutations of this ever-varying, ever-changing war, enable me to date my present letter from Washington, the very Capital itself; this place the concentration of Brother Jonathan's family influences, this centre of Uncle Sam's civil wisdom and military power, this city of offices and officers, of scattered public buildings of magnificent distances, this immense platform for sharks and shoddies, for winners and losers, for clerks and retainers, for the great and the small, the ob-

scure and the well-known; this place where characters of all imaginable grades do congregate.

The occasion of our present hasty visit to Washington has already been widely bruited. Owing to the concentration of military strength around Petersburg, the Capital, with other important localities, became almost depleted of veteran defenders. All this being familiar to rebeldom, with their larders and wardrobes sadly needing replenishing, they not only determined upon, but actually made a sudden incursion into Maryland. Possessing an admirable knack, not only of concealing their real strength, but also of immensely magnifying their actual forces, the rebels succeeded with a few thousand men, seriously to threaten at the same time Washington and Baltimore, together with a host of inferior localities.

Governors and localized generals called in long, loud and patriotic strains upon the citizen soldiery to rally for the rescue, and drive the marauding hosts back across the Potomac—even *into* that sacred river—provided the freebooters were not in a hurry to be away. A rally in various localities seems to have been made, but, as usual in such cases, a little too late for the emergency, not being ready until the threatened evil was consummated and the danger over.

The powers that do conserve the interests of Washington no doubt felt a little shaky about trusting the defences of the city to a hastily extemporized army, even though ready at the call, and large as demanded. Some veterans from the Potomac Army must needs be summoned as a bulwark. It so happens that when any sudden emergency arises—any raid to be headed, any long and rapid marches to be made, or any reliable fighting to be done—our 6th corps is almost invariably selected. So in the late emergency. Although our corps was farthest from City

Point—miles south of Petersburg—the order came at dusk on Saturday evening, July the 9th, to pack up at once and fall in. But a few minutes' interval, and enveloped in clouds of dust and darkness, we were wearily threading our way to City Point, a distance of thirteen miles. By sunrise on Sabbath morning we were ready to be crowded, packed, jammed and squeezed into boats large and boats small, boats clean and boats foul, boats airy and boats suffocating; thence away, away down the classic James, over the beautiful Chesapeake, and up the broad and lovely Potomac. Once more landed in Washington, and quickly out among the forts in its vicinity. This was seemingly effected none too soon; for a delay of twelve hours in the coming of our first and second divisions would, to all human appearance, have given Washington into the possession of the rebels.

Owing to the unwonted labors, exposures and fatigues of our late terrible campaign, a little season of rest seemed a necessity for me on our arrival in Washington. This our surgeon kindly ordered me to take. My second commission as chaplain having then but two months to run, at the solicitation of Col. James A. Ekin, of the Cavalry Bureau, the Secretary of War assigned me to local chaplain duty at Gilsboro', D. C., where the government has 1600 employees in connection with the immense depot at that place. This multitude of men had hitherto been without any connected means or efforts for their moral and spiritual improvement. Here a wide, most interesting and profitable field of labor at once opened, which I occupied until mustered out of service at the expiration of the three years' service.

Charge has lately been taken at Washington, D. C., of the interesting and blessed work of the American Tract Society

(Boston.) in efforts to supply our soldiers, sailors and freedmen with a suitable and adequate religious literature; in the mean time also giving what attention is possible to the good work commenced at Gilsboro'. A longing desire is frequently felt for a renewal of the trying, difficult, yet deeply interesting labours of the camp, on the march and battle-field, in behalf of our brave, yet too often wicked soldiers, for whom the writer continues to yearn with an unspeakable affection. Should the war still lengthen itself, he may yet accept a chaplain's commission, and go once more in front, as no higher honor or position could be desired.

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